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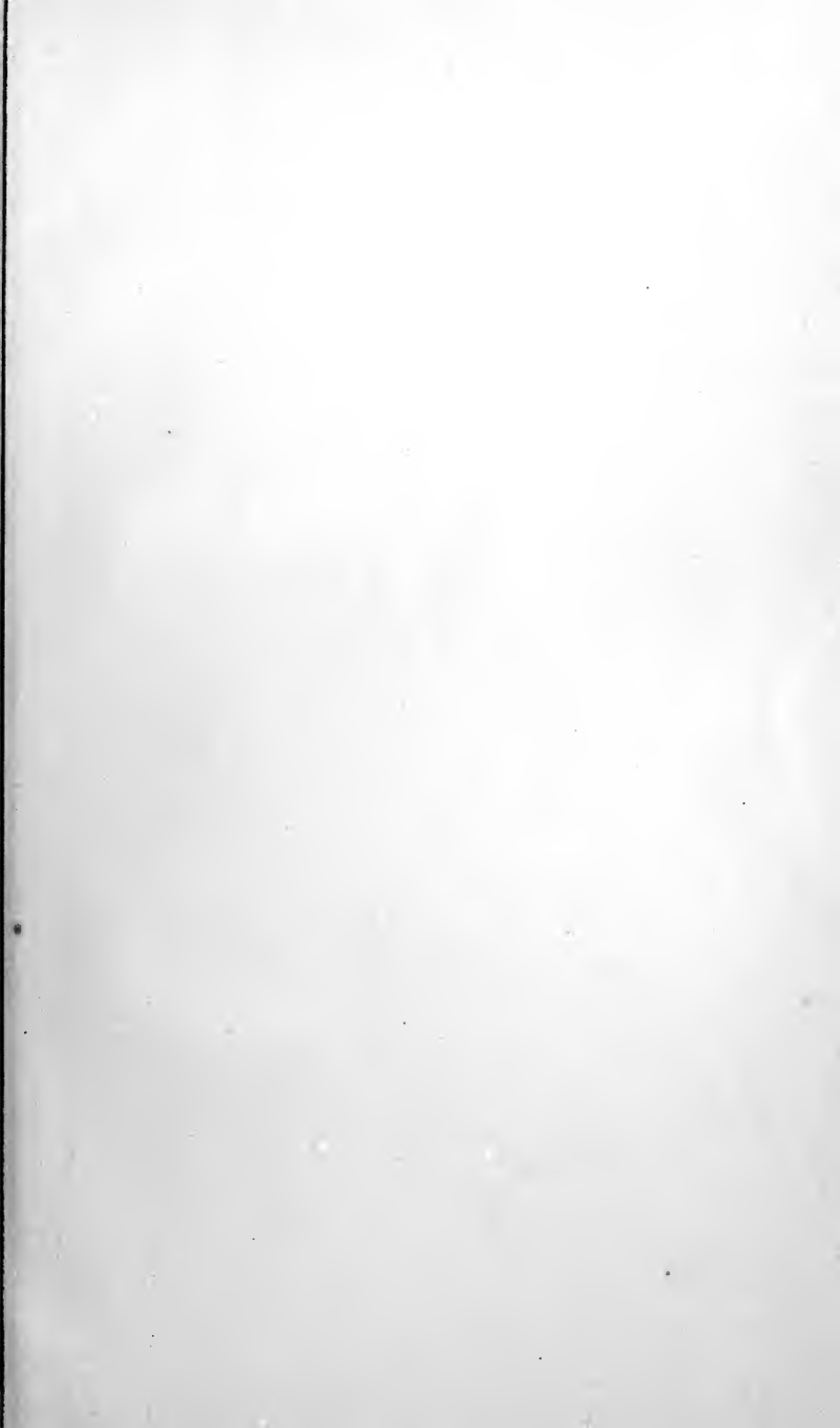
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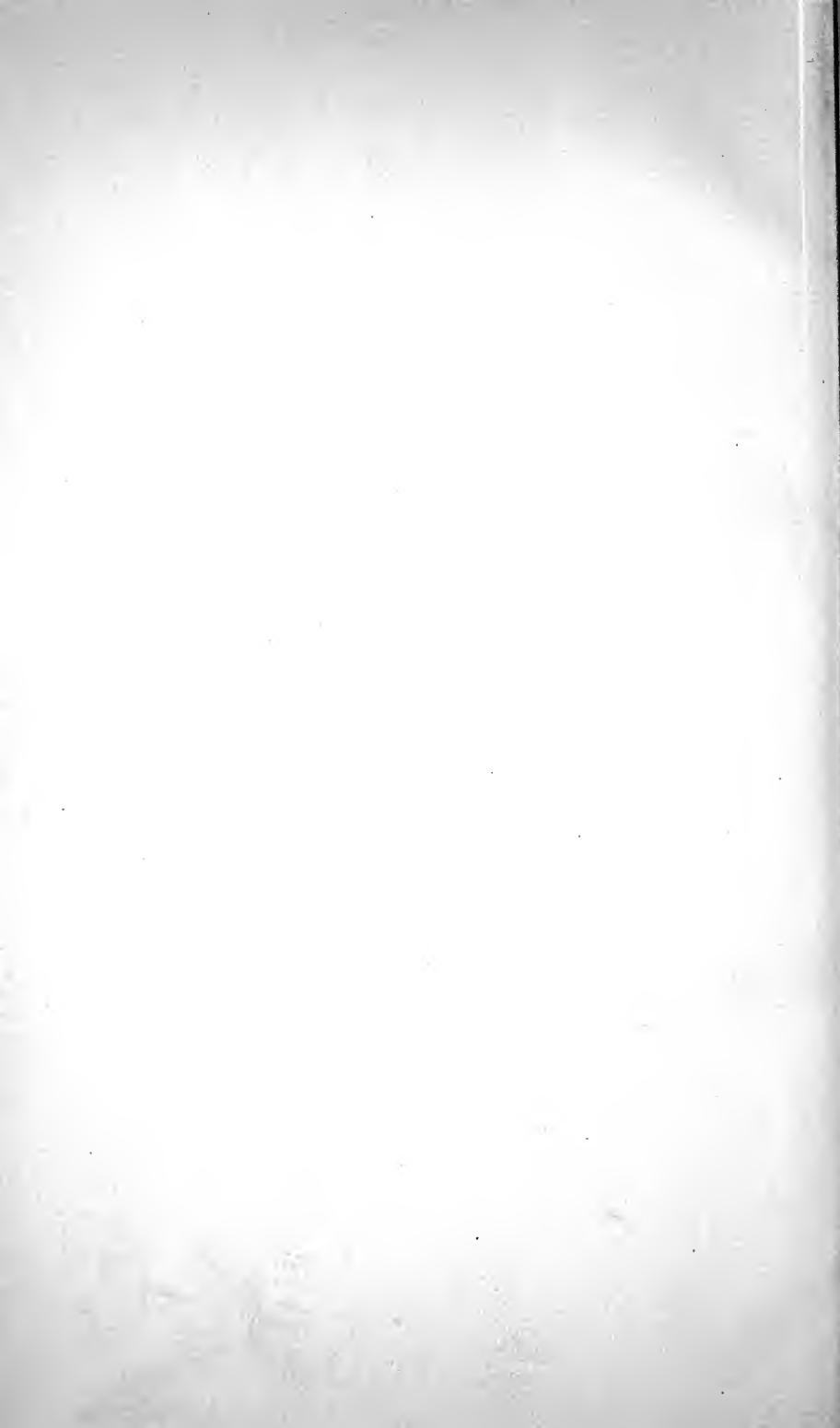


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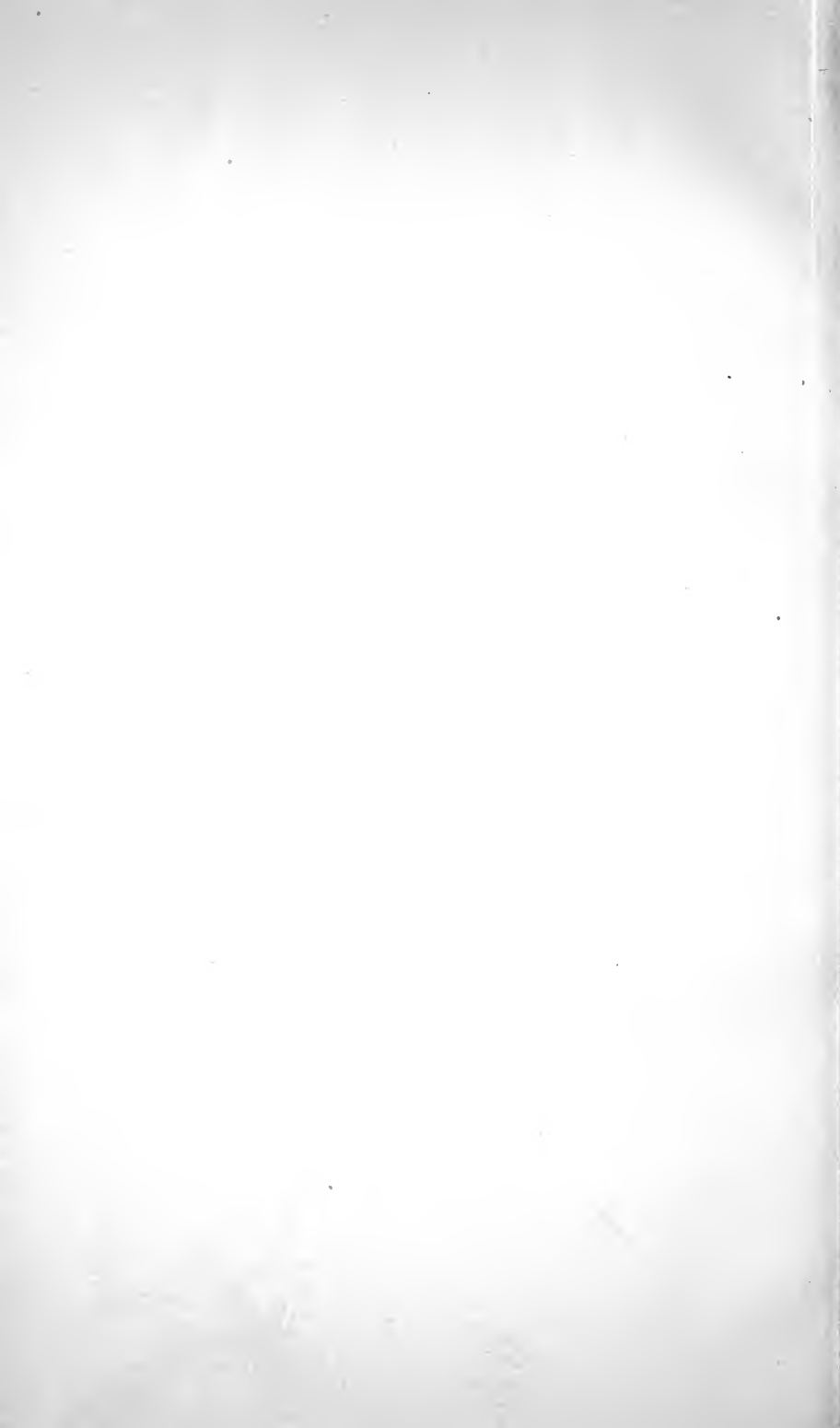
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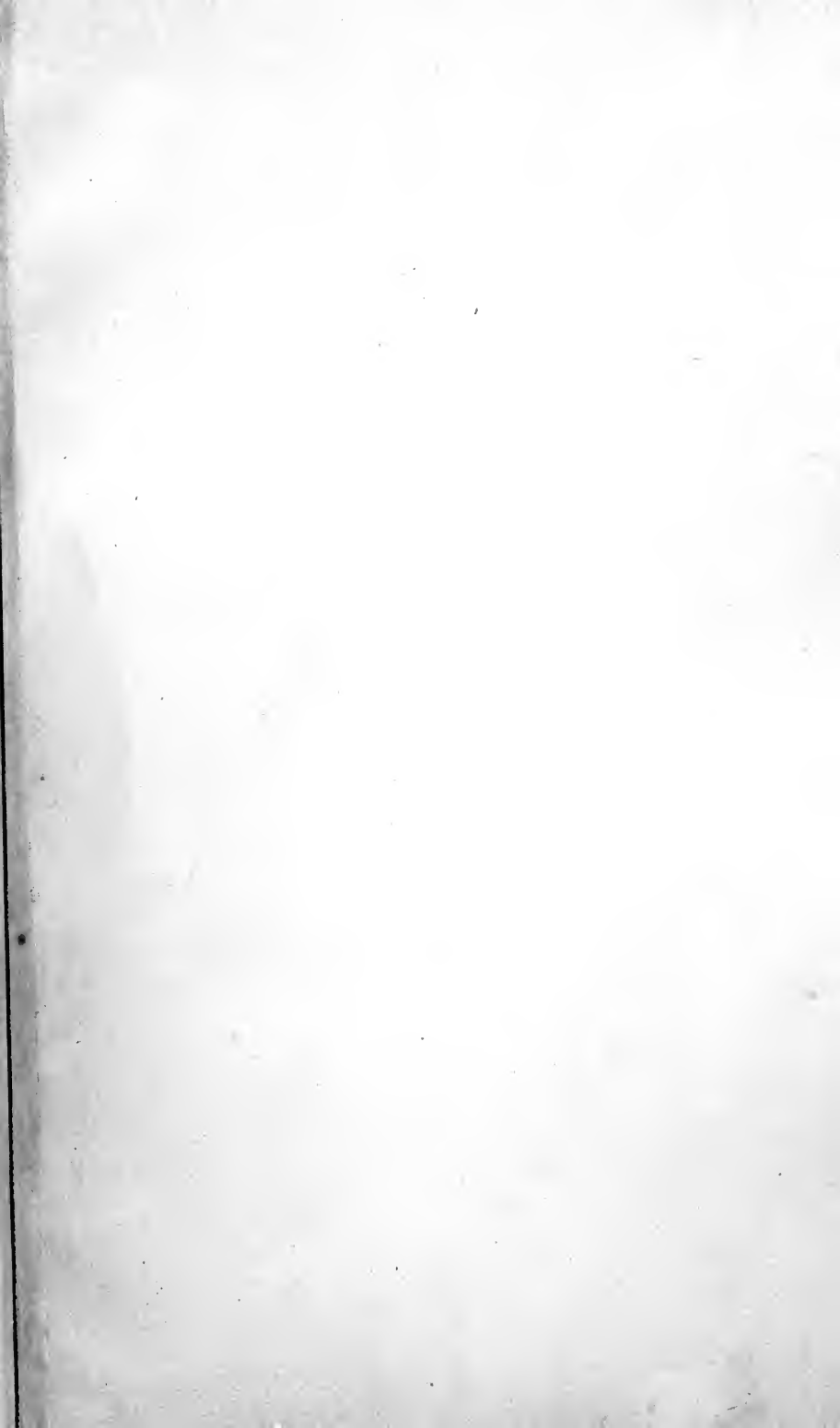






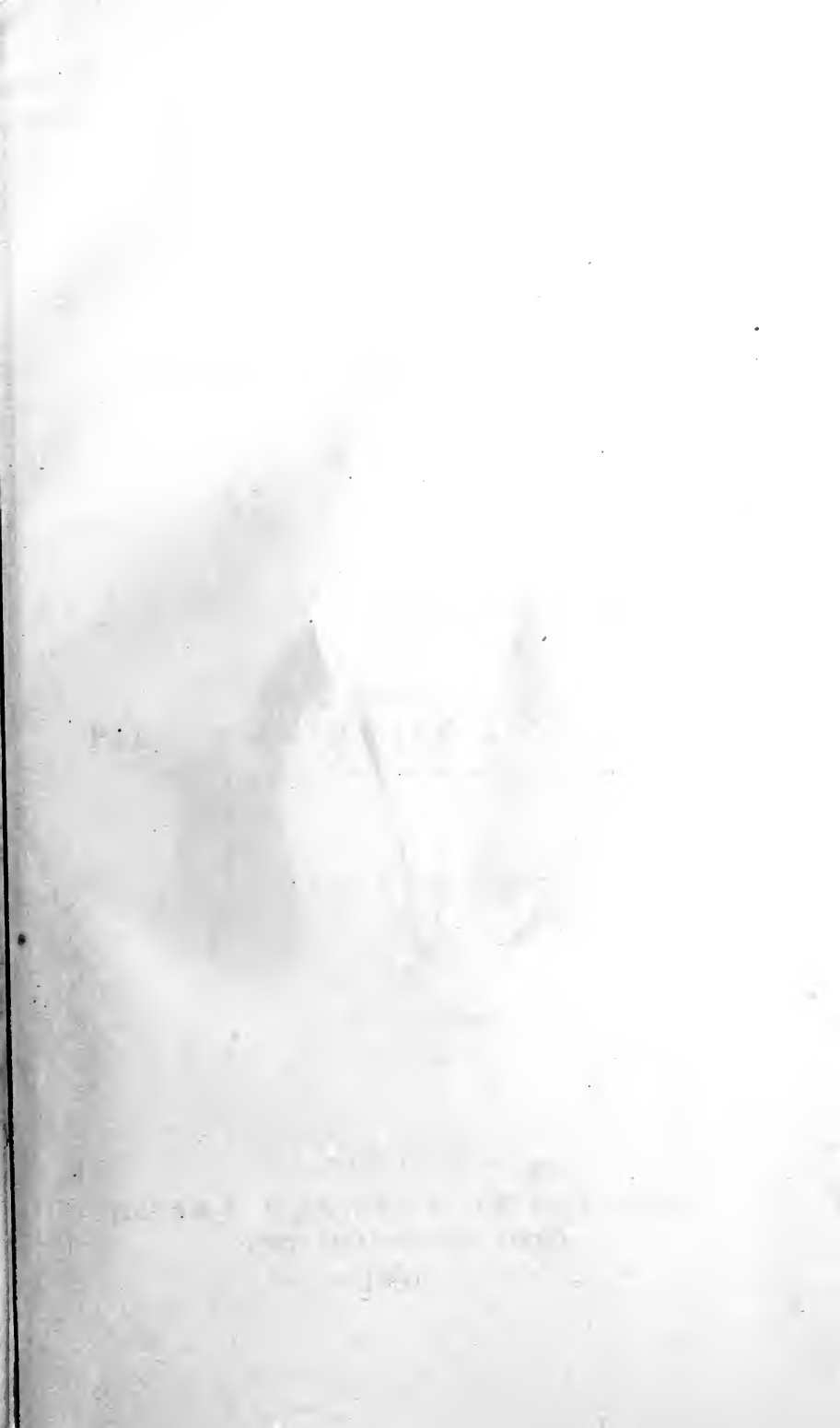


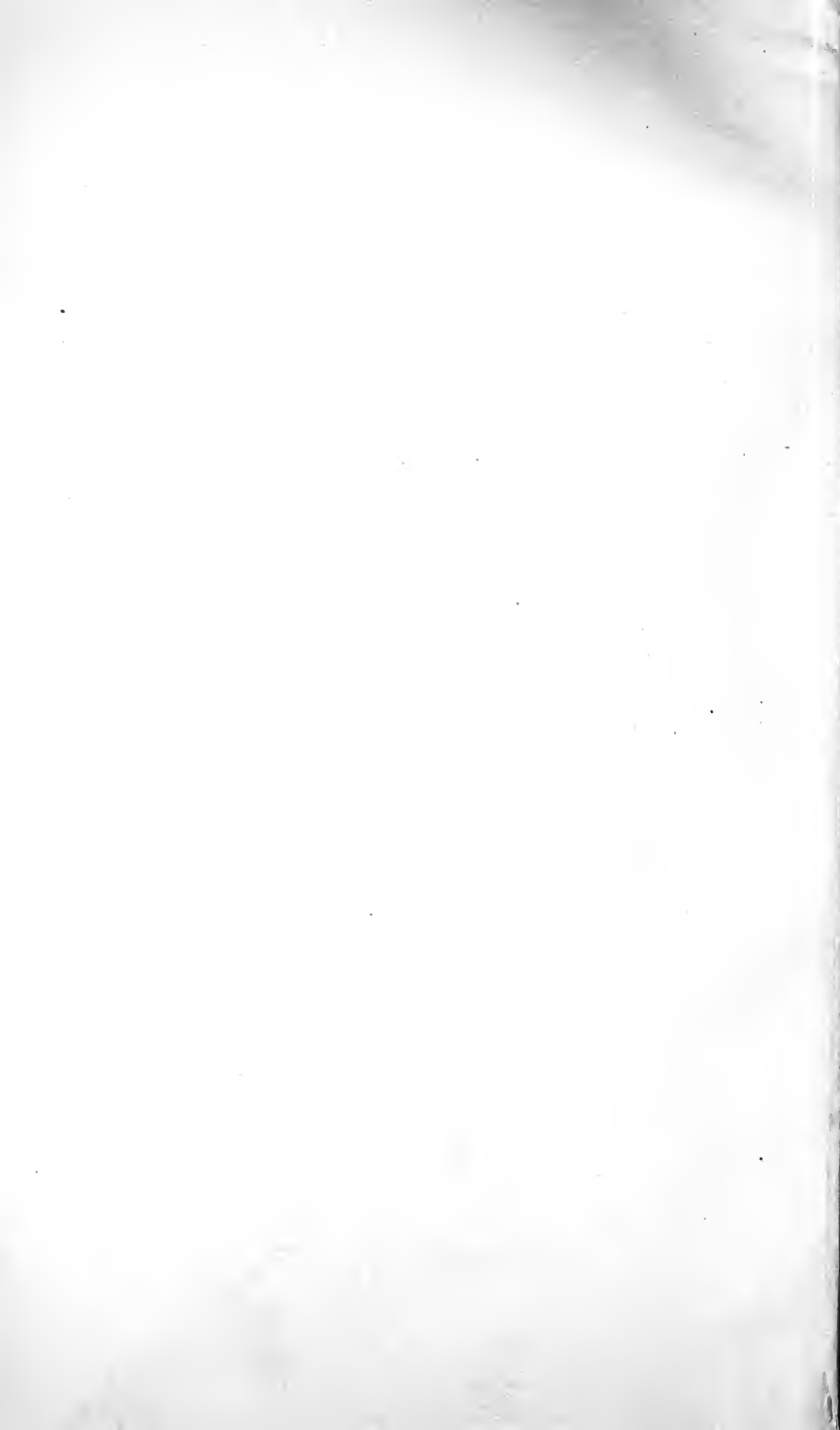






*M. J. Lewis.*







THE  
LIFE  
AND  
CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
M. G. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE MONK," "CASTLE SPECTRE," &c.

WITH MANY  
PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,  
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

"Hail, wonder-working Lewis!"

BYRON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1839.

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## P R E F A C E.

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It can scarcely be deemed necessary to preface the following pages by any lengthened explanatory or descriptive account of their nature and objects. It is no exaggeration to say that the subject of them was more *talked of* than any other man of his day. Byron himself was not so striking an example of a young gentleman "waking up one morning and finding himself famous;" and this without the slightest anticipation of such a destiny. The author of "The Monk" was, to-day, a youth of twenty, utterly "unknown to fame," beyond the narrow limits of his own family circle; to-morrow, he was the most admired and abused of living writers. And to the day of his death he never lost this unenviable distinction. He was, moreover, during the whole of his life, subsequent to the publication of his noted work, the friend and associate of nearly all the

most celebrated men of his day, many of whom have become still more celebrated since. Among the number of Lewis's associates and intimates were the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.); the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.); the Sheridans (father and son), the present premier, Canning, Lords Holland and Byron, Moore; in short all the most noted men of that day, and many of the present. The personal memoirs and correspondence of such a man will scarcely be considered as a superfluous addition to our biographical literature.

With regard to the manner in which the editor's task has been performed—for, with the responsibility, the honours of authorship must be waived—the main object has been, to make the subject of these volumes tell his own story, and develop his own personal and intellectual character; which the nature of the materials placed in the editor's hands rendered a matter of easy attainment.

A few words may be added, in regard to the singular discrepancy between that character and the published writings from which its owner drew his celebrity. There is nothing else in English literature so wild, so extravagant, so utterly at variance with all the ordinary and received rules of art and of criticism (not to mention the recognised codes of

morals), as the chief writings of "Monk" Lewis. Yet we may tax the whole circle of our biographical literature to show us a man whose personal character and conduct—from his earliest youth to the close of his worldly career—were more strictly and emphatically those which we are accustomed to look for from a plain, right-thinking, common sense view of human affairs. With an almost unlimited command of money, even in early youth—with the unfettered control, in early manhood, of a princely fortune—with a boundless acquaintance among the highest and least constrained classes of society—and with a degree of personal celebrity scarcely equalled by any other man of his day, and, perhaps, never equalled in *any* day by one so young; with all these dangerous "appliances and means" of attracting Lewis from "the even tenour of his way," he never once seems to have stepped aside from that path, or to have felt the smallest inclination to do so. The editor of these volumes, with no inclination to dispute or to justify the extravagant and erring spirit of Lewis's published writings,—much less to palliate the dangerous moral tendency of some portions of them,—cannot, on the other hand, refuse to admire and point public attention to the strong good sense, good feeling, and honourable principle which

marked the whole course of his general conduct in life, as developed in these pages ;—his exemplary duty and affection as a son and a brother—his kindness and generosity as a friend—and his unblemished integrity as a man and a gentleman.

The editor has only further to express a feeling of satisfaction at being the medium of first introducing to the world so many of Lewis's unpublished writings, not one of which, it is confidently believed, will be found to include any of the exceptionable qualities of his more celebrated works.

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*The simile of a Letter of M. G. Lewis to his Mother.*

Wednesday

My dear Mother,

The Papius will have already informed you, that the Minodrama has failed: It proved much too terrible for representation, and two people went into hysterics during the performance, & two more after the curtain dropped. It was given out again with a mixture of applause and disapprobation; but I immediately withdrew the piece. In fact the subject [which was merely a picture of Madness] was so

my own a little painful; & as to Mrs Litchfield, she always  
painted away - I did not expect that it would succeed, and  
of course am not disappointed at its failure; the only  
chance was, whether Jety would make the audience weep; but  
instead of that, Terror threw them into fits, & of course  
there was an end of my <sup>this</sup> Morodrama - I thought, you  
might like to hear <sup>an</sup> account from myself, & therefore  
write these few lines - I hope, Cambridge continues  
to agree with you - Read "Rosella" if you have not done  
so already; I am delighted with it -

your affec<sup>d</sup> son

M. G. Lewis.

Fac-simile of a Letter of M. G. Lewis, to his Mother.

Wednesday

My dear Mother,

The Papers will have already informed

your affec<sup>ts</sup>— Love

M. G. Lewis.

# MEMOIRS

OF

## M. G. LEWIS.

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### CHAPTER I.

Preliminary remarks—Matthew Lewis—Family—Early history of Mrs. Lewis—Anecdote of George the Third—M. G. Lewis a precocious critic—Musical parties—The Wesleys—The Knyvets—Harrison—Clementi—Reinhold—De Camp—Mrs. C. Kemble—Mrs. Mitz—Mr. Jerry Crane—An optical illusion—Singular incident regarding the fate of Miss Ray—Some particulars of her history—Anecdotes of Lewis—His early reading—Witchcraft—Haunted Mansion—His brother and sisters—Leyden, &c. &c. &c.

THE private characters of distinguished literary men have always afforded an interesting subject of inquiry, and one which has often been the fruitful source of great diversity of opinion. It is one, also, in which our means of forming a correct judgment are usually extremely limited; and it hence not unfrequently happens, that we permit our ideas of the author to receive their colouring from the productions of his imaginative powers. It is impossible to judge correctly of the mind of

any writer by so fallacious a test ; and it is certainly far from justifiable to subject him to it, or to identify his own sentiments with those of the characters he may have chosen to create in his visionary drama. It has been alleged that the romantic poetry of the middle ages owed its origin, in a great measure, to a desire in the poetical mind to escape from the scenes of strife and violence, so prevalent in those times, and to take refuge in the wildest regions of fancy, and people an ideal world with imaginary beings, whose nature and habits were not only opposed to humanity, but exceeded the bounds of superstition itself. With some degree of analogy, then, we would affirm that the modern romancist may seek the enjoyment of novelty and variety, by delineating characters the most opposite to his own, and dwelling on emotions utterly at variance with the "moods of his own mind."

We remember to have read an anecdote of a lady, who, on speaking of the works of the poet Thomson, observed that she could gather from his writings three parts of his character : that he was an ardent lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent. Savage, to whom the remark was addressed, assured her that, in regard to the first, she was altogether mistaken ; for the second, his

friend was perhaps never in cold water in his life ; and as to the third, he indulged in every luxury that came within his reach. Upon somewhat similar grounds have been founded the assertions of many of those who have ventured to pronounce on the character and principles of Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known as "Monk Lewis;" and it is hardly to be wondered at, that such opinions have not only been erroneous, but confused and contradictory.

"Authors and actors," said a late fascinating votary of Thalia, "are fair game. We are all of us, more or less, kings and queens in our own little magic circle, and must be content to share their lot in the praise and censure of the world. But beyond this the public has no right to judge. The success or failure of our attempts to please may be freely commented on ; but the world has surely no right to endow us with any imaginary failings or virtues of character."

Again, as it is the lot of every acknowledged genius to be an object of general interest—and few during their lives were more so than the subject of our pages—those who may have gained an introduction to the recently uncaged lion, feel one and all so confident in their own wise assertions respecting his habits, conversation, and manner, that the

public, glad to learn any thing of the idol of the day, are generally more disposed to take all such statements upon trust, than stop to inquire whether their authority deserves implicit reliance. Alas! they surely forget how true it is that "the world's a stage," and that the actors on the scene of fashionable life are, of all, the most thoroughly disguised and artificial. Besides, though we are not disposed to go such lengths as the ingenious "Expositor" of the "False Medium," in his views of the gloomy fate which awaits men of genius in society, it is too true that, in the social circles of London, scarcely any imaginative writer has ever risen to eminence, without being assailed by the venomous shafts of envy, or by the blundering missiles of the obtuse and ignorant, who are always ready to defame and injure a character which they are incapable of justly appreciating.

In the following pages, "Mat Lewis" will, for the first time, appear before the public in his natural character, stripped of all those fantastical trappings with which fame and prejudice have hitherto decked him, and will speak in the language of his heart. The letters which we shall have occasion to lay before our readers, contain the sentiments of a noble mind, and the unstudied outpourings of a generous spirit. The earlier ones



—those written from Oxford, and on his subsequent tour—are imbued with all the light-hearted freshness of “unbruised youth;” the joyous *empressement* of unsophisticated boyhood ; while the mingled hopes and fears, the jealous doubts and anxieties, of the youthful author of the afterwards celebrated “Monk,” cannot, we think, fail to render them equally interesting with those written at a later date, and evidently the offspring of more sober feelings and of a better developed judgment.

The talent displayed in Lewis’s writings is universally admitted to be of a very high order ; and although it must be acknowledged that his Pegasus was wont too often to prance in wild and extraordinary regions, yet ever did this “moon-struck child of genius” manage his winged steed with skilfulness and grace. Without being a great poet, his classical and harmonious numbers—his light and figurative style, abounding in elegant metaphors, and the finest turns of thought—possess the essentials of poetry in a very superior degree ; and perhaps, were we to regard him *only* as a poet, his claims in this respect might be considered equally legitimate with those founded on the more eccentric flights of his imagination, which so often took the public as it were by storm. All his writings exhibit a share of that dramatic

arrangement in which he eminently excelled, and whereby he so often proved himself to be master of the “cunning of his art.” In stage effect—in intense interest, and startling incidents—he was unrivalled in his day; and if the scenes he depicted were occasionally shaded by a morbid fantasy, beams of dazzling thought would often flash through the gloom, making the beauties stand out in relief from those errors which are too often allied to the singularities of genius. He was daring, but never dull; and we believe that the utmost severity of criticism never accused him of being uninteresting or commonplace.

But whatever be the literary claims of Matthew Lewis, we turn willingly from the leaves yet bright in Fame’s tributary crown, to prepare a wreath suited for a fairer and holier shrine—that of filial affection. The public voice has praised, the public voice has censured, and the world has long known him as an author;—let it be our pleasing task to introduce him as a man.

Matthew Gregory Lewis was born in London, on the 9th of July, in the year 1775. His father was descended from an ancient family, and, at the period of his marriage, held the post of Deputy-Secretary at War. Besides extensive West Indian property, the Lewis family were possessed

of an estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Attershaw, the seat of the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Sewell, Bart., Master of the Rolls in the reign of George III. An acquaintance thus sprung up between the two families, which at length led to their connexion, by the marriage of Mr. Lewis with Frances Maria Sewell, Sir Thomas's youngest daughter, afterwards the mother of the subject of these memoirs.

Besides Mrs. Lewis, Sir Thomas Sewell had another daughter, and several sons. Of the daughter we know little, but believe that at an early age, an estrangement took place between herself and family, and her subsequent fate is a sealed book. The sons were, Thomas, who entered the army; John, an officer in the navy; William, afterwards one of the Six Clerks, and a magistrate of Sussex; George, who took holy orders, and afterwards married a daughter of Sir William Young; and Robert, a barrister, who died Attorney-General of Jamaica.

The elder Lewis was an only son, but had three sisters—Mrs. Blake, the widow of a West Indian planter; another, married to the celebrated General Whitlocke, who in 1808 was tried by a court-martial, and broke for his conduct in Buenos Ayres; the third, the wife of the late General Brownrigg, for a long time Military

Secretary to the Duke of York. To many of these, allusion is made by young Lewis in his letters to his mother; between whom and himself there existed the greatest congeniality of sentiment; but as her share of the correspondence does not appear, we shall here give a brief sketch of her character, and lay before the reader such portions of her early history, as we have been able to collect.

In her youthful years this lady was celebrated for her great personal beauty, and even at a later period of life was remarkable for a certain *contour de jeunesse*—a natural delicacy of complexion and sweetness of expression, which, with a courtly bearing, an elegance of deportment, and unaffected good-breeding, she retained to the last. A great part of her girlhood was spent in the seclusion of her father's fine estate of Attershaw, where she grew up as blooming and artless as the simplest wild rose that smiled beneath the forest shade of the domain; and, it may almost be said, with as little culture; for, in childhood, she was deprived of a mother's care, and the habits and avocations of her father and brothers afforded her but little companionship.

This circumstance, combined with a native simplicity of character, rendered her first introduction

to the courtly circles of the metropolis a subject of many amusing anecdotes. The following, which she used herself to relate, occasioned at the time, it would seem, much good-humoured raillery among her acquaintance. On her presentation at court, she became, from the novelty of her situation, so much confused as entirely to forget the customary etiquette of bending the knee to the sovereign. George the Third, with that benevolent good humour for which he was remarkable, gallantly endeavoured to prevent the blunder from being discovered, by saluting her ; whilst poor Fanny stood gazing with the most *naïve* surprise on the face of the august personage, for some seconds after he had bestowed this gracious token of royal reception on her blushing cheek.

Notwithstanding the *mauvaise honte* attending her first appearance, Fanny Sewell was much admired at court. She was mistress of most of the female accomplishments of the day. In dancing she eminently excelled, particularly in the old-fashioned minuet, in which she is said to have repeatedly attracted the attention and the compliments of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

Mrs. Lewis was a very youthful bride, and without having any particular inclination for the gaieties of fashionable life, she mingled freely in its rou-

tine, although she was perhaps induced to do so, more in accordance with her husband's wishes, than her own. That the dazzling ephemera of worldly pomps, however, did not exclude more serious thoughts, was evinced by a request which she made to the then Bishop of London. "My lord," said she, availing herself of a short private conference, "there are some matters that I have occasionally heard discussed, nay, disputed, upon which I doubt not you can enlighten me; for I confess the subject has often been to me a source of serious thought, and upon which I fear that I have not received sufficient instruction. Will you then oblige me by directing my attention to such parts of holy writ, as may afford conviction of the mission of our Saviour?" When Mrs. Lewis related this anecdote, she used to add, that the worthy prelate expressed his astonishment, not more at the singularity of such a request, proceeding from a young and lovely woman just entering a career of splendid gaiety, than at the negligence of those who had permitted a youthful mind to remain uninformed upon a subject involving so materially her eternal welfare; and that, complying with her request, he observed, "Few young married ladies would express anxiety on such a subject, under circumstances so greatly calculated

to exclude the thoughts of all matters but those of the present hour."

Ere many years, Mrs. Lewis was the mother of two sons and two daughters—Matthew, the eldest; Barrington, whose early death we shall hereafter record; Maria, lady of the present Sir Henry Lushington, Bart.; and Sophia, the late wife of Colonel John Sheddon. Little Mat soon became his mother's pet companion, and he accordingly imbibed her tastes, ideas, and even expressions, which he early acquired the habit of repeating with amusing gravity.

Frequently present at portentous toilette debates, he was always remarkably attentive to them, and often amused visitors by the impression which they made. On one occasion, Lady S—— having called by appointment to take up Mrs. Lewis on her way to the Opera-house, she was ushered into the drawing-room, which was already occupied by the little sentimentalist. "Well, Master Mat!" said the lady, perceiving that the child gazed at her dress, "I hope, sir, you approve?"

The young gentleman shook his head in token of dissent, and after a pause, observed, "My mamma never wears a blue ribbon with a yellow head-dress."

"I declare," exclaimed the lady, laughing, "I did not think of it. Your mamma is perfectly

right, Mat. But, come, now tell me how is she dressed? In all her diamonds, eh?"

"No, no," replied Mat: "Fanny"—the familiar appellation he usually gave his mother—"looks very pretty, with nothing on her head (remembering his mother's words), but a simple fold of plain white tiffany."

Nor did his attention to the business of the toilette end here, as the discomfitted Abigail often discovered, when, on entering the dressing-room of her mistress, she would find him parading before the mirror, arrayed in a long train, and loaded with all the gauze and feathers that lay within his reach.

An instance of ludicrous mimicry is also related of him. Being present at an evening concert, after a tributary burst of applause succeeding the performance of a celebrated composition that had just enchanted the audience, a shrill, tiny voice was heard from a remote corner to exclaim, in a most critical accent, "That's a very fine movement!" All eyes were instantly turned in the direction of the speaker, and at last, amid the general mirth, little Mat Lewis was discovered, wedged in among a *clique* of grave, elderly professors.

Doubtless he must have had frequent opportunities of acquiring "the cant of criticism," for his



mother, it seems, patronized musicians and composers *à la folie*. She was in the habit of taking musical lessons from all the eminent professors of the day, and the contest of opinions among them she occasionally described in a highly amusing manner. Each was a bigot to his, or her, favourite school of harmony, though their arguments would sometimes run so high as to violate its laws; and many of these musical zealots would refuse to hold converse with each other for weeks together.

Among the professors who had the constant *entrée* at her house, were the celebrated Wesleys (Samuel and Charles), and the Knyvets, Harrison, and Clementi; the last of whom she described as a young-looking man, with a little quaint pigtail, seated quietly before the instrument, and, to all appearance, perfectly indifferent to the movements of his fingers, while every body around him stood listening with silent fascination to the exquisite touches of his skill. Under the tuition of this distinguished musician, Mrs. Lewis arrived at a greater proficiency in the art than is usually attained by an unprofessional performer. Another of her musical friends was the celebrated Reinhold, an excellent musician, and a plain, hearty singer, who excelled in the songs of "Hawthorn," in "Love in a Village." When in good humour, he was

occasionally prevailed upon to remain until "the people" were gone, that he might treat his fair hostess, and her particular friends, with his *bon bouche* of "Cease, rude Boreas!" in which, despite his glorious bass, he never failed to electrify his auditors, by giving the falsetto shriek of "five feet water in the hold!"

Of all Mrs. Lewis's musical friends, however, the Wesleys, at the period to which we refer, seem to have stood the highest in her good graces. She used to speak frequently of old Mrs. Wesley, who died at the advanced age of one hundred, and was much noticed by Queen Charlotte, before whom she had the honour of singing "Pious orgies," when upwards of seventy years of age, clad in her primitive cap and apron, a style of dress she never altered. Her two sons, Samuel and Charles, had musical talents of the highest order. The former was always considered to be "the genius;" on which account, as well as on that of continued ill-health, he was very much indulged by his mother, and, in consequence, became exceedingly capricious and self-willed. The young musician, it is said, when a party was invited to hear his extraordinary performance, would suddenly go to bed; and the good-natured Charles, who spoke much in the quick manner of

George the Third, would place his little rotund person before the instrument, exclaiming, "Dear me! dear me!—exceedingly sorry; but Sam very ill, you see; so, suppose I must do my best,—eh, eh?—Hope you'll excuse—eh?"—and thus he would take his seat; his chubby hands executing miracles, and his jocund eyes twinkling with inspiration.

Mr. De Camp, the father of the late Mrs. Charles Kemble, was also a great favourite of Mrs. Lewis, and elicited her particular approbation, not more for his musical talent than for the undeviating modesty of his deportment. He was in the habit of announcing himself by a solitary rap at the street-door, a practice regarding which she once thought proper, good-humouredly, to lecture him. "My dear sir," said she, "I am told that you actually come to my door with a single knock. Let me beg of you to alter this. You are far too modest, Mr. De Camp: there are many, I assure you, much your inferiors, who are so furious in signifying their arrival, that one is apt to think this is the only way they have of making a noise in the world. Be assured, talent is often overlooked in this great town, for want of a little clatter preceding it."

De Camp was held in much estimation as a

musician, and was brother to Madame Simonet, the celebrated dancer at the Opera-house. His real name was De Fleury; and he was descended from a younger branch of a noble family of that name in France, which, like many others, had been ruined at the Revolution. Allured by the flattering prospects held out to him by several English noblemen then resident abroad, he quitted Germany for England, where, although his great musical talents were generally acknowledged, his excessive modesty and unassuming diffidence—too often the attendants of genius—were unfortunate bars to his success. He died at the early age of thirty.

Mrs. Lewis, however, continued to be a great friend and patroness to De Camp's accomplished daughter, whose death has occurred since these pages were commenced, and who appeared to have been eminently endowed with many of the graces of character which had so distinguished her father. Calling one day at Mrs. Lewis's cottage, at Old-Brompton, the latter, speaking of her visiter's approaching benefit, observed, "Mrs. Kemble, your well-appreciated merits have now rendered you far above the reach of my poor services, and I am happy to think that you do not need friends."

“ Ah ! madam, those who remember friends, must always acknowledge that they need them,” was the modest and grateful reply.

Among the musical host surrounding Mrs. Lewis, we had nearly forgotten one whose performances, although those of an amateur, made her worthy of being ranked with the most eminent of the profession. We allude to the celebrated Mrs. Arabella Mitz, who on one occasion had the honour of being accompanied on the violin by one of the royal dukes. This clever and very vivacious lady was an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Lewis, and a great patroness of Charles Wesley. They were of the favoured few admitted to her musical *sanctum*, where, in a morning, she might be found, with her ruffles pinned back, in all the fervour and furious rattle of hard practice ; whilst her attentive, bustling shadow, Mr. Jerry Crane, felt only too happy at being permitted to turn a leaf, or hunt for a music-book. To be sure, this worthy fanatic sported at the same time a violin, over which he now and then flourished a bow, and it is therefore probable he might occasionally have indulged the notion that he was accompanying ; but however this might be, it was all among friends, and the whole coterie went on most harmoniously together.

Mrs. Lewis was extremely nearsighted ; and owing to this defect, once ran the risk of making a very ridiculous blunder at one of her musical *soirées*. She had secured the professional assistance of Signor Pozzi—then recently arrived—for an evening concert at her own house ; the predilection for foreign artists, among persons of rank, being a mania no less of that period, than of our own. The *soirée* was numerously attended, and the lady having predetermined to make her golden acknowledgments in a delicate and handsome manner, before the signor should have made his escape, contrived, at the close of the concert, to meander her way through the throng of guests ; till at last she congratulated herself on perceiving a dark-whiskered foreigner standing near the orchestra, who, she decided, must be Pozzi. She accordingly approached him with a gracious smile, having the *douceur* folded up, ready to be slipped into his hand, accompanied by some appropriate compliment ; when, at the moment, some one accosted the supposed Pozzi with, “ My dear count ! ” and they walked away together, just in time to prevent a ludicrous and perplexing result to Mrs. Lewis. She used, laughingly, to observe, that the noble foreigner, having arrived in this country only a short time before, might have been

led to form a very singular opinion respecting English manners and hospitality.

We must here notice an event, which not only created a great sensation at the time, but strikingly illustrates—although by no means in a favourable light—the moral state of English society at that period. We allude to the tragical fate of Miss Ray, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, who then, as is well known, lived under the protection of Lord Sandwich. Notwithstanding the scandal attached to her situation, such was the general propriety of her conduct, so interesting were her manners and demeanour, and so various were her acquirements—particularly in music, wherein she singularly excelled—aided, no doubt, by the deference considered due to her aristocratic, and, in most respects, rigidly punctilious protector, that they gained her the notice and goodwill of many respectable individuals.

It appears that Mrs. Lewis dined at Lord Sandwich's, in company with Miss Ray, on the very day on the evening of which she made her fatal visit to Covent-garden Theatre. During dinner, it was observed by several of the guests, that Miss Ray seemed unusually depressed in spirits. Soon after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, she modestly expressed her regret at having

formed an engagement for that evening to attend the theatre, but promised to return as soon as the principal performance was over.

When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis happened to make some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered, the flower fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it; but as she picked it up, the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hands. The poor girl, who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice, "I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen!"\* But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis, in a cheerful tone, her hope that they would meet again after the theatre;—a hope, alas! which it was decreed should not be realized.

Of Miss Ray's origin the accounts are contradictory. Some assert that she was the daughter of a farmer or peasant in Hertfordshire; others, that her father kept a staymaker's shop in Holywell-street, Strand. But Lord Sandwich, as is

\* In certain districts of Italy, the red rose is considered an emblem of early death; and it is an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.



well known, first noticed her, when very young, at a shop in Tavistock-street, where she served at the counter ; and, being struck with the intellectual expression of her countenance, as well as its singular beauty, took charge of her future education, engaging for her the best masters in every female accomplishment, especially music, which formed his own favourite pursuit at leisure hours. Her docility and progress exceeded even the most sanguine expectations ; so that Miss Ray was soon qualified to “come out” as a singer, at his lordship’s concert parties ; at which, *malgré* his usual formality of manner, he chose, oddly enough, to perform on the kettle-drum. The young *débutante* was applauded from the outset ; and the world, in those days, did not express much wonder that one so passionately fond of music as Lord Sandwich, should invite her to reside permanently at his house. Indeed, their great disparity of years, his lordship’s grave manners, and the scrupulous propriety and modesty of demeanour always displayed on the part of the young lady, were almost enough to silence the tongue of slander itself.

Accordingly, we find Mrs. Hinchcliffe, the lady of a right reverend prelate, thus expressing herself in favour of Miss Ray : “I was really hurt

to sit opposite to her ; to mark her discreet conduct, and yet to find it improper to notice her. She was so assiduous to please—was so very excellent, yet so unassuming ! I was quite charmed with her ; yet a seeming cruelty to her took off the pleasure of my evening.”\*

We shall add another passage, which is of the same tendency. “Miss Ray, in her situation, was a pattern of discretion ; for when a lady of rank, between one of the acts of the oratorio, advanced to converse with her, she expressed her embarrassment ; and Lord Sandwich, turning privately to a friend, said, ‘As you are well acquainted with that lady, I wish you would give her a hint that there is a boundary-line drawn in my family, which I do not wish to see exceeded : such a trespass might occasion the overthrow of all our music meetings.’”†

From these two extracts may at once be comprehended the painful situation of this poor girl under Lord Sandwich’s roof. Universally admired for her beauty and acquirements, she felt that to his bounty she was indebted for the latter, for without it she could never have obtained education. She was indebted to him also for the use of a

\* Cradock’s Memoirs, vol. i., p. 117.

† Ibid.

splendid mansion, equipages, dress, and all the other advantages which she enjoyed. But the notice she inevitably excited—the good-will which she constantly attracted—were to her a source of annoyance rather than of pleasure; and too well did she know, that by entering into familiar converse with any one of his guests, she ran the risk of incurring his displeasure. That she was deeply grateful to her benefactor, her whole conduct displayed; but to argue that there was any *mutual* attachment of a different character subsisting between his lordship and herself, would be nearly as absurd as to think that the wealth of “auld Robin Gray” could efface the remembrance of “young Jamie at the sea.” But, for a state of society like that of England, the worst was, that beyond the expenses of her education, dresses, and the use of his house, Miss Ray had no provision or settlement whatever from his lordship; and whilst, according to Mr. Cradock’s statement, an offer had been privately made to her of 3000*l.* and a free benefit by the managers of the Opera-house, she durst not even consult his lordship on the subject, fearing probably that he might look on her wish to be independent as a proof of ingratitude, and afterwards even become her enemy.

While living in this state of dependence upon

Lord Sandwich's favour, and almost negative bounty, Miss Ray made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Hackman, who, although a person of humble origin, held a commission in the army, and was introduced at the house of his lordship by a brother officer, Major Reynolds. From the first interview it appears he was enamoured of Miss Ray, and, it is said that they afterwards kept up a private correspondence, and that the attachment was mutual. From the wish to be in circumstances which might enable him to enter the married state with prudence, Hackman exchanged the army for the church, and contrived to obtain the living of Wyverton, in Norfolk.

But while these plans were in progress, Lord Sandwich—though it is alleged he then knew nothing of the attachment or correspondence—found reasons which induced him henceforth to place his favourite under the care of a sort of duenna, and to adopt methods of *surveillance*. Miss Ray was thus precluded from allowing her lover any further encouragement or communication, even had she been disposed to do so; whilst he rashly ascribed to an entire change in her affections that result which proceeded from compulsion.

The catastrophe to this fatal passion of Hackman for Miss Ray was appalling in the extreme, and

took place but a few hours after the ominous incident of the rose. The unhappy young lady went, as she proposed, to Covent-garden Theatre, where, it would seem, Hackman previously knew she was going. Already exasperated by Miss Ray's supposed coldness, her lover sought, it seems, to feed his motives of revenge by intemperance; for, during the stage performance, he repeatedly adjourned from the theatre to the adjoining Bedford Coffee-house, "to drink brandy-and-water." At the door of this tavern he stationed himself, to watch for Miss Ray, as she descended by the private way into the piazza. Here he awaited the approach of his victim. At last she appeared, walking between two friends, a gentleman and a lady, in search of her carriage. Mastered by a demoniacal impulse—the excitement of liquor having roused his before-exasperated feelings to absolute frenzy—Hackman drew forth a pistol, and shot Miss Ray through the head! The madman instantly directed another pistol against himself; but the ball only grazed his head, and his efforts at suicide were rendered ineffectual by the bystanders. His life afterwards paid the just penalty of his crime, to the offended laws of his country.

On the event of Miss Ray's assassination being

conveyed to Lord Sandwich, he stood for a while as if petrified, till, suddenly seizing a candle, he ran up stairs, threw himself on a bed, and, in an agony, exclaimed, "Leave me for a while to myself—I could have borne any thing but this!"

Cold, selfish, and formal, as this nobleman had hitherto appeared, it was impossible for him to avoid being cut to the heart by such a catastrophe; and, although he lived for thirteen years afterwards, he never completely recovered from the shock.

The effect which the dreadful intelligence had upon Mrs. Lewis, was also severe. Naturally of a warm heart, and alive to suffering, the peculiar manner in which she herself seemed, in some degree, connected with the event, from the incident of the rose—together with her great regard for Miss Ray, and the willing sympathy she had always paid her on account of her peculiar situation—brought the matter more immediately under her notice, and her regret for the victim nearer to her heart. It was long ere she regained her wonted spirits; and, even to the day of her death, any mention of this unfortunate young person never failed to change her gayest mood into one of pensiveness and melancholy.

But, leaving this frightful scene, to which we

were led by the incident of the scattered rose, it is full time that we should return to the proper subject of these memoirs.

Before closing the first chapter, we shall add a few more notices respecting Lewis's childhood. Those who condemn such memoranda should remember that, in the language of the poet, "the child is father of the man;" and we record only such incidents of the nursery as are, in some respects, indicative of the qualities of his maturer years.

"Mamma," said the child one day, "if I were to die, wouldn't you be sorry? Wouldn't you cry, and say, Poor little Mat! he's gone—poor little boy!—*he loved me!*" On another occasion, when some temporary reverses had caused apprehension of pecuniary embarrassment, his mother was sitting in a pensive mood, and her younger son, Barrington, having asked, in baby accents, if she would "take him out in the coach?"—"Oh, Barry," she replied, "I am afraid we shall have no coach now." Matthew, who sat reading at a little distance, looked up, and regarded her for a moment in a fixed attitude, then, approaching gently, kissed her cheek; and, without uttering a word, resumed his seat and previous occupation.

Such, with many others which we pass over,

were the touching indications, at a very early age, that our "Edwin" was, indeed, "no vulgar boy."

Being the constant companion of his mother—a timid and sensitive woman, whose youthful appearance, when he grew up into boyhood, caused her not unfrequently to be looked upon as his sister—he gradually partook of her own romantic temperament, and somewhat undecided character. Mrs. Lewis's reading was chiefly confined to novels and other works of imagination. But among the subjects of her more serious attention, it is on record that Glanville's work on *witchcraft* was an especial favourite; and it may easily be supposed, that when his mother's chosen volume fell in his way, he often contemplated with that horror which attends absolute credence, the copper-plate of the "devil beating his drum" over "worthy Mr. Mompesson's house."

"For in the wax of a soft infant's memory,  
Things horrible sink deep, and sternly settle."

This, if we remember rightly, being among the illustrations of Glanville's grave repertory.

Besides the above accidental traits of his education, it deserves especially to be mentioned, that a considerable portion of his childhood was spent at a very ancient mansion, called Stanstead Hall, the family seat of a relation on the father's side, of



which edifice one wing had long been uninhabited, and, as a matter of course, was said to be haunted. It would appear, however, that it had undoubtedly been a tenement for "questionable shapes," at the "witching hour," particularly one magnificent apartment, called the "Cedar room," into which, after dusk, no inducement could have led the domestics of the mansion to enter. In maturer years, Lewis has frequently been heard to declare, that at night, when he was conducted past that gloomy chamber, on the way to his dormitory, he would cast a glance of terror over his shoulder, expecting to see the huge and strangely-carved folding-doors fly open, and disclose some of those fearful shapes that afterwards resolved themselves into the ghastly machinery of his works. To such juvenile feelings he ascribed some of the most striking scenes in "The Castle Spectre;" and, no doubt, these and other circumstances combined, supplied many threads of that magic web from which, at no distant period, the young author (for his two most popular works, "The Monk," and the above drama, were written before he was twenty years of age), derived his "mingled shades of joy and woe," and gave that wild colouring to his productions, described with such severity of wit by Lord Byron, in the following lines :

“ Oh ! wonder-working Lewis, Monk or Bard,  
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard ;  
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow ;  
 Thy muse a sprite, Apollo’s sexton thou !  
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak’st thy stand,  
 By gibbering spectres hail’d, thy kindred band,  
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
 To please the females of our modest age—  
 All hail, M. P. ! from whose infernal brain  
 Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;  
 At whose command “ grim women ” throng in crowds,  
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds ;  
 With “ small gray men,” wild yagers, and what not,  
 To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott !  
 Again, all hail ! if tales like thine may please,  
 Saint Luke alone can vanquish the disease.  
 Even Satan’s self with thee might dread to dwell,  
 And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.”\*

Of Mrs. Lewis’s four children, Matthew, in personal appearance, resembled her the least ; and in his Preface to the “ Monk,” he has described himself as being of

“ Graceless form and dwarfish stature.”

But whatever truth might have been in this, certain it is, that his intelligence and vivacity made him as interesting in childhood, as, in after-life, his literary and colloquial talents proved commanding and attractive. Maria, his eldest sister,

\* English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

was a sensible and highly-accomplished girl, of great personal beauty ; and Sophia, the youngest, at the period to which we allude, was a light-hearted, fairy-like little creature. In her girlhood she sung admirably ; and touched the guitar with taste and effect. She had a turn for repartee, and bordered somewhat on the character of a *belle esprit*. In early womanhood, she hazarded the translation of a French work in the burlesque style, called "The Hero," and filled up a few pages in vindication of the "Monk," for which good office her brother, it seems, was ungrateful enough to be displeased ; for he entertained some degree of prejudice against female authorship. But the young lady never publicly acknowledged this literary trespass, and it was whispered only to a few of her particular friends.

To her piquant manner of singing the ballad of "He loves and he rides away," it owed its first popularity. Lewis had written it expressly for his sister ; and when singing it to the guitar, she was the very "fairy of the ring," in her own little circle of fashion. While a young man, the poet Leyden became fascinated with her playful wit, and addressed many of his earlier effusions to the graceful Sophia. Through the kindness of a mutual friend of the parties, we are enabled to pre-

sent our readers with the following verses, written by Leyden to the fair songstress, some time before he went abroad :

I find, with grief, the moderns use,  
Such is the Poet's wayward doom,  
To invoke some ancient muse,  
And dangle after Greece and Rome.

When any thing is sung or said,  
In doleful ditty, tale, or story,  
'Tis still some bright Aönian maid  
That bears away the fame and glory.

Such nymphs are too divine and thin  
To move my fancy in their duty ;  
I love a little bone and skin,  
And need not mention wit and beauty.

Besides, in foreign lands to roam  
In search of damsels quite exotic,  
And leave our ladies fair at home,  
To me appears not patriotic.

It would my conscience too lie hard on,  
Should I invoke a muse but thee ;  
So therefore grant the Bard thy pardon,  
Or—what the better wilt thou be ?

For bards, like ladies vex'd with spleen,  
In contradiction pleasure find,  
When softest, smoothest rhymes are seen  
To leave the lagging sense behind.

Yet, why should spleen to thee be known,  
Whose purer soul, superior far,  
Shines in a lustre of its own,  
A mildly-beaming morning star ?

But hide not in eclipse thine eye,  
That darts its humid starry rays ;  
Why shouldst thou force the bard to buy  
A pair of spectacles to gaze ?

Smile, like the ancient Grecian muse,  
Bright inspiration on the poet ;  
For smiling was the ancient use,  
And old Anacreon can show it.

By powers which thou hast dared asperse,  
With dark and moody names of *madness*,—  
By all the tinkling powers of verse,  
Seldom allied in me with sadness ;

By all my bardship's wither'd bays,  
And by my nettle crown of satire,  
Thou shalt inspire the poet's lays,  
Unfit to be his subject-matter.

Oh ! heaven preserve the unlucky bard,  
Who takes thee for his subject-matter !  
The poet's case is surely hard,  
When 'tis impossible to flatter.

“ But hark !” cries Campbell, man of wit,  
“ There goes a thundering paradox :  
He’ll swear next lines thine eyes are fit  
For nothing but a tinder-box.”

And lo ! replies the modest bard,  
Thou man of wit I seize the hint :  
Eyes brightest shine when hearts are hard,  
And flash the sparkles from the flint.

But, after all, sagacious youth,  
How have you prov’d the contradiction ?  
Full well you know it is not truth,  
In which the poet shines, but fiction.

Then, Muse, Sophia, glorious name !  
Before invoking Cupid’s bow,  
Come sing an ancient poet’s fame,  
Who lived some hundred years ago.

Ye bards, the dirge of Rufus raise,  
Who wit untamed possessed in plenty,  
Alive he never sought your praise,  
Nor cared for any man in twenty.

Of reading books he made no end,  
Huge volumes musty and moth-eaten,  
Cobwebs and dust did only tend  
His never-ceasing power to sweeten.

What strange events had come to pass,  
He knew, provided it were ancient—  
And many a thing that never was,  
Which some old lying fool had mention'd.

'Tis true, it seldom was his mood  
To modern towns to pay attention ;  
But every town before the flood  
He knew, and eke that town's dimensions.

All lies he knew that ancients say,  
And in his memory used to store them,  
He did not know the present day,  
But knew all things that were before him.

Because he knew his passions fierce,  
A lady's gentle soul might shock,  
He never trusted them in verse,  
But kept them under key and lock.

But, pester'd by his heart so stout,  
That oft kept beating in his breast,  
One day he fairly took it out,  
And closed it in an iron chest.

A sorceress, one luckless day,  
Her speech with magic wit replenish'd,  
Stole the enchanted key away,  
And when he look'd—his heart had vanish'd !

Of so extraordinary an individual as Doctor John Leyden some brief reminiscences may not be unacceptable. He was of humble birth,—with no advantages at the outset, and first distinguished himself by his classical attainments when attending the Edinburgh University. But amid the daily tasks and bustle of a town life, the remembrance of the scenery to which he had before been accustomed, continued to haunt him. By nature a poet, he still heard, or “seemed to hear,” the murmurings of the far distant

“Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne,”

and the rustling of the breeze through the shades of his native forests. These recollections he expressed eloquently, in a poem entitled “Scenes of Infancy,” which recommended him to the notice of Sir Walter Scott, whose tact and discrimination enabled him to perceive, from the first, that Leyden was not merely a poet, but possessed a strong comprehensive mind, unflinching courage, and indefatigable industry. Sir Walter was then engaged in historical and antiquarian researches—in transcribing from ancient MSS. and collecting old ballads; in all which pursuits the author of the “Scenes of Infancy” joined with the utmost enthusiasm, and a friendly intercourse took place,



which continued uninterruptedly, till Leyden's departure in the service of the East India Company.

The predilections that he was qualified to obtain high honours in the company's service were soon fulfilled. By no student (not even excepting Sir William Jones) had been exemplified more fervent and successful perseverance than Leyden showed, in acquiring the oriental languages in all their various dialects; and he appeared on the high road both to fame and fortune. But with that high spirit, and invincible courage, which were inherent in his character, he readily accepted an appointment in the pestilential island of Java, at a time when his constitution was already shaken by the effects of a warm climate, and still more by his unremitting application. The result was, that he became the victim of a malignant species of fever which then raged on the island; thus realizing his own predictions, in one of the most beautiful and affecting of his poems, an "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin;"—from which we shall certainly not be blamed for transcribing the following exquisite stanzas:

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!

The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,

That once so bright on fancy play'd,

Revives no more in after time!

Far from my sacred natal clime,  
 I haste to an untimely grave,  
 The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime  
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

\* \* \* \*

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,  
 I left a heart that loved me true !  
 I cross'd the tedious ocean wave,  
 To roam in climes unkind and new.  
 The cold wind of the stranger blew,  
 Chill on my wither'd heart—the grave,  
 Dark and untimely, met my view,  
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

Ha ! com'st thou now so late, to mock  
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn ?  
 Now that his frame the lightning shock  
 Of sun-rays tipp'd with death has borne ;  
 From love, from friendship, country torn,  
 To memory's fond regrets the prey !  
 Vile slave ! thy yellow dross I scorn :—  
 Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay.

Barrington, Mrs. Lewis's younger son, of the whole family, resembled her most, having the same soft blue eye, and delicate, peachlike complexion ; the same generous and unsuspecting disposition ; together, alas ! with all that fatal docility, which, had he lived, might have rendered him an easy prey to the designing. " Whom the gods love, die young ;" and this boy, by an early death, was spared many of those sufferings to which, in all

probability, his sensitive nature would have peculiarly exposed him. There is frequent allusion made to him in Matthew's early letters, and it appears by them that his brother continued long in a delicate state of health. This was occasioned by an accident, which happened to him when a mere child. Amusing himself in the garden one day with a rolling-stone, his strength being unequal to the exertion, he injured his spine, and, in consequence, became deformed. He appears to have been much beloved by Matthew, who felt his early death with the most acute sorrow; and even in after years, he never recurred to the subject without emotion, nor mentioned his brother without alluding to those qualities of heart which had distinguished him, and by which his memory was so painfully endeared. Yet Lewis lived to look upon an early grave as a calamity which might almost be preferred to many of those evils which, in after years, imbittered his cup of life;—and, even amid the highly-prized acquisitions of wealth and fame, he acknowledged the justice of the poet's lines—

“ Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,

    In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,

    Or earth had profaned what was meant for the skies.”

## CHAPTER II.

Boyhood—Westminster school—Histrionic talents—Domestic matters—Removal to Oxford—Paris—First literary attempts.

AT an early period of his boyhood, young Lewis was placed at the preparatory school of the Rev. Dr. Fountaine, the father of Mrs. Arabella Mitz, whose musical talents have been already noticed. Poor Matthew severely felt this first separation from his mother, and, of course, did not relish the change from the indulgences of home, to the discipline of a boarding-school.

We shall here give a childish, but not uninteresting anecdote, related by himself in maturer years, which, however trifling, serves at least to show that the boy's early religious education had not been neglected. On the night of his arrival at school, wearied and dispirited by the tormenting reception which is sure to await "a new boy," poor little Mat, with a sense of desolation he had

never before felt, on retiring to his neat white-curtained crib, in the dormitory appointed for him, added to his usual infant orison the following words :—"God bless me *now*, in a strange place, among strange boys, away from mamma, with nobody to love me!" And having so commended himself to heaven, the little fellow lay down and sobbed himself to sleep.

Dr. Fountaine, it seems, was an old friend of Lewis's family, and a frequent guest at the table of his father, and also of his grandfather, Sir Thomas Sewell. It chanced, on one occasion, when his pupil was present, that the gizzard wing of a fowl was sent into the kitchen, to be converted into what is usually termed a "devil." The schoolboy sat silently anticipating the pleasure of partaking this strangely-named dainty; but, unfortunately, on its reappearance, the whole of the piquant morsel was helped away, without little Matthew obtaining a share. This was too much for boyish endurance, and the young gentleman loudly expressed his chagrin.—"There, there, man!" said his good-humoured tutor, putting the corresponding, or "liver," wing on the boy's plate;—"take up with a *good liver* now, and be content; *you'll taste the devil soon enough!*" From this time, the "devil," and a "good liver," became a standing

joke, whenever Matthew was present at a dinner-party, and he used afterwards to relate the anecdote with much *goût*, as a very questionable attempt at wit on the part of his early instructor.

Having remained under Dr. Fountaine's care for a few years, young Lewis was removed to Westminster school, where he continued until he went to Oxford. Of the progress of his studies at Westminster, little record is afforded us. We learn, however, that he particularly distinguished himself as an actor, in what was called the "Town Boy's Play." He enacted *Falconbridge*, in "King John," and *My Lord Duke*, in "High Life Below Stairs," with great applause. His histrionic talents seem, indeed, to have been of first-rate order; and, we are informed by one who knew him intimately, and had frequently witnessed his efforts in private theatricals at a later period of life, that if an expression of feeling, natural as intense—if the reading of a perfect scholar, embodying conceptions no less just than vivid—could have compensated for the physical defects of voice and stature, his rank in life would rather have been matter of regret, as depriving the public of talents equally suited for effective stage representation, as for dramatic invention.

These powers he often displayed, when con-

finding to his mother and a few select friends, some dramatic embryo of his scarcely-fledged muse, after the little quiet dinners given at her house. When sipping his wine, and being "i' the vein," he would burst forth with occasional snatches of Lear, Cordelia, Wolsey, or such Shaksperian passages as his memory happened to supply. Speaking of "Troilus and Cressida," the young dramatist observed, that, in his estimation, it had but one redeeming passage; which, suddenly starting up, he would quote with enthusiasm:—

"Rouse yourself!—and the weak wanton cupid  
Shall from your neck unclothe his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air."

Sometimes, while the little domestic audience were yet hushed by the intense interest which he imparted to his recitation of "Forget and Forgive," or Lear's touching question—

"I think this lady should be my child Cordelia;"  
or his inimitable utterance of

"Oh, sir, you must not *kneel*!"

the spell would be dissolved by the gentle voice of his gratified mother, in her quiet but earnest manner, detailing to the nearest listener, how Matthew, when a mere child, had astonished her

on returning one evening from the theatre, by repeating nearly the whole of Miss Bellamy's celebrated scene in "Cleone;" and, she used to add, "the boy really imitated the actress's shriek with such thrilling accuracy, that she never could forget her feelings at the moment."

While such were the pleasing reminiscences of the delighted mother, the subject of them would, perhaps, have fallen again into his favourite musing attitude—his elbow resting upon the table, and his forefinger curved over his brow—as, totally unconscious of what was passing, he endeavoured to recall some quotation, or air, that had struck his fancy.

Leaving Westminster, young Lewis became a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where a wider field was opened for the exercise of his abilities. From this college, many of the earlier letters to his mother were written. And, to account for certain passages which occur in the correspondence, it is necessary to state in this place, that during the time he was at Westminster, a separation had been effected between his parents. On the causes which led to this event it is needless to enlarge; our wish is to touch as lightly as possible on a subject, the details of which would hardly afford entertainment to any right-feeling mind.



That the tempers of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were incompatible with their mutual happiness, there can be no doubt. The one was all gentleness and complacency, even to a fault, and was greatly admired and sought after; the other, on the contrary, although firm in his friendships, was yet stern in his purposes, and implacable in his resentments. Misunderstandings and jealousies, therefore, arose. The daughters, as well as the younger son, were of too tender an age to interfere at this critical period: — Matthew, however, *did* — with how little success the result painfully demonstrated. Without compromising the proper feelings of duty and respect towards one parent, he almost idolized the other; and in the undeviating constancy of his regard, through “good report and evil report,” during the long years of his mother’s estrangement from the family circle, she experienced the dearest solace of a parent, the bestowal of which adds the highest grace to the character of her son.

Mrs. Lewis withdrew to France at this melancholy juncture; and while there, a constant correspondence was kept up between herself and Matthew, through whom she received information as to the wellbeing of her other children. It will be seen from some of the earlier letters, that Mrs.

Lewis had made many complaints of poverty, to relieve which, seemed to be the constant thought of the young collegian. Justice, however, compels us to state, that Mrs. Lewis's allowance from her husband was a very handsome one ; and therefore, most of her pecuniary embarrassments must have been either ideal, or have arisen from a want of due management on her part. But in extenuation of this, it should be borne in mind, that she had been hitherto in a great measure unaccustomed to think and act for herself: her life from an early period, like that of the butterfly, had been passed amid sunshine and flowers. The lighted drawing-room, and the courtly guest-chamber, were unfitting schools for the adversities of the world ; and when the hour of trial came, it is more a subject for pity than surprise, that the self-exiled mother too frequently imbibed her son's pleasures by details of her sufferings, and drained his resources to supply those petty luxuries, which, to a person of her habits and education, were deemed of as vital importance as the air she breathed.

But from whatever cause these temporary embarrassments arose, they called forth in Lewis's heart the finest feelings of which human nature is capable. Had the young student abounded in the world's wealth, the sacrifices he made would

have been less striking, although the motives might have been equally amiable. But when we see a young man just entering the world, depriving himself of those pleasures so natural to his age and position in society, for the purpose of administering to the wants of a mother—whose slightest wishes he not only gratified, but strove to anticipate—it must be confessed that this era in his life presents as beautiful a picture of filial affection, as imagination could depict in the pages of romance. We shall now introduce the letters, the first of which is dated from Christ Church, Oxford.

“ Friday, 1st April, 1791.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ You might be certain, that if I had received your letter I should have written to you before, since I knew, that when you were ill, the assurance of affection would be doubly acceptable. But the stupid rascals at the post-office mislaid your letter, and it was some time before they could find it. However, the moment I had it, I sat down to assure you that nothing but ignorance should have prevented my writing to you. But now I *have* sat down I have resolved to write you a very short letter; for I have at present so much to do (as

this is the time when we are examined), that I have not a moment unemployed. I say I have *resolved* to write you a very short letter ; but whether my regard for you will not oblige me to break my resolution, I will not answer.

You gave me pain by saying that every body had forgot you. I thought my constant attention would have exempted me, at least, from the accusation. My poor Barrington has but too good a reason for not writing to you ; his illness, I am sorry to say, continues to grow upon him, and the least exertion does him harm. This is what I am informed ; for as he is not able to come to town, and I do not find it possible to go to Chatham, it is long, very long, since I saw him. Indeed, I am so selfish as now hardly to wish it, and for his own sake as much as my own ; since to see him in pain would distress me, and my melancholy would only contribute to make him uneasy. However, I write to him very frequently, though he is not permitted to answer me. I need not tell you (and yet it will give you pleasure to hear it) that he is gratified in every wish. Your letter must have given him a great deal of pleasure, for the highest satisfaction he now has is to receive letters, and I am sure, therefore, you will write to him again immediately.

“ I need not tell you how much, how very much, concerned I am for your illness, and it affords me a fresh obligation to my father. I shudder to think of what would have been your situation had he refused my request.

“ Without money, without friends, sick in a foreign country! Oh, my mother! the remembrance of you being in pain and sorrow often clouds the pleasures I enjoy, and I hardly conceive myself justified in partaking amusements, when you, perhaps, may be in want of common comforts. God bless you, my dear mother, and may you soon return to this country; where, whatever happens, you may at least have those you love, and who love you, near to assist you. Yet, unless you return very soon, I fear it will not be in my power to see you for some time. I shall go to town on April the 15th, and return on the 4th, and then shall not be in London until Christmas, as I intend passing the intermediate vacation on the continent. But, wherever I am, it will make me easier to think that you are among your countrymen, and where there are those who will ever be willing to assist you as much as is in their power.

“ I sent a letter, addressed to you at York House, Dover, as you desired me. I must be very poor, indeed, if I could not afford to present you with

such a trifle ; and believe me, I find myself happy, and ever shall, in having it in my power to show you my readiness to oblige you.

“ The direction to my father’s is No. 9, Devonshire-place, Upper Wimpole-street. I do not know whether I told you that it was a very good house, and fitted up very elegantly ; the preparations for war paid entirely for the expense of it ; and as a war with Russia is expected, I hope he will make a tolerable year of it. I am sure no one deserves success more than he does.

“ My sisters are perfectly well. Sophy is wonderfully pretty, but very little,—she is so childish, so heedless, so inattentive, that she provokes every body ; and when any body talks to her, she will cry vehemently, and play with the cat’s tail all the while ;—she dances very prettily, has a very good ear for music, and a charming voice. In short, she may do very well, if she will. Maria improves every day ; she is a charming and interesting girl ; she plays really finely, and her understanding is infinitely superior to that of girls of her age. She is very tall, and has a very fine figure ; she has quite outgrown me. I promise to be a remarkably little personage.

“ Here have I run on to you, whilst I ought to have been crossing the Hellespont with Xerxes,

or attending to the pleadings of Cicero ; but when I once begin to write to you, I never know when to stop. I will now, then, only assure you of the tender love and affection of

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

Nothing can more pleasingly demonstrate the state of the youth's feelings towards his parent than this letter. It breathes the purest filial love, and is replete with sentiments that do him honour. The ready assistance which, thus early, he seems to have rendered his mother ; his anxious solicitude regarding her illness ; his desire of seeing her before he goes abroad ; the considerate account he gives her of her other children ; and the air of attentive affection which pervades it all,—coming, as it did, from a mere youth, surrounded by gay companions, and every allurements of thoughtlessness and pleasure which his situation afforded,—can hardly fail to create the most favourable impression of the writer, in his character of a son.

His intention of spending the vacation on the continent, he seems to have fulfilled, as his next letter is written from Paris. This, as well as the greater portion of those succeeding, will be found to be deficient in dates ; a circumstance which has

rendered the task of arranging them, with any degree of accuracy as to order, one of extreme difficulty ; and Lewis, as will afterwards appear, good-humouredly reproves his mother for not dating her letters, totally unconscious that he was himself so often guilty of the same error.

“ Paris, September 7, 1792.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I have this moment received your letter, about which I began to be uneasy, fearing my parcel had miscarried. I am very happy to find that the farce may perhaps be of some service to you ; and I wish sincerely it was in my power to be of more. As yet, however, I can be of very little use to you ; but be assured, that whenever it is in my power, you shall be convinced that my wish has ever been to manifest to you how great a regard and affection I entertain for you. You say you wish you had it more in your power to show yours for me. Ah ! my dear mother, you have it in your power ; you show it every moment : nothing can give me so much pleasure as the offering me an opportunity, in which I can fulfil the first and dearest duty of humanity, and enabling me to show how great a regard I feel for the name of



mother. Love your son, therefore, as tenderly as he loves you, and every trouble it is possible for me to take will be paid with excess.

“ ‘ You may, perhaps, serve me in the course of your life ! ’ Is it not, then, a service to assist me with your counsels, to help me to correct my faults, and to procure me the most sensible of pleasures, in making me conscious that my existence is not entirely unprofitable to my parent ?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ As to the farce, it was at your option to cut it as you pleased. The explication, I am conscious, was rather long ; but I endeavoured rather to put it into three or four short speeches, than into one long one. I wished to make the character of Caroline as entertaining as I could, from the idea that, if it was accepted at Drury-lane, Mrs. Jordan might think it worth accepting. All the story, therefore, about the governess, was purposely introduced to enliven the character of Caroline, though the story was not necessary. However, I read it over but once ; and I dare say you have altered it for the better. I trust, as soon as you have offered it, you will not delay letting me know what success you have had.

“ As to the novel, I have nearly written the two first volumes : for the first I managed cleverly

about, and lost. I was consequently obliged to write it over again. I shall take care to finish it before I leave France ; but if you choose to begin it immediately, I will send you the first volume by the next post.

“ I think the Falcon, in itself, very interesting ; and its simplicity is the greatest beauty. It is easy to keep the canvass, and plan of the scenes, and write the dialogue over again, only preserving the points already written, of which there are several worth keeping. In the style in which it is written, it will not do for more than one act. The simplicity will not have any charms after that period ; and if you mean to extend it, you must write it in a new style, and make it broad farce ; which, in my opinion, will destroy the beauty and simplicity of the subject. If, however, you persist in your first idea of lengthening it, I have found a play which may assist you. It is called ‘ *Le Faucon, et les Oyes de Boccace.*’ You may perhaps know the story of Father Philips’s geese.

“ I will, however, just give you an idea of the play I speak of.

“ Frederic, despairing to make Clétie love him, leaves the capital, and assumes the habit of an hermit, whose cave he takes possession of, together with the servant who has been brought up by the

hermit, without ever having heard the name of woman. In this situation, Clétie's carriage breaks down in the wood ; she is searching for Frederic, to demand the falcon, which he has carried off with him ; but his retreat being unknown to every body, she is returning home without the bird. Guillaume, who sees the women arrive, inquires of his master who they are : he tells them that they are geese, but the most savage creatures that can be imagined ;—notwithstanding which, Guillaume has a great desire to catch one of these geese, and tame it. He meets a young shepherdess who undeceives him, and there are some of their situations which are amusing enough. Clétie, in the meanwhile, hears talk of a woman-hater, and discovers him to be her lover, by the cottager who has received her, vaunting the agility of the falcon. The rest of the plan is the same, and Guillaume is united to Sylvia.

“ I prefer the plan of the one I sent to you ; but if you think it necessary to make it broader farce, the plan of Guillaume (harlequin in the other play) and Sylvia will afford you an opportunity of introducing it. This, however, there is no need to be in a hurry about ; and, when I return, I can show you the other play, if you are resolved against the first. I will, at any rate, enclose the

songs which I have written for it ; but luckily they are so very commodiously written, that (like Bayes's, which serve for prologue or epilogue, tragedy or comedy, with equal merit,) my songs will do for either one play, or the other. If you adopt the other plan, it is necessary to write more songs ; for you had better make it a comic opera, in two acts. But I think the first plan will not only give you less trouble, but is much the prettiest.

“Let me hear from you very soon, to say whether you wish me to send you the beginning of the novel, and what you think of the verses. Observe, that I have not written them with regard to the poetry, but merely to give an opportunity to the musician to write pretty music upon them.

“My sisters are well. My father writes me word that Barrington fancies himself better from his journey to Margate, but that *he* perceives no amendment. You speak of *rings*: I am so afraid that Barry's desire to have something to hang to his watch should have escaped your sight, that I repeat it.

“Tell me seriously, did the farce make you laugh?—did it interest you the first time you read it?

“I need not repeat to you my entreaties never to let the least hint drop to any body (particularly to

my uncles,) that I had the least idea of writing any thing for the theatre.

“ Believe me, my dear Mother,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ I shall endeavour to send this by the courier, as I did the last ; by which means, I suppose, you got it free. At any rate, I have written with a crow-quill that it might take up the less room. Write to me by the next post, I entreat you. Adieu, my dear mother.”

In this letter, Lewis is presented, for the first time, in the character of an author. The farce here spoken of was called “The Epistolary Intrigue.” It was never brought upon the stage ; but he wrote in the same year his comedy of “The East Indian,” which, it will be seen, was afterwards accepted by Mrs. Jordan. It was played for her benefit ; and, from the applause it received, adopted by Drury-lane, and went through a succession of representations in a most triumphant manner. Many years after, it was again brought upon the stage, in the form of a comic opera, under the title of “Rich and Poor ;” and in that form, also, it met with a fair share of popularity.

At the time this comedy was written, Lewis

was only sixteen years of age ; an unusual period of life for the production of a play suitable for the special patronage of an actress so distinguished for taste and discrimination as Mrs. Jordan. With the exception afforded by Shelley, who at that age wrote a novel (we believe never published), there is hardly another instance on record of a work of fiction, such as a play or a novel, having been successfully produced by an author of sixteen.

The novel here mentioned was, like the farce, never published ; nor does it appear that he ever wrote more of it than the two volumes here spoken of. It was called “ The Effusions of Sensibility ;” and, being the production of so juvenile an author, it is certainly a literary curiosity. We shall present our readers\* with a few of its introductory pages.

The next letter is dated from Oxford.

“ Thursday the 8th.

“ I should have written to you before, my dear mother, but I have been very unwell for this last fortnight, and still am obliged to take medicines three times a day. But I am considerably better ; and doubt not, that in a little time I shall be perfectly well. As my headach, however, is still

\* - Vide Supplement.

painful to me, you will excuse my writing you a very concise letter ; though, indeed, I generally begin with that resolution, and find myself at the end of my paper, before I am aware to what a length I have arrived. It is very provoking that the farce should be refused ; and I do not understand Lewis's\* reason. But he only said it could not be brought out this season. Why not ask whether he will accept it for the next ? unless, indeed, you choose to try Colman.

“ I shall be in town, I believe, about the 25th or 26th ; but intend going to Chatham in Passion-week. I shall then return, and stay a fortnight ; and if (as you intend) you take a lodging, shall be with you as much as I possibly can. But as I am ordered, for my health, to ride every day, that will necessarily take up some part of my mornings. Every moment, however, that I can command, I shall be happy to pass with you. I am finishing *Felix*, as you desired ; and will bring it and the music to town with me. I read over what I had translated, and I began to fancy it not uninteresting. You will judge, however, whether it will do, when I see you in town ; but I must beg you to transcribe it ; for that I find the most trouble-

\* Lewis, the manager of Drury-lane theatre.

some part of the business ; and, besides, I write a hand which is not legible to vulgar comprehension. I shall also bring two or three other things for you to try your fortune with ; and if they do not produce money, I am sure they will find amusement for *you*, who will be partial to every thing I either write or do. I will not specify what are the contents of my budget till I see you, when I hope to read them to you myself, which I suppose will give you double satisfaction.

“ Sophia has got the hooping-cough, and Maria is consequently expected to catch it. Barrington is tolerable.

“ Believe me, my dear Mother,

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ I forgot to say that, concerning the story you told me, I do not see well how a dead body can be brought upon the stage : besides which, it does not merely consist in writing an opera, which will succeed when acted, but the difficulty lies in *getting* it acted. I know at least twenty French operas, which, if translated, would undoubtedly succeed ; but after Kemble’s refusing Bluebeard, the most interesting production of that kind, I quite despair. There is an opera, called ‘Le



Touterrein,' where a woman is hid in a cavern in her jealous husband's house ; and afterwards, by accident, her child is shut up there also, without food, and they are not released till they are perishing with hunger. The situations of the characters, the tragic of the principal characters, the gaiety of the under parts, and the romantic turn of the story, make it one of the prettiest and most affecting things I ever saw ; but I shall not throw away any more time, till I have got one of the things I have already finished upon the stage. ' *Les Victimes Cloitres*,' of which I spoke to you, is another which would undoubtedly succeed.

" As I have written so much after my signature, you may perhaps have forgotten that this comes from

" Your affectionate son,

" M. G. LEWIS."

Thus, we see the too-frequent fate of early genius had to be encountered by Lewis :—his first dramatic production was rejected by the manager of Drury-lane.

The literary communion between mother and son is of a highly pleasing character ; and, perhaps, in the annals of authorship, there is no other instance of a youth of his years and position in society, labouring so indefatigably, with

his pen, that he might add to the comforts of a mother. Literature was the only field that lay open to him; and the stripling boldly enters its thorny path, undismayed by difficulties, undepressed by disappointments; and, notwithstanding its total absence of charms for a young writer, we even find that he undertakes the irksome task of translation.

“ Christ Church, Sunday, 25th.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I have the pleasure of informing you, that on my arrival in town, my father has promised to give me the twenty pounds which you desired; for, as he gives me no settled allowance, I am obliged to apply to him for any thing extraordinary, not receiving above a few guineas from my tutor at a time. The little presents I have occasionally made you, have been merely what I have either spared from my pocket-money, or by fortunate success at play (which, however, I use but seldom), and have been enabled to dispose of in the manner which was most agreeable to me. None can be more agreeable than that of giving you satisfaction, and supplying you with conveniences which you may happen to want. But had I a fixed income, I should be happy to be considered

merely as your banker ; and would sacrifice to you not only what might be wanted for pleasure, but what would be absolutely necessary. But I own being obliged to apply so frequently to my father is very painful to me. It is always a disagreeable and humiliating task to ask for money ; but it is much more so when one is conscious of the person to whom we apply having been most liberal and generous. That my father has always been so, I have heard you acknowledge ; and if you accuse me of being more partial to my father than to you, believe me, one of his first qualities, in my eyes, is the readiness with which he grants my requests, and by that means puts it in my power to show my affection towards you. This was the case with regard to my present demand ; but I was so sensible of my encroaching upon his bounty, and that, perhaps, it might be necessary for me to do so again shortly, that I entreated him to let me have a fixed allowance, and that then I should be enabled to assist you without applying to him ; and if I was too extravagant, my own necessity would give me the punishment I deserved, by depriving me of luxuries, and obliging me to purchase the pleasure I experience in relieving your wants, by sacrificing gratifications which might be dispensed with. He refused my request, and

I enclose you his answer, that you may see, at the same time, his readiness to oblige me, and his kindness towards me in every thing ; and, at the same time, how decidedly every body is of the same opinion upon a point, which I will not mention ; for to that it is I am clear that he alludes.

“ So much for this subject, with which I shall have done, when I have told you how much pleasure I promise myself in seeing you. My intention is to come to town on Tuesday, go to Chatham on Sunday, and return that day week ; when I shall remain a fortnight in town.

“ As to the farce, do as you think best about it ; but I shall bring Felix to town with me, and, perhaps, it might be as well (if you approve of it), when you send it to Lewis, to mention a word about it in the same note. I am more anxious than ever to get something upon the stage for you, since I shall receive a double satisfaction in thinking your satisfaction and ease was the effect of my industry ; for in a translation, I cannot call it abilities. Suppose you were to ask Lewis what line of dramatic writing would be most acceptable ? At any rate, however, I have begun something which I hope, and am indeed certain, will, hereafter, produce you a little money ; though it will be some time before it is completed, from the length

of it, and the frequent interruption, and necessity of concealment, I am obliged to use in writing it. It is a romance, in the style of the 'Castle of Otranto.' But, though I have been, ever since my return from Paris (when I first thought I might be of service to you by writing), employed about it, from the above circumstance I have not yet quite finished the first volume ; I hope, however, to get it done time enough to read it to you during my stay in town.

"I have just read the 'Excursion,' and could not help fancying it was just the kind of book you would have written, the style was so like your common language. I like it much in some parts, but one struck me particularly as a most excellent stroke of nature : it is the sanguine account which Maria writes to her sister, of her having passed an evening in the very *best* company, with the most amiable and worthy people, &c. It is so natural for a young, ardent mind, just entering the world, to paint every thing in the most vivid and brilliant colours. I liked the book, as to the rest of it, merely I believe from those few sentences.

"I have had no return of my headaches, &c., I thank you for your kind solicitude about them.

"Perhaps, though you do not take a lodging, you will be able to see me before my going to Chatham.

Why not at the place where Miss Poulter is, when she is in town? I should think she might find out some place among her acquaintances. This, however, you will settle, and as I believe you are as anxious to see me, as I am to see you, I am sure you will take the earliest opportunity of doing so.

“ Believe me, my dear Mother,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.

The perusal of this letter cannot fail to raise the character of Lewis in the estimation of the reader. The firm avowal of love and gratitude towards his father, made, as it is, in a manner the best calculated to create a corresponding emotion in the heart of his other parent; the temperate and correct view which he takes of conflicting circumstances, and the delicate sense he entertains of his own duty under them; the youthful ingenuousness of the letter, and the vein of affection towards her whom he addresses pervading it throughout; all these present a highly-wrought picture of the feelings of a son, rendered yet more striking by the painful and harassing situation under which they were expressed.

The literary allusions show that Lewis's works were slowly progressing. The romance here

spoken of was, like the novel formerly alluded to, never published ; but he subsequently founded upon it his popular drama of "The Castle Spectre."

" London, Wednesday, 28th.

" The date of this letter, my dear mother, will inform you that I am safely lodged in town ; for which piece of news, you may perhaps have been a little anxious. On my arrival, I found a blank sheet of paper from my father, enclosing the twenty pounds I had requested of him ; and I wish to know whether I shall send it to you by the same means that you receive this, or what other you prefer. When I had written my last to you, I recollected that I had burnt the letter from my father which I wished you to see ; but I remember the particular expressions which struck me were these : ' The question is not whether you shall deny yourself pleasures to give satisfaction to others ; but whether you shall continue to supply wants which perhaps are not necessary to a person to whom I have already been very liberal. If you continue to be found an easy exchequer, there will be no income I can allow you will be sufficient to satisfy their avidity who are imposing upon your mother.'

“As to what you say about my calling myself your nephew, do about it as you think proper. I remember once you desired me, when in company, to speak of my father as my uncle ; and you may wish me to call myself your nephew for the same reason at present ; but, for my own part, it is immaterial to me. When I do not say that I have a mother living, I do it to give the shortest answer, and save myself from an explanation which must be very unpleasant to me. You will, therefore, do in this case just as is most agreeable to yourself.

“I am not likely to get you lodgings, as the parts of the town where I go are not those in which it is probable I shall find that kind of thing ; but if accident should bring it in my way, I’ll let you know.

“I am in a great hurry, as you will perhaps perceive, by the rambling style I have used. Adieu, my dear mother ; I am very anxious to see you, and till then remain,

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”



## CHAPTER III.

Residence in Germany—Goëthe—German Princes—Dukes and Excellencies—"The East Indian"—Volume of Poems—Mrs. Jordan.

IN the midst of all this literary struggling to get a play brought upon the stage, or a novel sold to a publisher, our young author proceeded to Germany, for the purpose chiefly of acquiring the language of that country. To this he had, no doubt, been excited by the very high reputation which Goëthe and Schiller, more especially the latter, had already acquired throughout Europe ; the light of whose transcendent genius directed attention also to the works of their compatriots, Burger, Klinger, Iffland, Kotzebue, and a hundred other poets and dramatists, who before were unknown even by name in England.

The summer of the previous year had been spent in Paris, for a similar purpose ; and the place now chosen for his residence was the small capital of Weimar ; whence all his letters from Germany are dated. This change of place, however, was

far from rendering the correspondence kept up with his mother less frequent, but the contrary; and his letters at this period, and those written afterwards from the Hague, will be found to contain, besides the usual subjects of communication, an exceedingly lively and graphic account of his sojourn abroad.

Lewis, at this period, was only seventeen years of age. He had already written an original farce, and had translated another from the French; also a comedy, "The East Indian," already mentioned as having been given to Mrs. Jordan, and of which more will immediately appear in the succeeding letters;—two volumes of a novel, and two of a romance, besides numerous poems. It may be necessary to state that none of these volumes formed any portion of "The Monk," the history of which will appear hereafter.

"Weimar, 30th July.

"As I know, my dear mother, you must be anxious to hear from me, and that I have escaped all the perils and dangers, both by land and water, I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that I arrived safe at Weimar three days ago. I should have written to you on the moment of my arrival, had it not then been too late for the post.

I had a very disagreeable journey, being very seasick in crossing from Harwich to Helvoet ; and the roads were so bad, the postilions so stupid, and the time I was obliged to wait at the post for horses so long, that at last I began to be quite out of patience, and to despair of ever arriving at the place of my destination.

“ I am now knocking my brains against German as hard as ever I can. I take a lesson every morning ; and as I apply very seriously, I am flattered with the promises that I shall soon speak very fluently in my throat, and that I already distort my mouth with tolerable facility. The place is at present rather dull, most of the people who compose the society being gone to different places ; some to their country-houses, and others being with the duke and his army at Coblenz. But I am not sorry for this ; since, as the common conversation of the town is German, I wish, before I enter the routine, to know a little what people say when they speak to me ; which you will acknowledge to be a very reasonable desire. The few people who are still here are, however, extremely polite, and I doubt not when I know a little of the language, I shall find the place extremely agreeable. Among other people to whom I have been introduced, are the sister of Schweter, the composer,

and M. de Goëthe, the celebrated author of Werter ; so that you must not be surprised if I should shoot myself one of these fine mornings.

“As to my own nonsense, I write and write, and yet do not find I have got a bit further, in my original plan, than I was when I saw you last. I have got hold of an infernal dying man, who plagues my very heart out. He has talked for half a volume already, and seems likely to talk for half a volume more ; and I cannot manage to kill him out of the way for the life of me.

“I have had no news of Maria since I left England, but she was infinitely better when I left her : perhaps that might have done her good. I may safely beg you to “honour me by laying your commands on me,” since I do not conceive it possible for you to have any to lay ; and, indeed, I should as soon expect you to lay eggs. But you will believe me when I tell you, could I find any opportunity to do any thing which would give you satisfaction, I would offer my services as readily as I do when I can find none. Let me hear from you soon, and tell me what you have done about the arce, the comedy, &c.

“Believe me, my dear Mother,

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.

From the "dying man" here mentioned the character of Reginald, in "The Castle Spectre," was, no doubt, afterwards taken, the romance alluded to being the original work upon which that drama was founded.

Lewis's introduction to Goëthe was a source of no small interest and pleasure to him, as he always entertained a just and deep respect for the extraordinary powers of that celebrated man. In after-years, the "Faust" particularly engaged his attention; and Lord Byron, in a letter, mentions his having heard him, one evening, translate a portion of that eccentric work with extreme facility.\* Lewis's predilection for German literature is conspicuous in all his after-productions; a propensity little to be wondered at, considering the store of materials which it afforded for his romantic imagination to work upon; and, with the exception of the talented authoress of *Frankenstein*, we know no English writer who has so successfully adopted, both in prose and verse, the wild and bizarre character of that singular school.

\* Vide Moore's *Life of Byron*.

“ Weimar, September 17th.

“ I began to be extremely uneasy about my not hearing from you, my dear mother, and was upon the point of writing again, when I received your letter. I suppose you waited for Mrs. Jordan's answer. But I was anxious to know that you had received my letter, and that you was still in good health. I am glad to be assured of this ; and I hope you will, in future, write to me more frequently. You see I answer your letters the moment I receive them : and believe me, nothing can give me more sincere pleasure, than to know you are happy and comfortable, and have met with some fresh satisfaction. I felt this pleasure from your last, which informed me of your reconciliation with your brother Robert, upon which I congratulate you, and hope it will be productive of many good consequences.

“ Mrs. Jordan's letter gives me great satisfaction. But how, my good lady, did you manage to read it ? for the seal was unbroken. Perhaps you have a secret for lifting wax, have learnt to play with the cups and balls, and have made no inconsiderable proficiency in the intricacies of legerdemain. I expect no small pleasure on my return to England, from the exhibition of your talents and contrivances.

“ As to the music for the play, I have managed most awkwardly about it. I intended to have got it whilst in London; but poor Maria was so ill, that I forgot every thing. The consequence is, I am now obliged to send to her, for the two airs, with some others, as if for a lady in Germany. They must first come to Weimar, and then return to you; so that it will be at least a month before Mrs. Jordan will receive them. I have therefore written to her to excuse this delay, and I enclose you the letter unsealed, that you may read it. I think you had better send it to her by the penny post, as you now know how to direct to her; and it will be as well to send now and then to Ibbotson's Hotel, to know if any letter has been left there by her. Did you observe her letter was sealed (and probably directed) by the prince?

“ It is the most cruel, unjust, barbarous, savage, and inhuman proceeding I ever was a witness to, the telling me you have ‘done something with the farce,’ and not explaining what. I can conceive ‘doing something’ with it, to be nothing but putting it into the fire; but as you have ‘done something’ likewise with your own work, that cannot be the case. I hope you will in future condescend to be more intelligible. I know it is ex-

tremely vulgar, but yet I must say I think it more agreeable.

“I receive nothing but the most delightful accounts about my brother. Maria is quite recovered; and Sophia (as I am told) a very little, tiny bit mended.

“I will try to boil your egg for you; but I will not take my bible-oath upon Messuline’s poems (as Congreve makes the chamber-maid say) that it will be in my power to execute your commissions:—first, because the music, which I hear nowhere except at court, is almost entirely instrumental, of Haydn and Pleyel, and which can be got better in England than here;—secondly, because the little vocal music I hear, is entirely from the Italian operas. But the *Comédie* will begin in October; and then, perhaps, I shall have an opportunity of hearing some German airs. I have endeavoured to execute the same commission for Maria; but have not as yet procured a single song. I suspect the air you mean, to be one by Pleyel, sold in London, under the title of ‘Lady Isabel’s Lamentation,’ and that it begins, ‘Sleep poor babe, ill-fated boy.’ It is the sweetest air at present existing in the ‘varsal world.’ *Les sages entendent les demi mots, mais il faut des mots entières pour le demi sage.*



“Write to me soon, I beg you. I am in a great hurry; but still I must tell you that my situation is very pleasant here. Nothing can be more polite than the people belonging to the court. The two duchesses are extremely affable and condescending; and we have nothing but balls, suppers, and concerts. Thank God, I weary myself to death: but it is always some comfort to think I am wearied with the best company; and I really believe the fault is in myself, and not in other people.

“I have nearly finished my second volume, and have written over half the first; but I found such faults upon faults, that I have actually almost made it all over again. But I find the style grows better as I get farther on. I wish much to know what you have done with your book. Have you printed it at your own expense? or what?

“Believe me ever

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

“Do you usually write your letters without mentioning time, place, or even putting a signature? It is the fashion I suppose.”

“ Weimar, Dec. 24, 1792.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ You may possibly be aware that there are certain means of arranging certain words in a certain way, so as to leave the reader perfectly uncertain as to the sense intended to be conveyed by them : and, in one of the phrases of your last letter, you have succeeded most happily in the clair-obscure style of writing. You tell me you are surprised at not having received the songs in all this time ; by which I am left perfectly at a loss to discover whether you have, or have not, received my letter, enclosing one for Mrs. Jordan, giving an account of the causes which made it probable that you would not receive them for a considerable period. You may possibly, however, mean by “ all this time,” the time which has elapsed since your receiving the letter which I have just mentioned. But I beg you to write to me immediately upon the receipt of this, and let me know whether you are now actually in possession of the songs, which have now been full a month upon the road to you. It is very possible that you are not ; for as I have a knack at *losing* things as well as other people, (a slight hint to a certain person, who shall be nameless,) I entirely lost all recollection of the number belonging to your lodging in

Shepherd-street. I therefore was obliged to direct it at a venture to No. 11, nearly opposite Bond-street; and I put upon the cover, in case the person should not be found, that the letter must be sent back to me. It is, therefore, possible that it has not reached you. I hope, however, that it has, and, at all events, I beg you to send to the foreign post-office immediately upon the receipt of this, and inquire whether such a letter has not been left there for you.

“I hope you will let me hear from you in answer to this, with all possible expedition, as, till then, I shall be not a little uneasy. I am very happy to find that your situation is comfortable, and likely to be more so. But I cannot, however, say that I am very happy to hear that your good spirits have altered your looks; for in that case, perhaps, when we meet again, your features may be quite unknown to me, and we may stare at one another like the old woman in the print, who cries out ‘Oh! Gemini! is this my daughter Ann?’ I trust, however, that your countenance will not be so very much altered as to make you quite irreconisable, and that I shall find you, on my return to England, at least with the same heart, and the same affection for me.

“I believe, in all probability, I shall not re-

turn to England till March or April. But my father saying he did not wish me to hurry home in case of a war breaking out, I have written to him to beg that, in such a case, he would permit me to return to England immediately. In fact, though I am at present perfectly well satisfied with my situation, I should not like to be shut up in Germany, the Lord above only knows how long ; and more especially should I be uneasy, in the present disposition of the English populace, at being at so great a distance from my family. I trust there is nothing to apprehend ; but still, when one is so far off, every trifling accident becomes a serious and alarming affair.

“ I continue to be well enough contented with this town. There are some things, to be sure, which are not quite so elegant and well ordered as in England : for instance, the knives and forks are never changed, even at the duke’s table ; and the ladies hawk and spit about the room in a manner the most disgusting. But, as the duchesses are very affable, and every body is extremely obliging, I put up with every thing else, and upon the whole, amuse myself tolerably well. I have also made a little excursion since I wrote to you last, to Berlin. I staid there but a very few days ; and as I arrived there without having

any acquaintances, at first I found the societies into which I entered extremely wearisome and insipid : I believe, however, had I remained a little longer, I should have been well enough satisfied with my stay there, for I began to know the greatest part of the persons I met. Nothing could be more polite and attentive to me than our envoy there, Sir Morton Eden, was. Though a great part of the court was in the country, and though the king, the princes his sons, and many others were with the army, I was perfectly astonished at the crowds of princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, which were poured upon me from every quarter. It put me in mind of Foote's observation upon France, that every mangy dog he met was either duke or marquis. I was at one court or other to supper, every night that I passed in Berlin ; and I verily believe it would be possible to stay a year in that town, and sup with a new highness at least six days out of every seven. Then there are crowds of excellencies ; for observe, that not only all ambassadors, generals, &c., bear that title, but also the wives, daughters, aunts, and grandmothers of such generals and ambassadors : so that I reckon, upon the whole, there is to be found more *soi-disant* excel-

lence in Berlin, than in any other town upon the face of the earth.

“I have moved heaven and earth, in order to make a little collection of songs for you; and I have already near a dozen, and have hopes of more. It is possible, however, that you may not like them; but you will, at least, like my readiness to obey your wishes. I have translated the German words into English, which may possibly appear in your eyes as a recommendation; and there is at least, a very beautiful overture, from an opera of Mozart's, which I think cannot fail to please you.

“I heard from my father this morning; and he informed me, that both my sisters and Barry are in perfect good health. Adieu! write to me as soon as possible; and believe me, my dear mother,

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

“Weimar, February 8, 1793.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I have this moment received yours of the 17th of January, and hasten to reply to it; but I must first observe that it was highly necessary to mention how I should direct to you in Berkeley-

square, as you had not given me the slightest information in your former letters. I consequently directed my last to No. 11, Shepherd-street, where you will most probably find it by sending thither, in case you should not already have received it.

“As to the profits of the play, I confess I never entertained so high an idea of them as you appear to expect them to turn out; and consequently never thought about the matter. The idea never entered into my head, that Mrs. Jordan, instead of giving it for her benefit, would offer it to the managers, and have it acted upon her own account. In the first case, I supposed that, when she had made use of it, she would return the copy to me, and then the managers would either apply for it to me, or not, as they thought the play promised to turn out. In that case, the profits evidently belonged to myself. As, however, she has not thought proper to adopt this plan, she has the game in her own hands, and it is not possible for me to take any active part in the matter. The best way for us is to wait patiently, and see how it will all turn out. There are a number of chances in our favour. It is possible that she has only taken the compliment to herself, without any idea of appropriating the profits,—that she is pleased with the *air* of *patron-*

izing, and having brought it upon the stage, as the character was written expressly in reference to her talents, will give up every thing else to the author. She brought out a farce last year, but it was for her benefit, and it was never acted afterwards. Should, on the contrary, my play be brought out as a simple comedy, and not as a piece merely composed to serve for a benefit-night, it seems to me to be of good augury as to the manager's opinion of it. At the worst, should she take it entirely to herself, I should think the right of printing would undoubtedly belong to me: by right, I mean not the positive right of the law of England, but what the law of politeness and open disinterestedness dictates, and which is the only one to be followed here. It is possible, also, that she may insist upon sharing the emoluments; and though I should, of course, at first reject such an offer, by a good deal of pressing, I *might* be *prevailed* upon to accept it. Setting money out of the case, it certainly will give the play a much better prospect of success, if it is represented as other new plays, instead of at a benefit; for people are rather prepossessed against benefit-plays. Another reason is, that many actresses would then play in it, who, from pique against Mrs. Jordan, would not. Besides, its being the first appearance of this favourite actress,



will give the play a good deal of eclat, and not a little prepossess the audience in favour of it. This, therefore, is my decided opinion. As Mrs. Jordan is reported to be not without generosity, so let her act just as she pleases, and keep a profound silence on the matter; and even should she think herself entitled to take no notice of any claim of the author upon the profits, I shall willingly abandon to her my first play, as a reward for the trouble she has taken in bringing it out; and I shall gain the great point of ensuring the performance of a second play.

“You did not deceive yourself, my dear mother, when you supposed I intended the profits of the play (if any profits there should be) to be applied to your use. I trust, however, that your hopes will not be balked. Should I not obtain a farthing from the ‘East Indian,’ I trust I have a much surer prospect of making you a little present than depends upon the humour of a gallery. The volume of poems, of which I spoke to you in my last letter, are now completed, and by July I trust I shall get them copied out fair, and in a fit manner to put into the hands of a publisher. I have no doubt of selling it. I shall have no scruple of putting my name in the title-page, for my father insists upon my reciting verses of my

own composition at the Oxford *encenia*, and I may as well publish as speak them. This volume will consist partly of originals, partly of translations, most of which latter are from admired poems in Germany; and my translations of them have been applauded by the authors themselves—which is no slight proof of their being tolerable. Whatever this work produces, you may reckon upon every farthing of it as your own. If the ‘East Indian’ succeeds, I shall set about arranging ‘Adelaide’ for representation. The opera of ‘Felix’ would easily be brought out, upon the strength of my first play. In short, I have a number of irons in the fire, and I think some of them must answer my purpose. I should not be averse myself to getting a little money, which I might throw away according to my own will and pleasure. Among other things, I have a great wish to have Maria’s picture well drawn, and also to give her my own. There are several other things which would please me, and which my conscience will not permit me to employ my father’s money in obtaining. But whatever happens, I am resolved to consider the first of my productions which succeeds as *your* property, and you may rest assured, my dear mother, I shall always remember that you have a right to be served before myself. Be careful, I beg, that no-

body finds out I am the author of this comedy. I would not have it known at present for any thing upon earth.

“ Believe me, your

“ Most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

The play of the “ East Indian,” so frequently alluded to in the preceding letter, was, after all, first brought out as a “ benefit play.” It is amusing enough to observe the sanguine manner in which its author speaks, of the *certainty* of being able to make his mother a present from the profits of *a volume of poems*, which he has “ no doubt of selling.” That the poetry, however, of an hitherto unknown writer was, in those days, the same unmarketable commodity it is at present, a subsequent letter will testify ; and as a proof that Lewis himself soon made the discovery, we give a little *jeu d’esprit*, written by him a few years after, entitled,

“ A PALPABLE FALSEHOOD.

“ In your last book, friend Mat, you really tell

A lie so gross, that ev’ry one describes it ;

Your title-page asserts, ‘ Sold by John Bell.’

How can you say ‘ ’tis sold,’ when no one buys it ?”

*En passant*, we may observe how conspicuous

the young author's tact and judgment appear in regard to Mrs. Jordan's treatment of his play,—a degree of tact as indicative of his good taste as other passages in the letter are of the qualities of his heart.\*

\* As Mrs. Jordan was the first person of any consequence who discovered indications of genius in Lewis's dramatic productions, and as her acting contributed not a little to the success of his earliest pieces, some particulars regarding her history, as connected with the stage, although not new to the public, may not be altogether out of place here.—Mrs. Jordan, was the daughter of a Captain Bland, who, early in life, when on duty in Wales, eloped with her mother, the daughter of a church dignitary. Bland was a young man of considerable property in Ireland, and the marriage of the parties having taken place in that country, according to the form of the Roman Catholic Church, his relations, for worldly reasons, endeavoured to procure its annulment. This, however, was not effected until after Mrs. Bland had become the mother of nine children, for whom no provision was made. Miss Bland, then about the age of sixteen, resolved to attempt the stage, as a means of support for herself and family. Her first appearance was in Dublin, in the humble character of Phœbe, in "As You Like It." Fearful of drawing any odium on her father's family, whose future favour she little hoped for, she assumed the name of Frances; but afterwards played a few nights in her own name, in consequence of some reflections which had been made that aroused her pride. She soon after assumed again her fictitious name. She was beginning to be noticed in Dublin, where she appeared, for several nights to much advantage, in the character of *Adelaide* in the "Count of Narbonne;" but having been grossly insulted by the manager, she left that city, in company with her mother, and went to Leeds, where the York company was then performing. She applied to Tate Wilkinson, the manager, for an engagement; who, upon asking what line she chose, was answered to his astonishment, by the fair applicant, that she would attempt *all*. Though he much doubted such versatile talents, he promised her a trial, and she was accordingly

Soon after the date of the last letter, Lewis returned to England.

announced for *Calista* in the "Fair Penitent," with songs after the play, and *Lucy* in the "Virgin Unmasked;" all of which she accomplished in one night, under the name of Mrs. Jordan; and her success was so great that Wilkinson afterwards gave her every encouragement. Having quitted Dublin, however, before the expiration of her articles, Daly, the manager of that theatre, threatened to arrest her for the forfeiture, if she did not immediately return. In this crisis she met with a friend, who, inquiring into the circumstances, and finding that she was unjustly persecuted, paid the sum, which was two hundred and fifty pounds. In the York company she continued for three years with increasing reputation; when Mr. Smith, of Drury-lane, happening to see her perform during the York races, was so pleased with her abilities in tragedy, that he recommended her to the managers of that theatre, to play second to Mrs. Siddons, and she was engaged accordingly. On her arrival in London, her natural ambition prompted her to aim at becoming the first in comedy, rather than the second in tragedy. She therefore chose "The Country Girl" for her introduction. This comedy had not been played for many years; but the revival of it, aided by Mrs. Jordan's inimitable acting, caught the attention of the public, and, succeeding in her wishes, she attained the most rapid celebrity, and the rank of the first actress in comedy on the English stage.

## CHAPTER IV.

Correspondence continued—Visit to Scotland—Contribution to newspapers—Domestic matters.

A FEW months after his return to England, Lewis paid his first visit to Scotland, and passed some time at Bothwell Castle, the seat of Lord Douglas. His movements, about this time, seem to have been exceedingly erratic, and his attendance at the university most irregular. The letter next in order, although without date, appears to have been written early in December; and as he had then been in the north for some time, it is evident that he had been residing there during a considerable portion of the Oxford term. After Christmas, however, he returned to college: but this circumstance, together with his repeated absence from the university, in London and elsewhere, at other times, and for shorter pe-

riods, only serves to render a record of his college career the more difficult and perplexing.

As Lewis was intended by his father for diplomacy, his studies seem to have been directed rather to subjects likely to be of service to a statesman and man of the world, than to those scholastic honours so indispensable in the learned professions. Hence, instead of spending his vacations in reading Greek, he passed them abroad, in the study of modern languages ; and to the same cause may, in a great measure, be attributed this seeming neglect of his academical pursuits.

“ Bothwell Castle, Sunday, 12th.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I shall just write a few lines to you, to thank you for your letter, and inform you of my future motions. I leave this place on Friday next, shall sleep that night at Dalkeith, a seat of the Duke of Buccleugh's, and then proceed to London as soon as possible. I do not, however, expect to reach *the village* till the evening of the sixth day from my quitting Bothwell ; as a little boy of Lord Douglas's is to make a third in the chaise, with Charles and myself, and consequently, the fear of making him ill will necessitate us to make

our day's journey conclude at a much earlier hour, than would be the case were we left to our own inclinations.

“ I shall probably pass a few days in town, and a few days more with my aunts, Brownrigg and Whitelocke : what then becomes of me is not certain. Lord V—— has sent me an invitation to join his Christmas party at Arley ; but I do not think my father wishes me to accept it. His lordship is mad—that there is very little doubt of ; but I think him rather the more entertaining for that circumstance.

“ Nothing is yet settled about my going abroad ; and that event will certainly not take place till after Easter. I have been passing my time very agreeably in Scotland. I like every individual of the family in which I am living. Lady Douglas, in particular, is the most sensible and entertaining woman I almost ever met with. I have been nowhere else, except for one week to Wood Hall, during which time, the Duke of Argyle's family arrived there, on their way to town, and passed a couple of days ; which, of course, enlivened the society not a little.

“ In spite of all this amusement, I have not been totally idle. I have translated part of the German tragedy, which you have heard me extol



so highly, and have already made some progress in the fourth act ; so that I have some hopes of being able to finish it. I am sure you will like it ; for both the characters, incidents, and style of the whole play, seem exactly adapted to your taste.

“Barrington, I am informed, is gone to Mr. Buckell’s. I shall enclose this letter to him for two reasons : first, because I have burnt your letter, and forgot the name of the particular street in which Miss Ingall lives ; and secondly, because, by that means, you will have only to pay for the postage from Oxfordshire, instead of that from Scotland, which becomes somewhat heavy. As you have taken up an economical plan, I must not be the first to make your exertions fruitless. Your next letter will probably find me in London. Let me know whether you are likely to be there. I dare not flatter myself with the hopes of finding that you make it your abode at present. My father, in his last, tells me that he has some idea of *ruining*, me by giving me an annual allowance. I confess this step will be by no means disagreeable to me, though I should then not be able to spend half the money that I do at present. However, I should at least know my own expenses ; and for your sake, I wish very much that my father may execute his threat. I should have an

opportunity of assisting you in any little exigency; and I hope you would make no scruple of applying to me, as our interests should ever be considered, like the French republic, to be one and indivisible. I might then, too, take some credit to myself, if, by any self-denial, I enabled myself to procure you any trifling convenience or pleasure. At present I get money so easily, and in such plenty, that I can derive no merit from assisting you, since I must be conscious that I do it with my father's money, not my own. Write to me soon, and believe me your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The German tragedy, mentioned in this letter, was Schiller's “Minister”—to which we shall, afterwards, have occasion to allude. He made no use of the translation for several years. It was while residing at Bothwell Castle, that he wrote the ballad of “Bothwell's Bonny Jane,” which commences his “Tales of Wonder,” published several years afterwards. On one of his succeeding visits to Scotland, he made the acquaintance of Walter Scott, then a young man about his own age, and equally enamoured of the old ballad poetry, of which they both became such

successful imitators. Lewis, indeed, displays in his Scottish ballads, not only a just conception of the ancient style, but a perfect acquaintance with the national expression ; attainments which, in Scott, were almost an attendant inheritance of birth and education ; but, in Lewis, they were the results merely of a devoted attachment to a species of poetry possessing, in an eminent degree, the charms of the wild and marvellous.

“Christ Church, Monday, 20th, 1793.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I now send you the verses which I mentioned to you in a former letter, and which I wish you could get put into the papers. I should not even scruple paying a guinea and a half, but not more, if the editor will not put them in for nothing. I should prefer the ‘True Briton,’ and, if you succeed in getting them inserted, do not fail to let me know in what day’s paper, as all the papers I read, in ordinary, are the ‘Morning Herald,’ ‘The Star,’ and ‘The Sun ;’ none of which (as I said before to you) would answer my purpose.

“It is not decided whether I shall go abroad this summer or not. Much will depend upon who is to fill the embassy which Lord Auckland has quitted, or is on the point of quitting, at the

Hague. I once thought of Brussels; but Lord Elgin is, by all accounts, a cold unpleasant man, and by no means likely to make the place agreeable to me. Upon the whole I am rather inclined to believe that I shall pass my three months' vacation in England. My father talks of taking a hunting-box at Barnet, or Hogsden, or Newington Butts, or some such place, where he can place my sisters during their vacation, and whip down to see them on Saturdays and Sundays. But this plan is much too quiet and dull for me, and I rather think I shall beg leave to cut it, come what come may.

“Have you seen the new comedy of ‘How to grow Rich’? It has a mighty pretty title, at least. I should like to know what Mrs. Jordan means to do about ‘The East Indian.’ You should positively go to see the new comic opera of ‘Lo Zingaro.’ The music (which I heard in Germany) is most beautiful, and Storace has a character which must suit her to a T. You should really indulge yourself in this amusement, for it is well worth your money; and I should think, after your illness, hearing such a quantity of delightful music would go a great way to your recovery.

“I have received two letters of Maria's, written in Italian, and very prettily I assure you. I think, after all, it will be very hard, if she does not turn

out very accomplished. Adieu, my dear mother. You write to me always very concisely, and never half frequently enough. But all I can do is to tell you what satisfaction I receive from your letters, when they do arrive ; and that to get them oftener would give great pleasure to your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ To —— —, Esq.,

On the mention made of the Empress of Russia, in the House of Commons, by Mr. Sheridan, on Thursday, April 25th.

Well may the angry Edmund roar  
 “ The Age of Chivalry’s no more,”—  
 Since Sheridan’s detected  
 In railing at that royal Dame,  
 Of warlike and of amorous fame,  
 Till late by Whigs respected.

Would none defend the spoiler’s cause,  
 And give her lawless deeds applause?  
 Didst thou too, F \* \*, abuse her?  
 Could not thy artful brain produce,  
 To serve thy friend, some lame excuse,  
 And baffle her accuser?

How, when this news of strange import  
Shall reach thy once-loved Russian court,  
Will anger shake the palace !  
Inflamed with rage, imperial Kate  
Shall doom thy bust to high estate,  
And fix it on a gallows.

Oh ! were it not thy head of stone,  
But that black mass of flesh and bone,  
Which grows between thy shoulders,  
That, perched on Temple Bar, might fright  
And yet the gazing mob delight,—  
What joy for the beholders !

I know you long have striv'n to gain  
A patriot's name, but striv'n in vain ;  
From me then take a favour :—  
To gain that name I'll teach you how—  
Go hang yourself ! then, we'll allow,  
A patriot's your behaviour.

By throttling, show your public zeal ;  
Your death shall prove your country's weal,  
And end all strife and wrangling :  
Parties shall join the deed to praise,  
And national subscriptions raise  
A gibbet for thy dangling.

Then Englishmen shall say, who view  
Your patriot legs in air, to you

Their gratitude expressing :  
“ Though various crimes his annals blot,  
Now be those various crimes forgot,  
His death's so great a blessing !”

Thus shall they say : “ Then haste to swing  
To praise, upon the hempen string ;  
And, famed in British story,  
England shall long retain your name,  
Your faults and life esteem'd its shame,  
Your parts and death, its glory.”

But, to complete Britannia's feast,  
Your gibbet must (a patriot beast)  
Consent to carry double,  
That, you before, and Dick behind,  
At once the road to hell may find,  
And save Jack Ketch the trouble.

THE GHOST OF COL. TITUS.

It has been remarked by Southey, that “ periodicals are of great service to those who are learning to write ; they are fishing-boats which the buccaneers of literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy : young poets may safely try their strength in them, and that they *should* try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable.”

Lewis, it seems, was of the same opinion, and

the verses in the foregoing letter were, we believe, the first of his compositions that appeared in print. He now became in the frequent habit of sending little *jeux d'esprits* to the different daily papers; although, not unlike some of the multitudinous literary aspirants of the present day, he was occasionally obliged to pay for the pleasure of seeing his productions in print.\*

\* The following is another of these, written about this time :

“ *To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.*

“ MR. EDITOR,

“ Unpleasant circumstances having occurred, from a technical term often used in the account of the armies, I beg leave to mention it, that others may not fall into the same scrape. You are to know that I am in the military line, and have a wife, with whom I can find no fault, except her excessive imitation of the French; she is a good, peaceable woman, and we have ever lived upon the best terms. Judge then my surprise, when she appeared before me this morning, armed with a broomstick, and insisted that nothing could be more French and well-bred, than giving me a hearty drubbing. In vain did I protest this idea was quite English and impolitic; she persisted in her opinion, and convinced me of the force of her argument, by beating me black and blue. Inquiring into this strange behaviour, I found by the newspapers that, ‘*at Mayence, on the 25th, the French beat the general;*’ and that also, ‘*on the 26th, they beat the general again.*’ This unlucky term had affected my poor wife’s head; and, indeed, I am informed that I am not the only person it has injured. Many ladies of rank have fallen into the same mistake. The Duke of R—d has been sorely



The three following letters—particularly the second and third—are of a character somewhat different from their precursors, although we think that when fairly considered, they are no less creditable to the feelings of the writer. It would be a painful and a useless task for us to enter particularly into the causes which gave rise to the youthful Mentor's animadversions; but a single perusal of these pages is enough to convince us that his strictures were just. And yet he never loses his kindness, or, in any degree, his respect for his parent. He reproaches without bitterness, and only by implication. He shows the

belaboured by the duchess with his ramrod; nay, even pretty Miss Le C—, used her fan in the scuffle, but soon found her arm had less effect upon his grace, than her eyes upon the officers of the ordnance. Mrs. H—re—t (a desperate trimmer) has not left a whole bone in her husband's body; and the incapacity of Lord A—t, in his new office, is attributed to blows received from the commander-in-chief's staff, wielded by the hands of her ladyship. To prevent further mistake, I beg you, Mr. Editor, to explain the circumstance; and inform the ladies that, though it is necessary, in time of danger, to 'beat a general,' that general is not

“A GENERAL OFFICER.”

“General Sm—h ascribes his late loss of £1000 at piquet solely to this unlucky term: he confesses, however, that he deserved *to be beat*, having done his utmost *to beat* his adversary. Having failed to gain *his point*, he is resolved, in future, *to shake the bones* to better purpose.”

relative position of her family and herself with temperate calmness : and after he has clearly and lucidly pointed out the justice of his own views, and the false light of hers, he ever turns round again to his mother with a burst of natural affection, and, as if impatient of the painful controversy, prays that it may cease.

“ Oxford, Wednesday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I have the pleasure of acquainting you that my father has granted your request ; and as it shows how unjustly you have accused him of having altered his opinion with regard to you, I shall transcribe that part of his letter which relates to yourself. ‘ What you desire in your last is reasonable and proper for you to ask. The mode of changing the payments is the only difficulty : I wish your uncle William would undertake it. I would regularly pay the money in advance, or otherwise, into his banker’s hands. The only other person who occurs to me is Mr. Trotter ; but any explanation from me to him would be unpleasant. In short, I am ready to do it in any proper mode, but desirous of having that mode

settled without my personal interference. Mr. Bishopp, I understand, is in a very dangerous state of health; but illness is not an excuse for incivility. I suppose he wishes to be rid of a thankless office, attended with trouble. Let me observe, that I am *not* rich enough, as Mr. B. was pleased to say, to add to your mother's allowance. I am not yet out of debt; and when I shall be so, there is much to be done, in order to make an adequate provision for your sisters (poor Barry I must think out of the question), who would not be left in a very desirable situation were any accident to happen to me. Not that I have any fears of your kindness to them; but independence is the best security for affection in families; and I should wish to leave them a sufficiency, without the necessity of your sharing with them what will come to you as a matter of right. Whenever I find I can, with propriety, spare a further sum for your mother, it shall be your gift to her.'

"I hope, my dear mother, the kindness with which this letter speaks of you will give you satisfaction, and convince you that your suspicions of my father's behaviour being changed towards you are unjust. I hoped to have heard from you whether you got the letter or not, as I am afraid

it might have missed you, and you may have been distressed. I trust you will write immediately upon the receipt of this.

“ Believe me, my dear Mother,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ My DEAR MOTHER,

“ I was not conscious of showing any coolness or reserve when I saw you. Believe that my affection is still as warm for you as ever; but since you desire me to tell you my thoughts, I will openly confess to you that I feel many very different sensations upon your subject. I feel for you the greatest regard, the most eager desire to do any thing that can give you even the most trifling satisfaction; and, at the same time, I cannot help recollecting the pain and anxiety you have occasioned to my dear, my worthy father; and that it is owing to your conduct that my sisters are deprived of maternal care and attention, and of receiving the benefit of those little instructions and observations, so necessary to make young women accomplished, and which are in the power of a mother alone to point out to them with success. You ask me how much I know of your difference with my father, and

whether I could publicly make allowances for you. You suppose my father has been giving me instructions. You accuse him unjustly: he has never said a syllable to me with regard to you; and my behaviour is entirely such as is dictated by my own heart. If that is good, as yourself has often told me, my conduct must be the same; if my conduct is wrong, my heart is the same; and it will be worth no one's while to seek to have a share of it. No: I will own to you openly, I could not declare in public that I can make allowances for you. In my heart I can excuse you, and believe that your own innocence, and the deceit of others, may have been the occasion of your errors. But these are arguments never received by the world, which is always eager to believe the worst side of every thing. But, saying I have arguments to bring against your adversaries (though I swear to you, on my soul, I know of no adversaries that you have), I never could bear to talk coolly upon the subject. But let me put a case to you, and make you remember a circumstance which must speak to your own feelings. My sisters are now at the age when their minds are most capable of receiving lasting impressions: they have been taught to regard me almost as attentively as their father; and from my

being more with them, and entering into their amusements with more vivacity than people who are not so near their own age can do, they readily adopt any sentiments they hear me declare. Can you then openly confess that you wish your conduct to be followed by your daughters? I will not say your conduct is to be condemned; but I cannot call it commendable, when I know the anxiety it has occasioned, and still occasions, to my father, and which, at your separation, was perfect frenzy. As to the two lights which you say I *may* regard you in, the light in which I do regard you is composed of both. I feel the love and respect for you which you state in the first: I conceive your heart to be so good, your mind so enlightened, that I am astonished that you could be led into those errors, when the strength of your understanding must have shown to you the calamities you were bringing upon yourself; and the excellence of your heart must have made you feel for those your errors must bring upon the people whom you declare were then, and still are, the nearest to your heart. You tell me that I ought to hear your arguments, as well as those on the other side. I have heard neither on one side nor the other; and you ought to consider it as a mark of generosity, that whilst it was in my

father's power to have made my mind receive any impressions he chose to give it, he did not take the opportunity, but suffered me to draw my own sentiments from what I might afterwards hear and feel myself: for, in these circumstances, the heart must be the best and most impartial judge. You have put me into the most distressing and embarrassing situation in the world: you have made me almost an umpire between my parents. I know not how to extricate myself from the difficulty. I can only believe neither of you to be in the wrong; but *I* am not to determine which is in the right. Only believe that my affection for you is as great as ever, and that there is nothing which I can do to oblige you, which shall not be done with the greatest readiness. When I am obliged not to see you, I deny myself a pleasure; and be convinced that I should not do it without good reasons. There are many reasons which make Oxford an improper abode for you. It is an uncommon thing to see a lady arrive there by herself; and as there are people who have a right to inquire into my actions, I should be subject to many unpleasant questions; and what answer would you have me give them? You wish to spend the ten pounds I offer you at Oxford, and you tell me your difficulties are over; but they

may recur, and I imagine you would not wish positively to throw away ten pounds.

“ I must now beg you to have done with this subject. Never let me again be obliged to write such a letter—so embarrassing, so distressing. I really think it unkind to tax me with coolness and reserve of conduct. I am not conscious of having failed to you in any one point of affection. The way, also, and manner in which you put it, was not a fair one. You must have been conscious that I could not decide in your favour; and to decide against you would give me infinite pain. But I have now done with this painful subject.

“ I must beg you to pursue the line of conduct with regard to Barrington which I mentioned to you—to write to him often, and feed him with distant hopes of meeting—not to make the excuse of his health preventing you; for it would make him fret, and his spirits will not bear it. I have just heard from Mrs. Brownrigg, who says that his not having received a toothpick-case, which I was to get for him, has made him fret a great deal. This little circumstance will convince you that he cannot bear the emotion of seeing you. The more I think of this, the more I am convinced that the flurrying his spirits so much would be absolute madness.



“ I have the pleasure to inform you, that my uncle William is in town, where he will remain a month ; but he says he is very busy at his office. He asked if you were coming over soon. I told him I believed so ; I did not tell him you were arrived, because I did not know where you would choose to have him directed to. He asked if you had received his letter, and was surprised you had not answered it. If you send a letter for him to-morrow morning to Devonshire-place, he will receive it at dinner, as he dines here. The servant will give it to him, as I dine out.

“ Believe me,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ December 25th.

“ Your letter, my dear mother, has given me very serious uneasiness, because I am not conscious that my letter contained any expressions which deserved to be treated with so much anger ; nor do I think you judge fairly when you put my pride in opposition to my affection for you, and say that the former overbalances the latter. Change pride for *reason*, and your proposition will stand right ; and that it ought to be put in that way, you yourself acknowledge, since you say my argu-

ments were both 'right and natural.' If I was conversing, I should, perhaps, through warmth and thoughtlessness, show that inconsiderate affection (without any regard to reason) which you think so proper, and wish so much to see ; but when I take up my pen upon reflection, and can have an opportunity of looking calmly upon what I have said, and, if wrong, correcting it, I must then give the preference to reason, which stares me so broadly in the face. You cannot suppose that *I* should think your conduct blameless, when you yourself do not think it so. I can make every allowance for your intentions and your heart ; but that does not prevent my seeing that you have erred in practice, however right your theory may be. As to what you say about my showing a want of affection in the letter I formerly wrote to you, you ought not to *wish* me to be so much blinded by affection as to overlook common sense, propriety, and every other consideration. In those letters, in answer to the many arguments which occurred to me in my own vindication (and which you could not confute), I do not remember one that you used to me which could exculpate yourself. The contents were constantly the same : you owned that you had done wrong, but said that I ought not to think so ; you declared my head was better than my

heart, and that I ought to follow blind affection instead of common sense; you wished me to consider your provocations (which must be *obscure* to every body but yourself) as glaring, and your errors (which are *clear* to every body) as trifling; and in short, you conclude by saying, that if I did not believe your conduct to be perfectly blameless, you would throw away all affection for me, and never care any further about me. These were not arguments, and I remained consequently unconvinced; but in whatever way I could show my affection for you, in making you more easy or comfortable, I was ever happy and ready to take the opportunity. If I were to declare your conduct blameless and justifiable, I should think the punishment deserved, if my own wife and sisters fell into the same errors.

“You must have been very angry when you wrote your last letter, for your arguments are easy to be confuted, and you seem wilfully to have mistaken several parts of my letter. You say that you ‘never thought otherwise than that such a connexion was ineligible.’ That is extraordinary, since you thought ‘their arguments were reasonable, and you merely came to England to see your friends before you took the step.’ This is a contradiction. ‘My pride is stronger than my affec-

tion.' My affection for you is very strong, but I never said it was stronger than my love for my sisters, whom I still think would be hurt by your living again with my father. You said once that you could give me many reasons why it would be advantageous to them. I will give you mine, why it would not be so. Your reunion with my father would certainly introduce you again into society; but still many women would be shy of coming to your house. This would be a disadvantage; but the great one is, that it would be a material obstacle to their establishment. I must give you an example of this in a conversation which I once was present at, and which cut my pride (if you will have it so) and my feelings for my sisters most severely. Lady J—— has had many slurs thrown upon her character, but she has never been separated from her husband, nor made so very public a subject of discourse. She was then the topic in a large assembly, when somebody said, 'It is very fortunate for her to have married her daughters so advantageously.' 'Yes,' answered another, 'and very extraordinary, too; for there should not be another girl in the world, before I'd marry the daughter of a woman who has been talked of so freely.' This was in a large assembly, and I fear the opinion of three parts of the world are the same. This, then,

is a reason why I should feel more hurt than pleased at your reconciliation with my father. Add to which, I was certain it would be impossible to take place, and though I wish most earnestly to preserve your affection, I am still anxious not to lose my father's.

“ Instead of thinking Miss R——’s conduct amiable, I think it weak and selfish ; since for her own gratification she compelled two people to enter into an engagement which could produce nothing but unhappiness to them. Such a reunion must constantly be embittered by reflection upon the past, and the husband and wife must be continually pulling different ways. Beside this, my *fretting* would be to very little purpose ; for my father’s heart is not so easily shaken to what his reason does not approve. I would do any thing in the world to make you both happy in your separate situations ; but I see so many obstacles, and even impossibilities, to a reunion taking place, that it is idle to think of it. You tell me that I have two faults which you can discover. I have two thousand, which any body may perceive at the first glance ; but I do not reckon my obedience to the dictates of reason as one of them. But when you tell me that I restrain them, that circumstance, I confess, piques my curiosity—makes me own you have

made a discovery, and beg you to tell me which of my many faults I have got so well under command : since, the first step gained, I may, perhaps, succeed in totally subduing them. I suppose you mean Pride and Conceit. I know that I have a great deal of the first, and I am not ashamed of it, when it has the sanction of common sense, and it should only be despised when exercised on a bad cause, and proceeding from a bad principal. As for conceit, I know that I have more than other people, with less reason for it, and I have not a word to say in vindication of it.

You wish my letter had been a pathetic address. You might as well have desired it to have been a sentimental one. Either would shine in a novel, but would be perfectly ridiculous, and out of its place, when writing seriously and upon actual circumstances. Besides which, it is not the nature of a man to write pathetics, but to express his sentiments as strongly and forcibly as possible. I did not sit down to think what I should write, but to write what I thought ; and since you acknowledge what I have said to be right and natural, I do not think it would have been much more to the purpose, if my letter had been stuffed with Oh's and Ah's, from the beginning to the end. If you will not believe that

I have a great affection for you, nothing that I can say will be able to persuade you of it. I can only repeat my assurance that while you retain your regard for me, mine for you will never decrease, and that I shall always be delighted to have it in my power to give you proofs of the interest I take in your welfare and happiness.

\* \* \* \*

“I once heard you declare rather a singular maxim—that, if any thing were mentioned to you with *threats*, you would reject a proposal, however right and proper, and prefer any other, however disadvantageous. It was on this account, that I was obliged to warn you not to consider what I said as a threat. I have written you a very long letter; and I hope it will convince you that it was very far from my intention to use any manner that might be unpleasant to you; and if, after having read this, you still persist in your opinion, I can do nothing else than assure you I am very sorry for having displeased you, and very sincerely beg your pardon.

“Believe me,

“Yours most affectionately,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

That both mother and son had hearts which could not be long estranged, the succeeding correspondence shows. The former communion of love was speedily renewed between them; and the following letter—the last which Lewis wrote before again going abroad—is a touching mark of attention, and displays another instance of the affectionate consideration for his mother's happiness, which formed such a leading feature in his character. All the little incidents are so natural and kind, so well calculated to be pleasing to his parent, and so delicately and feelingly expressed, that it is impossible to peruse them without perceiving that they speak the language of a heart actively influenced by the most genuine feelings of filial love. It is also the last letter which he writes from Oxford, before quitting its classic cloisters to mingle, as a man, in the busy scenes of the world.

“ Oxford.\*

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I will not delay a day in sending you the

\* This letter is written by Lewis on the fly leaf of one to himself from Mrs. Blake.



following letter from Mrs. Blake, as I am sure the contents and sentiments conveyed in it will give you pleasure, and convince you that there are some people in the world who entertain the opinion of you which every body ought to do. I shall write to her immediately, to say how much her letter gratified me, and that I shall ever esteem those to be my best friends, who look upon my mother in a favourable point of view; and that I shall endeavour to make up to *her* children, the kindness which she is inclined to show to MY parent. I must observe to you, that since her kindness to you, I have taken much notice of her son, and have never seen him without giving him a guinea. I have done the same thing by B. Sewell, as I thought you might possibly (though not probably) reap some benefit from it. I shall say something to Mrs. B—— about giving Robert Sewell a favourable idea of you, making him write to you, &c. I do not mean in money matters, but in fraternal regard; for in the first, whenever I have any fortune of my own, I shall be too proud to let you be indebted to any body but myself for assistance.

“ I believe that in two weeks I am going abroad. If so, I hope you will pass in town the

few days that I shall be there. I will let you know as soon as my plans are settled, that you may make your arrangements accordingly. By to-morrow's post I expect without fail to hear from you. God bless you, and make you feel happy and contented.

“ Believe me ever,

“ Your truly affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ Jamaica, 20th January, 1794.

“ I consider myself as guilty of an extreme degree of neglect in not having sooner acknowledged your kind letter ; but do me the justice to believe, my dear Mat, that in no shape whatsoever did it arise from an indifference, either to your correspondence or good opinion. I rejoice that the gratification of my own feelings should have been deserving of any acknowledgments from you. I wish to God I could have seen you on the subject previous to my departure from England ; many circumstances that passed, I could have wished to have communicated to you, particularly a conversation between your father and myself on the subject. I do interest myself in the cause of your mother, I must confess, with no

small degree of earnestness. I could think and talk on the subject, until I became perfectly melancholy ; because I think she has merits that are not fully understood, and I think, also, she has relations that are not as serviceable to her as they might be. Good God ! when I think of this world, or rather the *ways* of it, I almost wish myself out of it. I have been, and still am, very ill with a complaint, that would very easily have rid me of all my uneasiness about this world ; but, I fancy, like the old man in the fable, who called out for death to relieve him of his pains, I should find out that I only wanted him to help me up with my bundle of sticks. Seriously, I have been very ill, and am still so unwell as to be very weak, and my spirits too low to bear any exertion, therefore I shall not fatigue you with any length of letter. Whenever, my dear Mat, you can spare time to scribble me a few lines, the attention will be soothing, and I shall be very thankful.

“I beg you to accept my best acknowledgments for the earrings you were good enough to send me. They are infinitely admired, and to me are more valuable from the idea of their being tokens of your remembrance and satisfaction of a trifling act on my part, but which notice in you, proves

the goodness and tenderness of your heart to a very great degree, the impression of which I shall always think of with pleasure.

“If you are now in England, remember me kindly to your sisters, and assure them of my earnest wishes for their happiness.

“Believe me, my dear Matthew,

“Your truly affectionate aunt

“And faithful friend,

“A. BLAKE.”

## CHAPTER V.

Residence at the Hague—"Mysteries of Udolpho"—The Dutch—Parties of Madame de Matignon—Dutch assemblies—Anecdote of Lord Kerry—"The Monk"—Visit to the army at Arnheim—Bombardment of the bridge of Nimeguen—Duke of York—Character of the French and allied armies—English sensibility.

EARLY in the following summer Lewis proceeded to the Hague, in the character of an attaché to the British embassy, where he remained until the end of the year. His letters written here, are full of interesting information, and many of them are exceedingly lively and humorous. They show, moreover, that all traces of the former misunderstanding between his mother and himself were now completely obliterated; and that he continued, with unabated industry to pursue his literary career, of which his letters present the best history, and afford the most correct record. It will also be seen how far he was from being

dispirited by previous failures, and that his incessant perseverance was only equalled by his continued good-humour.

“ The Hague, Sunday, May 18th.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ As you must undoubtedly be anxious to know that I have crossed the water in safety, I sit down to give you early intelligence of my being arrived at the Hague. I had a remarkably good passage of four-and-twenty hours : the weather was uncommonly fine.           \*           \*           \*           \*

“ I am at present inhabiting an inn ; but, in the middle of next week, I shall remove to very pleasant lodgings, which I have procured near the ambassador’s hotel. I arrived at the Hague on Thursday night, and have already dined twice with Lord St. Helens, who was excessively polite. I have not as yet been presented at court, but shall be on Monday ; after which, as I understand, I am to send about my cards to all the principal people in the place, and I shall have immediately as much society as I can wish for, if not more. At present, as I know nobody here, I cannot supply you with much information respecting the Hague, or much anecdote respecting its inhabitants. I must not, however, omit to

inform you, that you may have some notion of the poetical ideas and tender nature of the Dutch, that my landlord, though he is nothing more than a grocer, displays a sign, representing an altar, on which reposes two hearts, pierced through by a flaming arrow ! Show me an English grocer whose shop can boast so allegorical an ornament.

“ There are very few English here at present ; but the few who are, seem to be remarkably pleasant. I hope that you got a letter, which I wrote to you from Harwich, respecting the habit-maker ; but as I left it to the care of an innkeeper, it may not have reached you. I therefore mention the circumstance, lest you should accuse me of inattention.

“ I have again taken up my romance ; and perhaps by this time ten years, I may make shift to finish it fit for throwing into the fire. I was induced to go on with it by reading the ‘ Mysteries of Udolpho,’ which is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting books that has ever been published. I would advise you to read it by all means ; but I must warn you, that it is not very entertaining till St. Aubyn’s death. His travels, to my mind, are uncommonly dull, and I wish heartily that they had been left out, and something substituted in their room. I am sure you will be

particularly interested by the part, when Emily returns home after her father's death : and when you read it, tell me whether you think there is any resemblance between the character given of Montoni, in the seventeenth chapter of the second volume, and my own. I confess that it struck me ; and as he is the villain of the tale, I did not feel much flattered by the likeness.

“I hope you will write to me soon, for I am impatient to hear whether you have done any thing with the poem, or got any answer from those two tiresome devils, Colman and Kemble. A favourable one I do not expect, but I confess I should like to get one of some kind or other.

“I left poor Maria in great distress at my going abroad, and I could not help being fool enough to shed some tears upon quitting her. I have just written to her a long letter to comfort her.

“Of course you send your letters to my father, and I beg they may be long ones.

“Believe me, my dear Mother,

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

It is worthy of special remark how powerfully his love of the marvellous attracted Lewis to the work which he here recommends to his mother's perusal.



The fine descriptions of St. Aubyn's long tour in search of health, and the heroine's anxiety about her father, he pronounces comparatively insipid; but the tyrannical Montoni, with his Gothic castle full of horrors, presented a subject perfectly congenial with Lewis's poetical imagination. No less, however, were his taste and critical discrimination called into action by the authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," whose vivid conceptions both of the gloomy and the beautiful, and whose singularly graphic powers of language, render her works, even at the present day, models of their kind. The most original genius usually requires excitement from a *kindred spirit* at the outset, and it will be admitted that the pen of Ann Radcliffe showed no little share of masculine strength. According to his own confession, Lewis was induced to go on with his romance by the perusal of her greatest work; and we may imagine our author—like Corregio gazing on the pictures of Guilo Romano or Michael Angelo—to exclaim "*Anch' io sono pittore!*"

"Hague, Tuesday, July 22, 1794.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Before I tell you any thing about myself and my present proceedings, I shall mention that the

way in which Robinson proposes to publish the poem by bits and bits in magazines, is by no means to my liking; and if he has accepted it for that purpose, I beg you to break off the bargain at any rate. This is the sure way of not having it taken notice of, and it would steal out of the world in as shabby a manner as it stole in. I should sacrifice a few guineas to the publishing it at my own expense, were I not deterred by the idea, that the booksellers discourage such conduct, and do all in their power to prevent the sale of a book which has not passed through their hands. At all events, I wish you would find out what the expense of printing, advertising, &c. would come to altogether. If it were not a great deal, I feel very much tempted to risk the money, though at present I am obliged to economise very much. The Hague is the most expensive place possible. It is true that my father says, if I want money he will give me as much more as I choose. But this liberality makes me anxious if possible to do with the sum already allotted to me. I am not, therefore, very desirous of throwing away my money; but if the expense should not be very exorbitant, and if I thought the poem likely to be read (for that is at present my only aim), I should be tempted to try my fortune. Whether the poems were

liked or not, the consequences would be beneficial. If they were praised, it would please my vanity ; if abused I should be convinced that I had no talents for authorship. Should I adopt this plan, I think I should let Walter of Charing-cross into the secret, and let him publish it ; and I think he would, from his obligations to my father, do all in his power to promote the sale. Much of this plan depends upon your answer respecting the prices.

“ I did not send my German translation to any body ; I did it in Scotland, and brought it to you the moment I arrived in London. The author of ‘The Robbers’ has written several other plays. Why did you send the Epistolary Intrigue to Harris, which he had already refused ?—I have written a little Farce, which I wish to offer to young Bannister for his benefit, and mean to send it to you for that purpose, by the first opportunity. It would be too expensive to send such a parcel by the post. It is calculated solely for his acting, and is on the subject of two twin brothers, one a rake, and the other a quaker, who are constantly mistaken for each other ; and I have so arranged the scenes that, as the brothers are never both on the stage at the same time, they may be played by the same person, who of course must be Bannister.

“So much for authorship. You see I am horribly bit by the rage of writing ; you will be sorry to find that I am not more pleased with my situation than when I last wrote to you. I have nothing in the world to do, and I am certain that the devil *ennui* has made the Hague his favourite abode. I have not as yet found a single soul whom I ever wish to see again. There is hardly any society of any sort or kind, and I cannot express to you with what impatience I wait for a recall to England. Of this, however, I am afraid there is at present no hope ; I am tied down here, and I assure you, I have need of all my patience and fortitude to keep myself from falling into low spirits,—which, when I have them, with me becomes a serious malady.

“I have been very unwell for this last week ; but this probably is occasioned by the extreme heat of the weather, which is said to be unequalled, and is the more unfortunate since the dryness of the season prevents an inundation from taking place. You doubtless know that the security of Holland depends in a great measure on the canals, which resource, at this moment, it is impossible to make use of. You may perhaps be a little alarmed for me, when you hear of the progress of the French. I shall assure you, therefore, that at the Hague there is no possible danger of our being visited by

the Carmagnols. Every body here is in perfect security upon their own accounts ; but, of course, their faces are very gloomy, from the bad success of the combined armies. I hope you received a letter from me some time ago, enclosing some verses which I wish you to get inserted into "The Times." As I am dying for want of amusement, in spite of the little which this letter must afford you, I hope you will not neglect to answer it with all possible diligence, and not to send me a less quantity of writing than was contained in your last. My sisters are well, and gone on a visit to Mrs. General Cuyler, at Portsmouth. Farewell, my dear mother. Write to me soon,

"And believe me,

"Your most affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

By this letter, we ascertain the fate of those poems respecting which he had before written with such overweening confidence ; and we may see from this and other circumstances, that the young author by no means escaped his share of those troubles and rebuffs to which a literary aspirant is especially liable. At the same time he exhibits that perseverance, which, though lauded in other pursuits as the indispensable requisite for and the sure

foundation of ultimate success, is too often stigmatized in young authors, as foolish obstinacy and self-delusion. Though literary perseverance is often thrown away, success without it is absolutely impossible; and considering how wearisome and exhausting is the labour of composition, whether in prose or verse, the power of sustaining an "equal mind under adversity," when exhibited by disappointed authors, is, we think, deserving even of greater praise, than the courage evinced by others whose employments are less arduous. The farce mentioned above, as having been written for Bannister, was called "The Twins," and was afterwards played for that actor's benefit.

"Hague, Sept. 23, 1794.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"You lament in your last that it is always your lot to send me disagreeable intelligence. It is true that you sent me a whole budget of disappointments; and nothing would console me under them, but the idea that it is sometimes in my power to send you letters calculated to produce an effect exactly contrary. This, I imagine, will be the consequence of your reading the letter from Mrs. Blake,\* which I enclose. It will prove to you

\* This letter has not been preserved.

that every body is not unjust in their way of thinking upon your subject ; and more particularly will it give you pleasure to know, that my father is not one of the number who censure you harshly ; that he wishes you well, and will be happy to know that you are comfortable and easy. I intend to write to Mrs. Blake, and beg her to tell me what past between her and my father ; also to inquire whether he named *what* might be done to better your situation, and whether I can be of any use in it. There was another sheet to her letter, but it contained nothing that would be interesting to you. I have not, therefore, sent it.

“I must now thank you for your very long, and, consequently, very acceptable, letter. I can only do as a child fed with sweetmeats, cry ‘ More ! more ! ’ I am happy to find that you have been passing your time so pleasantly since I left England. As for me, the Hague and the Dutch are as insufferable as ever. But of late I have cut the society of the place, and got into a very agreeable coterie, which assembles every other night at the house of one of the cleverest women I ever met with, a Madame de Matignon. She is the daughter of the celebrated Baron de Bretenie, who lives with her. We have also the Marquise de Bebrance, the Princesse de

Leon, the Princesse de Montmorencie, the Vicomte de Bouille, the Duke de Polignac, the *beau* Dillon (of whom you must certainly have heard), and, in short, the very best society of Paris. This, you must suppose, is pleasant; every body is at their ease; some play at tric-trac; others work; others '*font la belle conversation*,' and so well, with such wit and novelty of thought, that I am much entertained by it. You will easily conceive that, after such a society, the Dutch assemblies must be dreadful. I, therefore, seldom go near them; and, indeed, a late proof of their stupidity would have terrified a man possessed of more courage than myself. An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined by it to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty; and, consequently, must have been frequently *ennui*ed before. But such peculiar *ennui* was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact. There is a Duchesse de la Force here, a sort of idiot, whom I wish you



could see. She would entertain you much. Her conversation is composed of the same set of phrases, which she vents upon all occasions. One of them is '*Et les détails ?*' She said, the other day, without minding her question or his reply, '*Eh bien ! M. Dillon, y'a-t-il quelques nouvelles ?*'—'*Il n'y en a pas, Madame,*'—'*Vraiment ! et les détails ?*' When they told her that the Queen of France was dead, she asked for the *détails ?* She would make an excellent character in a comedy. Talking of that, I see Mrs. Jordan is engaged at Drury-lane. Perhaps she will bring out the *play which she accepted*. I now rather wish she would not. I was reading it the other day, and it seemed so bad, that it cannot miss being damned. However, it is most probable that she has forgotten the comedy and every thing about it.

"I long to hear your opinion of the farce which I sent you lately. I know that you will like it, because written by me ; but I want to know which parts pleased you most. They say that practice makes perfect ; if so, I shall one day be a perfect author, for I practise most furiously. What do you think of my having written, in the space of ten weeks, a romance of between three and four hundred pages octavo ? I have even written out half of it fair. It is called 'The

Monk,' and I am myself so much pleased with it that, if the booksellers will not buy it, I shall publish it myself.

"Since I wrote to you, I have payed the army a visit, and passed a week at Oosteshout with great pleasure. I was presented to the Duke of York, and dined with him one day. He was very civil, and seems uncommonly good-humoured; but I should have liked him better, had he not been so very like Lord Stopford, who, in my opinion, is one of the most disagreeable men in the world. I was also presented to Prince Adolphus. This little expedition made me only feel the Hague more stupid and insupportable than ever.

"As you are a novel-reader, you ought to read 'Caleb Williams;' It is a new style, and well written. Unluckily, the author is half a democrat.

"I shall enclose this to Miss Ingall, and send it to Devonshire-place. As to my bills, I must let them go on as they can, for I know not what are the points with which I *ought* to find fault; and if I pitch upon the wrong, it gives the servant a disagreeable advantage over me.

"I long to know what it is that you are writing, or, perhaps, I should say, *were* writing; for, as you are something inconstant in your paroxysms of authorship, you may possibly have laid it aside

by this time. Part of the character of your *maitresse d'hôtel*, I have observed sometimes in myself; though not taken up with the idea of deceiving, you say that she remarks what is said, and the next day produces your sentiments as her own. Now I have often, after disputing on the Sunday upon a subject, taken the contrary side on the Monday, and used the arguments which were used against me. However, I never found this succeed very well; for as I seldom knew more upon that side of the question than what I picked up from others, it was no difficult matter to put my reasoning in disorder.

“You need not be under any alarm about me at the Hague, with respect to the visits of the Carmagnols. You may depend upon it, that I shall not wait for their arrival; and to avoid a disagreeable encounter in a way somewhat unusual, I shall take care to be at home, not to chance meeting them. I allow your receipt against *ennui* to be a very good one; but you mistake in supposing me to have any thing to do with him. With my pen, my pencil, my book, my fire, and, above all, my dog, who is beautiful, I am never weary of solitude. It is only when I go into Dutch company that I am bored. However, with this French

*coterie*, I am never in want of society. You may judge what animals the Dutch must be, when I tell you, that they brick up their chimneys during the summer; and that, till the month of November, no power on earth would prevail on them to light a fire. For my own part, I have never been for a week without one, and now write to you by a very comfortable blaze.

“ Let it console you, and put you into conceit with your spinnet, to know that Queen Elizabeth played upon no better an instrument. Mrs. Cuyler is the wife of the general; which is all that I know of her. My sisters are now at Broadstairs with Mrs. Brownrigg. I hear that Barrington is in wonderful health. Certainly you may direct your letters to my father. Write to me soon, and believe me,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

Here we have a rare instance of an author's perseverance; which, as the result proved, was not in this case without its reward.

“ They say,” he observes, “ that practice makes perfect; if so, I shall one day be a perfect author, for I practise most furiously. What do you think

of my having written in the space of ten weeks, a romance of between three and four hundred pages? It is called 'The Monk.'"

In the foregoing letter, we have seen the origin of that celebrated book, "The Monk," which, on its first appearance, roused the attention of all the literary world of England, and even spread its writer's fame to the continent. "The Monk," the production of a stripling under twenty, and completed too, in the short space of ten weeks! Sir Walter Scott, probably the most rapid composer of fiction on record, hardly exceeded this even in his later days, when his facility of writing was the greatest. And here, uncheered by the influences of success and fame, attending former works, but on the contrary, striving against the mortifying disappointments which had hitherto always followed his attempts, the dauntless boy dashes off a work which startles and surprises the public, and rendered his name at once famous! We do not now pause to inquire whether the fame he thus gained was an enviable one, or to answer the question, whether "The Monk" is likely to continue a standard novel in English literature. We merely view the work at present as the achievement of a youth; and the fame, good or bad, which he acquired, as the reward of his perseverance.

“ Hague, Nov. 22, 1794.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

I return you a thousand thanks for your compliance with my request to send me long letters. Your last was very acceptable to me, both from the length of it, and from the assurance which it contained of your being well, happy, and contented. I was, however, sorry to find from it, that you have no thoughts of returning to London before April, since my father has just recalled me to England, and I expect to be safely lodged in Devonshire-place, within three weeks at latest. You may easily conceive that I feel very little regret at quitting Holland; more particularly as the French society is breaking up, and the people with whom I am most intimate are going to London nearly at the same time. Still, my pleasure at finding myself once more in my native country, will receive no inconsiderable abatement, if I am to suppose that so long a space as four months must elapse, before it will be possible for me to get a sight of you. Besides this, it is most likely that I shall be sent out of England again before April, since Lord Grenville has assured my father, that whenever he makes a new arrangement I shall not be forgotten. Now it will be quite cruel, if I should be in the same

country with you, and yet obliged to quit it without having had an opportunity of assuring myself, by the testimony of my own eyes and ears, that you are living in health and comfort. How can we manage this? Are you too far from the metropolis for it to be made convenient to you to make a week's excursion to it? I have been very economical in my expenses during my abode in Holland, as my father himself acknowledges; I should, therefore, have no scruple in requesting him to make me a present of ten or twenty pounds, should *l'argent comptant* be the only obstacle to your paying London a visit sooner than you at present intend. Have you found a house to your mind? or have you laid aside all thoughts of it for this year? I have done two little drawings for you, if you think them worth your acceptance: speaking sincerely, they are very ill executed; and you will laugh heartily at the hind quarters of an unfortunate horse, and the leg of a hero as long as his whole body. However, they are entirely my own invention and execution, which may give them value in *your* eyes: and as I mean to put them into very pretty frames, perhaps that circumstance may make them find grace in those of others.

“Knowing your passion for animals, I have also

procured for you an amazing fine large black *cat*. It is the gentlest beast in the world, never mews, nor has ever been known to scratch or bite. Perhaps you will already have discovered that the cat of which I speak is a fur tippet. As we are threatened with a hard winter, I thought this piece of dress might be useful and acceptable to you. I am no judge of furs myself, but I am assured that the one I have bought for you is very handsome. It is an Isabella bear skin, and is uncommonly long and thick. I suppose you would like to have it sent to you immediately, as it may be no disagreeable companion in your country walks if this cold weather continues. Let me, therefore, have a line to say where I shall send it. If you choose to have it directed to your *maitresse d'hôtel*, or any body else who may be living with you, I can, I imagine, get a frank from my father, and send it down to you in Gloucestershire, or any where else, free of all expense.

“ I have been upon a visit to head-quarters at Arnheim, whence I am just returned, perfectly satisfied with my expedition. I did not despair that our affairs upon the continent would take a better turn, till I was a witness myself of the disorders of the soldiers and discontents of the officers. Still I hope that England will not make peace ;



since, at this moment, no conditions can be expected but the most severe and disgraceful. My hope is that Holland will make a separate peace, and remain neutral ; that our troops will be withdrawn from this country, and employed in defending our colonies ; and that the emigrants will form themselves into a body, and throw themselves into La Vendée.

“ As to any thing being done in this villanous country, it seems to me to be quite out of the question ; and the late defeats may very easily be accounted for, when it is considered that the English are not only obliged to combat against the French, but against their treacherous and dastardly allies—the Prussians, Austrians, and Hanoverians. I arrived at Arnheim two days before the evacuation of Nimeguen, and saw the bombardment of the bridge, which decided the giving up the town. The day after I went with Captain Clayton to a small village called Lent, in which one of our batteries was constructed, and against which the French cannon from Nimeguen were playing very briskly. Clayton having to mount the battery, was obliged to get off his horse, which would have made him too conspicuous, and he gave it to me to hold. During his absence I saw two cannon balls pass through the roof of a house about ten

yards distant, one after another, and at length a ball passed through the house under the shelter of whose roof I was standing, and knocked all the tiles about my ears : so that you<sup>d</sup> see my campaign has not been totally unattended with danger. As I was coming away from the village, I was much shocked at seeing a countryman whose leg had been shot away at that moment, as he was sitting at his cottage-door, and the same ball carried off the arm of his child, an infant of three years old, which he held upon his knee.

“The French are adored wherever they go, while the allied forces are execrated and detested. In truth, I am sorry to confess that no ravages more wanton and unjustifiable were ever committed in the annals of war, than have been perpetrated by all the combined army, and more particularly by the English.

I cannot send you “The Monk” at present, as you desire me to do. I shall keep it till we meet, which I hope we shall do before long. As I must make up a parcel to you, I will, however, send you a song and two French letters, which if you have nothing better to read may possibly amuse you, as coming from me. To understand the letter I must inform that a lady was one evening declaring that the English had a great

share of sensibility, and to prove her assertion, she recounted her meeting a Captain Brindley at a Dutch inn, who was very civil to her in getting her passports, and to whom, as he had no bed, she made her *fille de chambre* give up her room.

“At supper this Mr. Brindley produced a picture, which resembled the lady herself. He said he was going to be married to the original, and concluded by pressing the picture to his lips, and saying, ‘*Vous concevez bien, Madame, que cela me fait bien du plaisir!*’ This expression, which the lady repeated in the most pathetic tone, and his making her his confidante at first sight, amused every body; and the next day I sent her the enclosed letters: the words underlined were expressions used by herself.

“You persist in keeping secret the name and nature of the work which employs you at present, and about which I am very curious. For my own part, I have not written a line excepting the “Farce” and “The Monk,” which is a work of some length, and will make an octavo volume of 420 pages. There is a great deal of poetry inserted, a few lines of which I will send you, in order that you may apply them, if you have no objection, to your own present ideas in retirement. It is an inscription, supposed to be placed over

the door of an artificial hermitage, which forms the ornament of a convent garden.

“Your suspicions of Emilia Galotte were perfectly unfounded. I know the German play perfectly well; and it is not even by the same author as ‘The Minister.’ I see, by the papers, that it has failed. Mrs. Jordan, very possibly, has forgotten that the play is in her possession. I think I had better be silent till her benefit is advertised, and if she does not bring it out, I shall write a line to inquire whether it will be in her power to bring it out next season. I understand that Bannister, though of course not a *well-bred* man, is perfectly civil and modest; I am therefore surprised at his not having given an immediate answer. My sisters are perfectly well, and Barrington gains strength every day. For my own part I am generally in excellent health; but just at this moment I am labouring under a dreadful headach, as you must have already discovered from the inconceivable stupidity of this letter. I shall therefore conclude for the present, and fill the remainder of my paper with some verses written ‘in gayer hours, while high my fancy ran.’

“Farewell, my dear mother. Let me hear from you immediately, and believe me

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

## POOR SIMON'S MONODY.

You ask what cause my tears supplies ;  
They flow because I'm weeping ;  
Nor e'er shall slumber close my eyes  
Again, except I'm sleeping.  
That I poor Simon's death lament,  
No reason for surprise is ;  
Oh ! he had been a perfect saint,  
If he had had no vices.

His courage did he oft display,  
Where drums and cannon rattle,  
And never ran from fight away  
But when he fled from battle.  
He was to speak the truth inclined,  
Save when he falsehoods stated ;  
And was a friend to all mankind,  
Excepting those he hated.

Grim death, alack ! for Simon's woe,  
In single combat found him ;  
And Simon would not kill his foe,  
Because he could not wound him.  
Then doctors grave this judgment gave,—  
“ Good sir, you may rely on't,  
That if your wound is mortal found,  
'Tis likely you will die on't.”

Yet I'm disposed, I must confess,  
To think the doctors wrong here ;  
The true cause of his death, I guess,  
Was—he could live no longer.

These tears, which all my friends devise,  
I to his loss am giving ;  
Oh ! surely had not Simon died,  
He would have now been living !

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## INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE.

Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading,  
Think not, though from the world receding,  
I joy my lonely days to lead in  
This desert drear ;  
That, with remorse, a conscience bleeding  
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours,  
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers ;  
For well I saw, in halls and towers,  
That Lust and Pride,  
The arch-fiend's darkest, direst powers,  
In pomp preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrustured ;  
I saw that Honour's sword was rusted ;  
That few for aught but folly lusted ;  
That he was still deceived who trusted  
In love or friend ;  
And hither fled, with man disgusted,  
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,  
Alike a foe to noisy folly,  
And sullen brow-bent melancholy,  
    I wear away  
My time ; and in my office holy  
    Consume the day.

This rock my shield when storms are blowing,  
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing  
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing  
    My simple food ;  
But few enjoy the calm I know in  
    This desert rude.

Content and comfort bless me more in  
This grot, than e'er I felt before in  
A palace ; and, with thoughts still soaring  
    To God on high,  
Each morn and night, with voice imploring,  
    This prayer I sigh :

“ Let me, O Lord, from life retire,  
Unknown each worldly vain desire,  
Remorseful throb, or wanton fire ;  
    And when I die,  
Let me in this belief expire,  
    To God I fly.”

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,  
As yet no woes have marred thy quiet,  
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at  
    The hermit's prayer ;  
But if thou hast a cause to sigh at  
    Thy guilt or care ;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,  
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,  
Or crimes affright thy contemplation,  
    And make thee pine ;  
Oh ! how must thou lament thy station,  
    And envy mine !

“I have just heard that Colonel Richardson is living at Rotterdam, for what reason nobody can tell : he certainly has no business there, and Rotterdam is, I suppose, without exception, the dullest place in the habitable world. He has sold out of the army, which, at this particular period, he ought not to have done.—Mrs. Brownrigg gives me the best possible accounts of Maria's health ; they have their residences together this summer, at Broadstairs. She says that it was impossible for her to have been more kind, affectionate, and attentive. You may judge how pleasing these assurances must be to me, who perfectly dote upon Maria. I find that my father has taken a box for her at the Opera, with which she will be highly delighted. Barrington has achieved mounting a large horse, and professes his contempt of a pony in very strong terms : he declares himself aware that he is very backward, and that he must work hard to regain all that he has lost. He seems perfectly well contented with his present situation ; a circumstance



which fills me with astonishment; for, with respect to myself, the way of living is so uniform, and though very worthy people, Mr. Buckle and his wife are so incomparably dull, that a fortnight passed at Pyrton would be the death of me. You will be sorry to hear that my father's West India estates have failed this year almost totally. However, on the other hand, the war doubles his salary from government, and as he expressed himself to me, he is not going backward in the world. Once more I beg you to write to me without delay, and bid you adieu for the present.

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The above is the last letter from the Hague. The trouble the writer takes to narrate all he can find which is likely to amuse his mother—the frank disclosure of his literary plots and undertakings—the pleasure he evinces in reiterated assurances of his regard—his dread of leaving England without seeing her—the trifling attentions as to the fur and the pictures—the lively raillery in some parts (perhaps, of all others, the most pleasing portion to a mother in Mrs. Lewis's situation, as indicating a pleasure of companionship, and a total absence of slight or neglect) and the

unequivocal kindness which pervades this and all his preceding letters, are best calculated to disprove the calumnies of those critics of his novel of "The Monk;" who, in their rancorous severity towards the author, went, in more than one instance, to the unwarrantable length of attacking his character as a man.

## CHAPTER VI.

“The Monk”—Romantic fiction.

THE first and greatest era in the literary life of Lewis was the publication of “Ambrosio, or The Monk,” which event took place in the summer of 1795; and it is not too much to say that no writer, by a maiden production, ever obtained such rapid and extensive celebrity. “The Monk” had scarcely appeared, than it was vigorously assailed by the reviewers, with their sharpest critical weapons, on the score of its immorality; but, as in the instances of Lord Byron’s “Cain” and “Don Juan,” this very condemnation of its principles rendered the novel more eagerly sought after, and more generally read.

“This singular composition,” said one critic,\* “which has neither *originality*, *morals*, nor *pro-*

\* In the London Review for February, 1797, vol. xxxi., p. 3.

*bability* to recommend it, has excited, and will continue to excite, the curiosity of the public. Such is the irresistible energy of genius.”—Such indeed! Had the materials of this romance been worked up by an inferior hand, not even the vicious but too general appetite of the public for the wild and extraordinary in fiction, would have rescued it from obscurity. Modelled upon a description of fable in which probability is totally disregarded, and moral taste almost scorned, nothing but such mental capacity and literary power as Lewis possessed, could have procured for ‘The Monk’ even a limited popularity; for if we lay aside the test of the most commonplace morality, and apply that of mere literary criticism, the novel appears to be nearly devoid of originality; of which it is completely stripped in the following notice:

“The outline of Ambrosio’s story was suggested by that of the *Santon Barissa* in the ‘Guardian;’ the form of temptation is borrowed from that in *The Devil in Love*, by Canzotte; and the catastrophe is taken from *The Sorcerer*. The adventures of Raymond and Agnes are less obviously imitations; yet the forest scene near Strasburg brings to mind an incident in Smollett’s *Ferdinand Count Fathom*; the bleeding nun is described by the author as a popular tale of the Germans; and

the convent prison resembles the inflictions of Mrs. Radcliffe.”\*

But the skill with which these tributary models were combined, and recast into a captivating and impressive story, was universally admitted. “The Monk” procured for its author the character of a genius of no common order. “He every where discovers an imagination rich, powerful, and fervid,” wrote one reviewer.† Another critic—speaking of the wiles employed to allure the Monk, and of which he became the victim—remarks, with more humour than delicacy—“Indeed, the whole temptation is so artfully contrived, that a man, it would seem, were he made as other men are, would deserve to be d—d who could resist such devilish spells, conducted with such address, and assuming such a heavenly form.”‡

So generally was the attention of all classes directed towards “The Monk” and its author, and so extensively was it read, that serious apprehensions were excited in the minds of benevolent persons, lest the work should contaminate the public morals; and about a twelvemonth after its publication, the Attorney-general was actually

\* Monthly Review, June 1797, vol xxiii., p. 451.

† Critical Review, vol. xix., p. 194.

‡ Analytical Review for 1796, vol. xxiv., p. 403.

instructed, by one of the societies for the suppression of vice, to move for an injunction to restrain its sale. To use the language of the law, a rule *nisi* was obtained, and the young author did not think proper to show cause against it. The rule, however, was never made absolute, and the prosecution was dropped.

From a second edition of his romance, Lewis expunged what *he* conceived to be all the objectionable passages; yet, even in its improved state, the work is still unfit for general perusal.

The odium which "The Monk" cast upon its young author was a source of great pain to his family; and, in consequence of some expressions used by his father on the subject, Lewis saw fit to write him the following letter, which strikingly illustrates how much he had imbibed the false ideas so generally entertained by writers of fiction at that period. This letter appeared a few years ago in the "New Monthly Magazine," to which it was sent by a friend of Lewis, in consequence of some strictures which some other *friend* had taken the opportunity of the novelist's *death* to publish in "The Courier" newspaper.

"February 23, 1798.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"Though certain that the clamours against

‘The Monk’ cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or the purity of my principles, yet I am conscious that it must have grieved you to find any doubts on the subject existing in the minds of other people. To express my sorrow for having given you pain, is my motive for now addressing you ; and also to assure you that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I not others, to make me regret having published the first edition of ‘The Monk ;’ but I have others, weaker indeed than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment ; that, convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were generally so ; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe that TWENTY is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence ; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power : I carefully revised the work, and expunged every syllable on which could be grounded the

slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task ; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and words carelessly chosen ; not on the sentiments, characters, or general tendency of the work.

“That the latter is undeserving censure, Addison will vouch for me : the moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in ‘The Guardian,’ and which he commends highly, for ability of invention and propriety of object. Unluckily, in working it up, I thought that the stronger my colours, the more effect would my picture produce ; and it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice, in her temporary triumph, might possibly do as much harm as her final exposure and punishment would do good. To do much good, indeed, was more than I expected of my book ; having always believed that our conduct depends on our own hearts and characters, not upon the books we read or the sentiments we hear. But though I did not expect much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a youth of twenty, I was in my own mind quite certain that no harm could be produced by a work whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which I did not introduce a single incident, or a single



character, without meaning to inculcate some maxim universally allowed. It was, then, with infinite surprise that I heard the outcry raised against the book, and found that a few ill-judged and unguarded passages totally obscured its general tendency.

“To support the charge of irreligion, a single one only has been, or can be, produced. I am heartily sorry that this passage was ever published; but I must say, that I have been very unfairly treated respecting it. Those who have made it the subject of public censure, have uniformly omitted such parts as would have palliated those offensive expressions. Those expressions, certainly, are much too strong, and I now see that their style is irreverent; but it was not intended to be such, nor was the passage meant to counsel any more than that the bible should not be read before a certain age, when its perusers would be capable of benefiting by its precepts and admiring its beauties. It also suggested the propriety of not putting certain passages before the eyes of very young persons. This advice I was induced to give from experience; for I know that schoolboys do not (neither, if my informers may be credited, do schoolgirls) always read particular chapters of the bible for the purpose of edification.

In stating this, I thought, by representing the advice as having been given to the heroine by her mother—a woman pious and sensible—I had guarded against the idea of attacking the bible.

“ My precaution was ineffectual: I have given offence; I am sorry for having given it. I have omitted the passage; and can now do no more than say, that neither in this, nor any other part of ‘The Monk,’ had I the slightest idea that what I was then writing could injure the principles, moral or religious, of any human being. Since this work, I have published others; and, taught by experience, I have avoided the insertion of any word that could possibly admit of misrepresentation. As their propriety has not been questioned, I trust that I have succeeded in the attempt; and I do not despair of some time or other convincing my censurers that they have totally mistaken both me and my principles. Those principles I need not justify to you, my dear father: I need only again request your pardon for the uneasiness which this business has given you, and beg you to believe me,

“ Your most affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

The young romancist was not long left to fight his battle single-handed. In 1798 a poem appeared anonymously, entitled "An Epistle in Rhyme to M. G. Lewis," the object of which was not, perhaps, so much to defend the subject of it against the charge of impurity in his writings, as to ridicule those who had made it. The satire was highly praised at the time, though the name of its author never, to our knowledge, transpired. About the same period another advocate penned a long article in the "Monthly Mirror," which he entitled "An Apology for the Monk;" but, as such, it was a most unfortunate one, for it rather tended to implicate Lewis deeper, than to exculpate him from the blame he had drawn upon himself. Indeed, these apologies, like most such attempts, only served to keep alive public attention to a question which it would have been better for the reputation of Lewis never to have agitated.

It is not to be disguised that this portion of the memoir brings us to the most difficult and unpleasant part of our task. Of the justice of the general condemnation pronounced upon "The Monk," there can be no question; and it is to be deeply deplored that talents such as the young author displayed, had not devoted their early freshness to

some more worthy object. His celebrity would then have been unalloyed with censure ; for, despite his errors of judgment—to use no harsher term—the praises drawn forth by the superior talents he so early evinced, were not grudgingly bestowed.

If it be difficult to account for the motives which could have induced a well-bred and highly-educated gentleman to jeopardize his private reputation by publishing such a work, it is surely equally difficult to conjecture why it was so generally read. That the public should have so highly patronised that which it so unequivocally condemned, argues that the “gentle readers” of the time at which the work appeared, had either acquired a taste for being disgusted ; or that they derived a degree of pleasure from a source which they were ashamed to own. It is certain that no time could have been better chosen for the publication of such a romance, than one at which the general taste was warped towards the wild and extravagant. Other fictions of a hardly less objectionable tendency had prepared the way for “The Monk ;” and that the author was encouraged to write it from example, and that the public was led to read it from habit, there can be little question. How “Ambrosio” came to be so universally tolerated, can only be accounted for by considering the state and tastes of the “reading

public" at the time that imaginary hero made so great a stir. How those morbid tastes were first formed, and how they came to be so matured as to derive pleasure and amusement from the many immoralities contained in "The Monk," we propose to show by a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of romantic fiction in this country. *Commençons, donc, au commencement.*

The learned have expended a vast deal of research in endeavouring to trace the origin of romance, without any other result than the unanimous conclusion, that it is involved in obscurity. Indeed, it is of little moment whether this species of fiction be of Arabic invention, spread over Europe by the Saracens of Spain, and conveyed hither by the more recent channel of the Crusades; or whether its actual birthplace was in this quarter of the globe, and that we are indebted for it to the scalds or bards of Norway and Sweden. Certain it is, that if romance was invented by any one person, his name deserves to be rescued from oblivion; for it is equally certain that so high a claim to originality can never be established for succeeding authors; inasmuch as story-writers are invariably indebted to their predecessors; and he who complained that "the ancients had stolen his best thoughts from him,"

did not lament in vain. "It is wonderful," says a writer in the "Quarterly Review,"\* "how little pure invention is to be met with in the world, and with what difficulty we trace a popular story to its source. To cry 'stop thief' is vain, when the property is transferred from hand to hand, in endless succession, with so much expedition and secrecy. The most we can do is to trace a literary theft to Homer; and yet it is contrary to all experience to suppose that a poem so complete in its structure, so melodious in its verse, so finished in its language, should have been the *first* of its kind."

It has been stated that the ancients had no romance;† but though they have left us no traces of writings drawn entirely from the imagination, yet their poems and plays sufficiently attest, that, notwithstanding, these were "founded on fact," yet the facts were heightened and illustrated by imagination. Hence it has been truly said,‡ that romance and real history have one common origin. It is not improbable that ancient writers, having embellished and coloured their records with fancy, the modern ones, rejecting

\* Vol. xxx., p. 41.

† By Percy Hurd, Wharton, &c.

‡ By Sir Walter Scott, in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Art. "Romance."

the facts, have imitated and borrowed from the imaginative flights of the old historians and poets ; and thus did romance take its rise. We diffidently put forth this hypothesis, as one by which the origin of story-telling might have been traced by the erudite, without the aid of that figure which the vulgar call *circumbendibus*.

Even the most barbarous nations, who are supposed to have known nothing of the "fine old Greeks," and their literary productions, have always delighted in recording the deeds of their heroes ; and it was an easy expedient, when genuine heroes proved scarce, to substitute imaginary ones. But so great is the affection of mankind for truth, that it was long ere the foundation of romance ceased to be laid upon some actual event, or in praise of some real but celebrated charactêr. The first productions of the latter kind are short narratives or ballads, some of which are not without flashes of genius, but brief, rude, and often obscure. The song of The Battle of Bounenburgh, preserved in the Saxon Chronicle, is a genuine and curious specimen of this aboriginal style of poetry.

But the most favourable epoch for romance was the period of chivalry. In those days heroes abounded. There was no want of material for the minstrel, upon which to exercise his fancy ; and as "a story

loses nothing by the telling," so, as a simple tale passed from mouth to mouth, it was magnified and amplified into a marvellous one. The figure of hyperbole is found to have existed at this period, in the most flourishing condition. Skirmishes were elevated into battles; every warrior was not only a hero, but sometimes had attributed to him the powers of a magician; and young ladies, if they only happened to be "of high degree," were described as saints and angels. Imagination was so powerfully employed, that it conjured up necromancers, monsters of hideous form, &c., with such effect, that their actual existence became a matter of belief, and metrical romances soon lost the character of historical or legendary chronicles, which they had before assumed;—so much less difficult was it to contrive wonderful adventures, and to portray paragons of bravery and virtue, than to seek out persons who had encountered the one, or who exemplified the other. Romance, therefore, gradually became the offspring of pure fancy.

So powerful an effect had these fictions upon the ignorant and easily-excited minds of the people to whom they were addressed, that they fired them with a romantic zeal to emulate the deeds coined from the brains of the poets; and thus the rule became inverted: heretofore heroes gave life to



romances, now romances created heroes. Knight-errantry started up to protect the defenceless, to reward the virtuous, and to punish the guilty ; in short, to set every thing in this world to rights, *vi et armis*. Aspiring champions set out in quest of adventures, wherever they were most likely to meet with them ; their breasts glowing with the hope of encountering the most terrible dangers, and of emulating the deeds described by the popular romancist.

If knight-errantry derived its existence from romance, it received its death-blow from a similar source.—In an obscure prison in Spain there languished one who was destined to achieve its downfall ; a man whose solitary lot removed him from every sphere of adventure. Cervantes, to beguile his weary hours, wrote “Don Quixote,” which, while the work conferred immortality upon its author, finally disposed of the few mortal remains which were left of knight-errantry.

But previous to this era, there appeared a genius in our own land, who infinitely surpassed his predecessors in the arts of fiction and poetry. This was Geoffery Chaucer. His genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety. His merit was not less in painting familiar manners

with humour and propriety, than in moving the passions, and in representing the beautiful and the grand objects of nature with grace and sublimity. "In a word, he appeared in all the lustre and dignity of a true poet, in an age which compelled him to struggle with a barbarous language, and a national want of taste, and when to write verses at all was a singular qualification."\*

To Chaucer, then, we may trace the introduction of those details of manners, and descriptions of ordinary life, which blend so happily with the more glaring and marvellous events of romance.

The reign of Elizabeth was as favourable to romance in England, as it was to national prosperity. Chivalry had become modified; and, stripped of its more extravagant attributes, it left behind a code of high honour in social life, and a complete and universal *hommage aux dames*. Loyalty to the liege lady was a ruling passion, and the "virgin queen" was made the heroine of many a romance, under every possible title, from Venus to Cloe, from Aurora to Philomel. If we instance Spenser's "Faëry Queen," it may be truly said that the age of Elizabeth was never matched in

\* History of English Poetry, vol i., p. 457.

this department of literature. Among those who contributed to it we find the name of Sidney, and even that of William Shakspeare.

The hard but glorious struggle of the Reformation, caused an hiatus in the history of romance during the succeeding century. Many a fatal and bitter romance of real life took the place of fictitious ones; and it was not till the time of Charles II. that romantic fiction again appeared in the republic of letters.

The profligate court of the "merry monarch" was by no means a fitting soil for the production of that class of poetry of which romance is the offspring, and which requires so much of the ideal for its proper sustenance. Sensuality banished poetry of a high order. Poetry did not then appeal to the mind, but to the senses; and it is not surprising that the first English novel which was published in this age, served only as a vehicle for the portrayal of profligate adventures, and for the display and recommendation of loose and immoral characters. Indeed, under other circumstances, the romances of chivalry would have lost their power to please. A general change had taken place in the manners of Europe. Tournaments had long been abolished, and single combats ceased to be allowed. Dragons, necromancers,

and enchanted castles, lost their power ; but their spells were superseded by the less poetical, but more barbarous belief in witchcraft. The minstrel's lays were unheeded, that the stories of the "witchfinder" might be more gravely and attentively listened to.

In the reign of James II. there was other and more vital business in progress than writing or reading books of tales. The bloodless revolution of 1688 commenced its agitation the moment the bigoted brother of a profligate prince began his reign, and gave little opportunity for the exercise of the pen of the poet or romancist. The successor of James possessed a mind of so commercial a character, that it extended its influence over his subjects, to the exclusion of so unprofitable a commodity as fiction : in the days of William III., the novel was displaced by the ledger ; and the nation—busy in the study of political economy—abandoned the poet to his garret, and left the romance unread upon the shelves of the bookseller.

But from this torpor the *belles lettres* were soon to be roused. The age called the Augustan immediately succeeded ; and that band of British essayists arose to illumine the crown of Anne, who, by their genius, gave to fiction a new im-

press. The essentially romantic had long been annihilated ; unblushing details of vice, unqualified by any good purpose, no longer gave pleasure ; and lively exemplifications of morality, and of the diversities of human character, happily took their place. Dry and formal essays, which at first occupied the talents of writers and the attention of readers, soon came to be enlivened by short and pleasing stories modelled from real life, in which the best precepts of morality, instead of being sternly inculcated, were pleasingly insinuated, and brought home to the heart of the reader. These miniature sketches laid the foundation for a style of writing which soon became highly popular ;—namely, the “ sentimental novel ;” and it is singular that this very school—one, the avowed intention of which was to hold up virtue for imitation, and vice for scorn and hatred—sowed the first seeds of that distorted taste which received the novel of the “ Monk” with such avidity.

Unfortunately, in these novels, the axiom that “out of evil springeth good,” was inverted. With the best intentions of inculcating virtuous sentiments, the attempt was too often tried of exciting a detestation of vice, by painting its lineaments, and even its allurements, in the most glowing colours ; and thus out of the intended good sprung

a great evil ;—an evil which was never more apparent, than in the romance whose author forms the subject of these pages. “Pamela,” “Clarissa Harlowe,” and other novels in a similar style, were put into the hands of young persons as patterns of morality : yet scenes of depravity and iniquitous sentiments were set forth for their avoidance, as examples of virtue were pictured for their imitation. This, we presume, was done upon the principle that,

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;”

than which, no maxim was ever more hazardous in the application. Vice, unhappily, has its allurements as well as virtue. The error of the Spartans, in inebriating their helots, to exhibit drunkenness in its most odious form, and to deter the Lacedemonian youth from the vice, has long been allowed. No person is mad enough to enter the paths of vice for the sole purpose of doing wrong, but because it is anticipated that some pleasures are to be procured by the way. Were we kept in ignorance of the road, we could not of course follow it ; and the human mind is prone enough to evil, without being taught the path which leads to it ;—to which the *moral* novels we have mentioned too surely pointed.

We need only mention the "Rasselas" of Dr. Johnson, and the most complete and touching picture of English manners that ever appeared—Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"—to show that the error we have pointed out was not universally followed. But such exceptions were, unfortunately, rare, and other writers carried out the too general mistake to the most pernicious limits; rejecting the best parts of the works of Sterne, Richardson, Cumberland, &c., and copying their most exceptionable traits. Henry Fielding may be cited as an example: with the highest order of talent, some wit, and a rich but coarse vein of humour, he chose to paint the degraded parts of human life, and caused effects the more injurious from their being heightened by the genius which produced them.

At a time when sentiment, good or bad, was so eagerly sought for, Goëthe's "Sorrows of Werter" was translated into English, and being exactly suited to the tastes of novel-readers it gained an extensive popularity. Though the book abounded with the most overstrained sentiments, these were not the less relished for taking a wrong direction, and for being expended upon an improper object.

The mine of German fiction being thus opened, was speedily and industriously worked. Tales of

the most thrilling horror, and extravagant improbability, were imported from the land of metaphysics and misanthropy; through whose pages demons stalked, shrouded in mystery, and dealt around despair, without the smallest "remorse or mitigation of conscience." Disappointed lovers were made to rack their invention upon the most appalling expedients for ending their woes; till the dreams of dyspeptic lunacy "could no further go." The quiet pictures of domestic life, and the less hurtful details of smaller vices, were no longer considered as sufficiently stimulating. Violent contrast, unnatural incident, and unheard-of crimes were only to be tolerated. A tale which appealed to the reason, was considered dull and prosy; the passions must be roused, and the universal cry was for *excitement*.

This appetite was not long in being supplied from a new source. "The Castle of Otranto" came out; and was alleged by its author, Horace Walpole, to have been translated from a manuscript found in an old castle in Italy. Italian romances now became the order of the day, and, as they also dealt in supernatural horrors, they found ready encouragement. It was, however, discovered that the pretended translator of



the "Castle of Otranto" was its author: but this discovery did not lessen the popularity of the work; or of others similar to it.

Following in nearly the same track, Mrs. Anne Radcliffe made, by her writings, a most powerful and extensive impression. While she copied the marvellous characteristics of the German school, she had the good taste to reject all its immoralities. Though she held the reader's imagination on the utmost stretch of curiosity and expectation, no shade of impropriety mingled with the traits of her glowing pencil. She described with equal felicity the tranquillity of the moon-lit scene, and the howlings of the midnight storm. Her instruments of terror, though occasionally bordering on the frivolous, were managed with such skill as to lead the reader with undiminished interest through her pages. All her apparent wonders were explained, and brought within the comprehension of humanity. Her figures are so vividly delineated, that she well deserves the epithet we once heard happily applied to a poet, of a "Sculptor Novelist."

In the inclination of the public appetite for extravagance, which had been re-awakened by a host of bad imitators of the Radcliffe school, we find a solution for the problem of the great success of "The Monk." From reading these

senseless and exceptionable works, it is possible that the hitherto unfledged author felt how high a flight his genius could take, were he to try its powers ; and, blind to the faults of his models, he knew how much more attractively he could enshrine materials (of the baseness of which he was ignorant), in the glowing imagery and fervid diction with which his muse supplied him. The excuse of extreme youth, forcibly urged in his letter to his father, is by no means invalid. If Lewis wrote "The Monk" at a period of life when the brain is easily fired by the wildest and warmest fantasies of imagination, it was also at a time when the judgment is not sufficiently matured to check their influence.

As we have before pleaded, the author must be separated from the man. Of the character of the latter, the public has hitherto had no better evidence than the offsprings of Lewis's wild and eccentric fancy. To show how positively erroneous such a test is, we need only refer to his letters ; all of which exhibit the strongest good-sense, and display the best of hearts. The tenderness and delicacy of his filial affection, so diametrically opposed to the deformity of his muse, is a triumphant answer to the charge of wrong *intention* in the composition of his much-censured novel ; for he

who could think so wisely, and feel so deeply and sensitively, would hardly have been guilty of deliberate literary immorality, if his judgment had not been carried away by his too easily excited imagination. We make these excuses for the private character of Matthew Lewis; for his literary one, it is but too certain, there are few to offer.

The popularity of "The Monk" left a stain upon public taste, which was not long in being removed; and if we continue our imperfect sketch, of the progress of romantic fiction to the present time, one great inducement is the opportunity it affords us of naming Sir Walter Scott; although, perhaps, a prudent biographer would hesitate to force upon the reader a contrast so much to the disadvantage of his hero.

The novels of the "wizard of the north," following, as they did, the talented but worldly-minded productions of Miss Edgeworth, happily annihilated the class of works among which that of Lewis was so prominent. They proved that the deepest and most thrilling interest was to be invoked and sustained, without the aid of the wild or supernatural; while the sympathies were awakened by historical associations, and kept alive by natural delineations of ordinary life. Imparting, as the Scotch novels did, a more solid

and healthy tone to the taste of "light readers," the monstrous and supernatural in fiction—having done their worst—were quietly consigned to the graves from which they might be said to have originally sprung.

The romances of Scott were followed by a class of ephemera, which, addressing itself to a leading peculiarity in the national character, met with great, though transient, success. We allude to the *fashionable* novels. There is a large proportion of what is termed the "middle class," who are continually struggling to raise themselves higher in the scale of society than the sphere in which they are placed; persons who are troubled, like Foote's lame lover, with the paltry ambition of "fastening in public upon men of distinction for no other reason than because of their rank; adhering to Sir John, till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three for a duke." When this kind of ambition cannot be satisfied by actually "fastening" upon the great, the victims of it are contented with merely aping their manners and habits. To such a class, novels which pretended to give accurate representations of what is said and done at "Almack's," amongst "The Exclusives," &c., were found highly ac-

ceptable ; but their popularity was short-lived, perhaps from tantalizing their readers with glimpses of that paradise of high life, which they knew it to be impossible for them to attain

The actions, foibles, and opinions of "great people," having been laid bare before the wondering eyes of the humbler classes, it was but poetical justice that the doings of the "base, common, and popular," should be described to the fashionable world. For this purpose, a famous wit undertook to explore "the remote regions of Russell-square," and an equally famous, but somewhat affected legislator, dived into the recesses of St. Giles's. Descriptions of tenth-rate dinner-parties took the place of minute details of fashionable *ennui-ism*; and pictures of the lowest of low life were conveyed to the higher classes, by the aid of the slang dictionary. To these has succeeded a far better order of things in this particular department of fiction. A genius has lately sprung up who, steering midway between the inanities of high life and the vulgar depths of its antipodes, is producing, with astonishing celerity, a class of novels, whose only model is nature. The mantle of the novelist has alighted upon Dickens; and a bold, manly tone of sentiment, an unequalled perception of the peculiarities of human character,

besides powers of unexampled truthfulness in description, were never combined in any one writer, to render him better entitled to wear it.

Having endeavoured to show that the popular mind was, at the time "The Monk" came out, in a condition not only to tolerate but to derive pleasure from the perusal of the work, and that the force of example is to be justly pleaded in favour of one who, as its author, has been so severely censured,—we have only again to refer our readers to Lewis's private letters. That his great literary error must not be attributed to want of moral principles, but to defective judgment, these epistles will, we are sure, place beyond a doubt.

## CHAPTER VII.

Reception in society—Anecdote—Parliament—Retirement—Visits to Inverary Castle—Love—"Crazy Jane"—Wild air—Private theatricals—"The bugle"—Unpublished MSS.

WHATEVER were the merits or demerits of "The Monk," certain it is that it procured for Lewis, on his return to England, a most flattering reception in the best society. Few young writers, with the exception perhaps of Lord Byron, was ever more courted or caressed. The first names in rank and talent sought his society; he was the lion of every fashionable party; and it is whispered also, that, in spite of his somewhat plain features and insignificant figure, his romance made him a general favourite in the eyes of the fair: perhaps not the least gratifying reward of genius, to a writer who had just completed his twentieth year.

Lewis bore his new honours with the greatest

modesty. He was never much depressed by the censures, or elevated by the praises of the world. His love of literature, both in writing and in study, amounted almost to a passion, and he often affirmed, that the praise which some of his best-received works obtained from the public, never produced him half the pleasure which he had derived in writing them.

Soon after the publication of "The Monk," being one evening at a large party, of the guests at which he knew but little, and amongst whom he himself was comparatively unknown, a lady—a perfect stranger to him—was descanting with considerable volubility on literary subjects; when, suddenly addressing Lewis, she inquired, "Have *you* read this strange new work, called 'The Monk?'"

"Really, madam," replied Lewis, "I don't think I should have patience to do so."

"Ah! perhaps that sort of reading is not to your taste, but I assure you I know those who have read 'The Monk,' and have been so horrified and so—enchained!—Well, really the author must be a most extraordinary—a wonderful man;—I should like so much to be in his company! Confess, now, —shouldn't you?"

"Why, as to that, madam," replied the young



author, "I rather think I should find his company a bore."

On this, a conversation, or rather a discussion, immediately arose, on the subject of "The Monk," which was rendered yet more amusing to Lewis, by several of the debaters affirming that they had the "honour" of being intimately acquainted with himself.

Lewis was now mingling in the highest circles of fashion, was flatteringly noticed at court, and, to add to these distinctions, almost immediately on his becoming of age, obtained a seat in Parliament. He succeeded the celebrated Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, in the representation of Hindon, in Wiltshire, for which place he sat for some sessions. But the senate had no charms for the young poet. His parliamentary career was brief and inglorious; he never once attempted to address the house; his attendance soon became extremely irregular; and in a few years he retired from it altogether.

But, although he displayed no ambition for the laurels of a statesman, he was far from forsaking the course which wins them for an author. He continued to write with unabated industry, and pursued the study of German literature with ardour and enthusiasm. Neither the allurements of plea-

sure, the gaieties of fashion, nor the blandishments of the great, in any way lessened his attachment to literature and retirement. But in order to have the means of both in a greater degree in his power, he hired apartments in a neat little cottage at Barnes; and in this retreat he spent many delightful hours, in the enjoyment of pleasures more congenial to the poet's taste, than can ever be afforded by the society of the world.

In his mother's residence he always found a gladsome smile of greeting, and a heart equally ready to share his triumphs or his woes. Often would he decline a seat at the courtly board, to spend a quiet evening in her society, when, after dinner, drawing his chair towards the fire, he would take some half-finished manuscript from his pocket, and read, for her approval, his labours of the preceding day. Or if a new play or opera had come out, which he imagined was likely to amuse her, he never failed to apprise her of it, and accompany her to the theatre. New books, also, he hunted out for her perusal; and, by a thousand little attentions—rendered yet more grateful to her by the comparative seclusion in which she lived—abundantly testified what he had before expressed in one of his letters,—that he considered it to be “the first and dearest duty of humanity” to

contribute to the comforts of a parent. Of a host of letters, illustrative of this pleasing communion between his mother and himself, we select the following, chiefly on account of its brevity.

“ Barnes.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I return a letter. I am contented with Barnes till I can get a place to purchase, and, therefore, make your Leatherhead arrangements as suits you best. Before you leave it I mean to pass a day or two there with you, but had rather come nearer the time of your departure than just at present, as I am working very hard, both in the reading and writing way. Have you read Cowper’s ‘Task?’ It is a long poem, making part of one of the volumes of his poems. If not, read it; it will suit *your* taste exactly: it is not *quite* to mine (though I like it much), as you will find when you read it. I must apprise you though (lest you should triumph too much), that I understand the author died stark staring mad, and rather *too* mad to have it mistaken for inspiration. Godwin’s ‘Enquirer,’ and Behmen’s ‘Prophecies,’ will make a charming Salmagundi of your ideas.

“ I forget whether I have heard from Mrs. R. lately. I am truly sorry to hear of your late

illness ; but as you do not mention your arm, I trust it is quite well ; if not, pray have some advice. I earnestly request that you will not let *money* be any consideration. Nothing would give me greater pain than to suppose any pecuniary idea made you treat your health slightly, while I possessed a single guinea.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.

“ I have begun a tragedy, in blank verse ; but I stuck in the third act, at a reconciliation between a king and a princess, the two stupidest people I ever met with.”

The elder Lewis, it is said, was not a little mortified at his son having preferred the pursuits of literature to the political life which he had assigned him ; but he, nevertheless, permitted him to follow his own course ; allowing him an income of one thousand a year, besides otherwise affording him every countenance and support which it was in his power to bestow. It was not until many years after this period that an estrangement took place between them ; and then, as will afterwards appear, it was entirely owing to the intervention of a third party.

The epithet of “ Monk Lewis ” was early conferred upon him ; by this name he was generally

known, and not unfrequently ignorantly addressed. He often received letters directed to "Monk Lewis, Esq.," and the press gave him no other designation. On this subject, however, he always displayed the most perfect indifference, and he even tells his mother, in a subsequent letter, that he is just as well pleased with that name as with any other. Moreover, he, at one time, maintained a long correspondence with a literary acquaintance, without once correcting this blunder,—to which his real name, "Matthew" (the only initial he used in his signature), must have not a little contributed.

In his early friends Lewis was extremely fortunate. He numbered among them the most distinguished men of his day, not for rank alone, but also for genius, and the more captivating graces of character. Sir Walter Scott, and latterly Moore, Byron, and Shelley, as well as the present Earl Grey, Lords Melbourne and Holland, and many others whose names, like his own, have since been written in the scroll of fame, maintained the closest communion of friendship with the author of "The Monk."

But where is "the Life" in which an opportunity does not present itself, for the biographer to expatiate on a yet more cherished feeling than

friendship — that master-chord to which every other passion in our nature is attuned, and which in all ages has been the universal theme? Certainly not in the memoirs of a poet, who above all others is the most likely to receive those impressions, and experience those feelings, which his muse delights the most to awaken and to illustrate.

At Inverary Castle, the ancient seat of the noble family of Argyle, Lewis first felt the influence of a “bright particular star,” which, if it did not entirely rule his destiny, certainly held a powerful influence over his future life. It was Lady Charlotte Campbell, the daughter of his host,—a lady no less celebrated for the graces of personal, than she has since been for the charms of mental beauty,—at whose shrine the incense of the poet’s heart was offered, and to whom he addressed some of the most touching effusions of his lyric pen.

The votaries of love are so seldom influenced by the dictates of reason, that they rarely weigh the probabilities of success, ere they yield themselves up to the absolute dominion of passion. Even when anticipating the miseries of disappointment, the lover seldom pauses to think of results but welcomes the delusion for the delusion’s sake.

Experience, too often fatally purchased, alone proves that in absence from the object lies the secret of curbing a growing affection. Flight is the hopeless lover's best resource ; since if he once enter the lists with the enemy, defeat is certain. Such, had he been wiser than the ordinary generation of lovers, should have been the conduct of Lewis, instead of lingering with silent and hopeless devotion near the object of his passion, like the ill-fated flutterer whose charmed wing hovers round the flame—at once its fascination and its grave.

Many were the summer rambles taken by the young poet in the woods surrounding Inverary Castle, with her whose companionship made the picturesque scenery still more beautiful ; and it was during the

“ Stolen sweetness of those evening walks,  
When pansied turf was air to winged feet,  
And circling forests by ethereal touch  
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,”—

that the encounter with a poor maniac occurred, which gave rise to the well-known ballad of “ Crazy Jane.” The alarm naturally excited in the breast of the lady, at a meeting so startling—possibly exaggerated by the imagination

of Lewis—threw an air of romance over the adventure, which, infused into the poem, gained for it a degree of popularity scarcely yet abated.

We subjoin the original version, copied from a MS. in the handwriting of the author :

#### CRAZY JANE.

“ Stay, fair maid ! On every feature,  
Why are marks of dread imprest ?  
Can a wretched, helpless creature  
Raise such terrors in your breast ?  
Do my frantic looks alarm you ?  
Trust me, sweet, your fears are vain :  
Not for kingdoms would I harm you—  
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

“ Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?  
Mark me, and escape my woe :  
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
Think them false—I found them so !  
For I loved, Oh ! so sincerely,  
None will ever love again ;  
Yet the man I prized most dearly  
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.

“ Gladly that young heart received him,  
Which has never loved but one ;  
He seemed true, and I believed him—  
*He was false, and I undone!*



Since that hour has reason never  
Held her empire o'er my brain.  
Henry fled !—With him, for ever,  
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

“ Now forlorn and broken-hearted,  
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,  
Near the spot where last we parted,  
Near the spot where first we met,  
Thus I chant my lovelorn ditty,  
While I sadly pace the plain ;  
And each passer by, in pity,  
Cries ‘ God help thee, Crazy Jane ! ’ ”

The ballad has been wedded to music by several composers ; but the original and most popular melody was by the celebrated Miss Abrams, who introduced and sung it herself at fashionable parties. After the usual complimentary tributes from barrel-organs, and wandering damsels of every degree of vocal ability, it crowned not only the author's brow with laurels, but also that of many a youthful beauty, in the shape of a fashionable hat, called the “ *Crazy Jane hat.*” The circumstance is worth mention, because it shows the extraordinary popularity which one of the merest trifles from Lewis's pen was then capable of obtaining.

The following wild air, sung by the peasants on the occasion of a rustic festival held on the duke's estate, having drawn an expression of approbation

from his fair enslaver, was written down and preserved by Lewis, showing how fondly he cherished the slightest remembrance connected with his "Love's young dream." He was frequently in the habit of playing it in after years, when the associations, which the spell of this simple melody never failed to call up, were often such as to awaken his sensibility in the highest degree.

## AN AIR,

*Heard by M. G. Lewis, while at Inverary—sung by Peasants under his Window.*



That Lewis *did* make attempts to break by absence the thralldom which held him, appears from another effusion. But his resolution was short-lived, and he soon returned to the scene of enchantment, beguiling his way thither by fond anticipations of again beholding the goddess of his idolatry, whose charms he celebrated under the title of "Amoret." To the licensee of a poet's fancy, and the disappointment of a lover, must be ascribed the "scorn" of which he speaks; the amiable nature of the lady at once repudiating the idea that the expression of aught so ungentle could have proceeded from her, or that she *could* have added bitterness to those wounds which the world's stern prudence forbade her to heal.

## LINES WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY.

I hasten once more to the place,  
Which saw the first dawn of my woes;  
Once more I shall gaze on the face  
Which banish'd my bosom's repose.  
Ah, madman! be wise and retire,  
The danger while yet you may shun;  
You will gaze, and again will admire,  
Will again be despised and undone.

Ah! well I remember the morn  
Which first show'd me Amoret's eyes;  
She repaid my affection with scorn,  
I only reproach'd her with sighs.

She laugh'd at a passion so wild,  
She call'd it presumptuous and vain ;  
And the madman rejoiced that she smiled,  
Though he knew she but smiled in disdain.

For, though I could never persuade  
My heart that she e'er could be mine ;  
Though I knew to be loved by a maid,  
In mind and in form thus divine,  
Was bliss so peculiar and high,  
That it never could fall to *my* lot ;  
Yet I loved her, and never thought why ;  
And hoped—though I dared not say what.

I sigh'd for that bliss night and day  
Which I fear'd I could never obtain ;  
I mourn'd that the maid was away,  
Though I thought we should ne'er meet again.  
My folly in vain I discern'd,  
In vain to forget her I strove ;  
For Nature, wherever I turn'd,  
Still bade me remember my love.

The trees, as they stream'd in the air,  
The rose, where the bee loved to sip,  
Show'd the waving of Amoret's hair,  
Show'd the coral of Amoret's lip.  
And when the bright sky, or blue sea,  
Others view'd with delight and surprise,  
No thought was suggested to me  
But the colour of Amoret's eyes.

Ah ! me, with what tender delight  
Did my doting eyes dwell on each face,  
In whose features my love-quicken'd sight  
Could find of her beauties a trace !  
To all whom I saw her prefer,  
Good-will did my bosom extend ;  
And they who spoke kindly of her,  
In me were secure of a friend.

At the moment she first met my view,  
I felt 'twas my fate to adore ;  
With each moment that over me flew,  
I felt that I loved her the more.  
And when I was forced to depart,  
My feelings no language can tell ;  
I bade her adieu in my heart,  
But my lips could not murmur " farewell !"

Yet absence has proved to me kind,  
And my bosom once more is at rest ;  
Heal'd up is the wound of my mind,  
And cold is the flame of my breast.  
But again, when her beauties I view,  
I feel I again shall adore ;  
My wound will burst open anew,  
And my flame burn as fierce as before.

Yet my danger in vain I perceive,  
Though I know to my ruin I run ;  
I will not my reason believe,  
Which bids me the precipice shun.

For if Amoret fastens my chains,  
I never shall wish to be free ;  
And if she is pleased with my pains,  
Those pains shall be cherish'd by me.

This warm attachment became chastened in maturer years to that sacred feeling into which unrequited love often changes, when softened by the power of time. From the embers of the poet's early passion arose a lasting and rational friendship, which found a ready echo in the bosom of her to whom it was dedicated — a friendship which remained unimpaired, until dissolved by the hand of death. Such is the character of the following stanzas, which he addressed to this lady at a later period.

## STANZAS

*Written, on the eve of parting, to a Friend.*

From those we love compell'd to part,  
And haply ne'er again to see,  
What anguish rends the feeling heart !  
That anguish now is felt by me.

Yet let not these fond, foolish tears  
My int'rest in your mind decrease ;  
Nor murmur when my ill-timed fears  
Disturb your happy bosom's peace.

Those tears from firm affection flow,  
Parting from you my mind employs;  
And while it dwells on future woe,  
My soul is dead to present joys.

The vain complaints which now I pour,  
My reason warns me to suppress;  
I feel that I should please you more,  
If parting with you grieved me less.

But, oh! 'tis hard the mind to tune,  
And hard to hide the bosom's pain;  
While thinking I must leave you soon,  
And leave you, ne'er to meet again!

Or should we meet—perhaps no place  
For me your heart may then allow;  
And I may seek in vain a trace  
Of what so much delights me now.

Then think what bitter thoughts must rend  
My bosom's swelling guest, to find  
The much-loved name, but not the friend,  
The well-known form, but not the mind.

In vain you call these false alarms—  
In vain my heart the promise cheers;  
Ne'er shall that sacred flame that warms  
Our kindred hearts be cool'd by years—

Your flatt'ring words my bosom touch,  
But, while the prospect glads my view,  
To find it false I fear so much,  
I never dare to think it true !

Though sad to part, thy friendship well  
The pain it now inflicts may cure ;  
Time may each anxious doubt dispel,  
And prove thy faith sincere and pure.

Then how my soul shall love thy truth,  
While musing on life's mournful page ;  
And that which forms my pain in youth  
Shall be my purest bliss in age !

Lewis, for a long period, was in the habit of passing some portion of the year at Inverary, and, in his gayer moments, entered willingly into every pleasure — his native wit and humour never failing to enliven the society at the castle. The amusement of private theatricals was then a fashionable one, and in these, many an evening was pleasantly spent ; much to the gratification of Lewis, who had always a great passion for the drama, in which, as we have already observed, he considerably excelled. For one of these occasions he wrote the following epilogue, which was spoken by Lady Charlotte Campbell, in 1797.



## EPILOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

Till now, all who glow'd with theatrical flame,  
Love of money inspired, or else love of fame ;  
But none of these motives, 'tis clearer than light,  
Have produced the dramatic attempt of to-night :  
No shillings for entrance were dropt at the door,  
No voices, applauding, bawl "Bravo !" "Encore !"  
And our ardour for glory it surely must quench,  
To think that we play to three chairs and a bench.  
When Selim, the tyrant, presumed to rebuke,  
All he wish'd was obtaining a smile from the Duke ;  
And when the Queen said the King's cruelty shock'd her,  
She hoped for some little applause from the Doctor.  
But our utmost ambition was stretch'd to its tether,  
If the Duke and the Doctor cried "Bravo !" together.  
Yet the fame of our mirth confined shall not be  
To a circle so small as the one I now see :  
No, I'll tell all the world, in the "Times" and the "Sun,"  
How much we have dared, and how much we have done ;  
And inform the whole kingdom, by means of the papers,  
That we've just had an access of tragical vapours.  
In fancy already I see, with delight,  
"Inverary Theatricals," full in my sight :  
"Barbarossa was lately (they cannot say less)  
Perform'd at the Duke's with the greatest success ;  
The scenes were well painted, the dresses were fine,  
The orchestra well fill'd, and the acting—divine.  
In truth, such perfection in women and men  
Was ne'er seen before, nor will e'er be again ;

Captain Campbell gave Othman with strength and effect,  
Mr. Trafford was graceful—Lord John was correct ;  
Lord Lorne's easy air, when he got in a passion,  
Proved a tyrant must needs be a person of fashion ;  
He seem'd much at home thro' the whole of the play,—  
He died in a style which was quite *dégagé* ;  
And his orders for murder, declared by their tone,  
Was the same if he gave them, or let them alone.  
The worst (we are sorry to say, but it true is)  
Was the epilogue, written, we hear, by one Lewis ;  
'Twas terrible trash, but in justice we tell,  
It was thought to be *spoken* uncommonly well.  
Indeed, Lady Charlotte, all own'd with delight,  
Outdid all her former outdoings that night.  
When she got her high prancing theatrical pony on,  
Her voice, air, and action, how truly Sidonian !  
How wisely she said she'd not marry her brother,  
And, having one spouse, not just then take another.  
And when, in the midst of her griefs and vexations,  
'Twas needful to rap out a few execrations,  
Her oaths were as truly deserving of praise,  
As she had done nothing but swear all her days."

Perhaps some may think, but the fact I deny,  
My own merits are rated a little too high.  
But if in our play any merit is shown,  
I assure you, my friends, that the whole is my own.  
I made up the dresses, I painted the scenes—  
For constructing the playhouse, invented machines ;  
And made all the actors rehearse, which I swear,  
Was without great exertion no easy affair.  
For when to rehearse the fifth act I was wishing,  
I was told Barbarossa was just gone a fishing

Out of tune, while Irene was straining her throat,  
That Othman was busy in building a boat.  
However, I scolded, and bustled, and storm'd,  
Till the parts were all learnt and the play was perform'd.  
And now Barbarossa's heroics are o'er,  
Should you chance, as is likely, to vote him a bore,—  
Should you think our performance deserving no praise,  
And our play the worst thing you e'er saw in your days,  
As your judgments must err, and an audience is scarce,  
We condemn you for penance to sit out the farce.

Under Lewis's auspices, and probably at his suggestion, the singular *passetems* was adopted of establishing a weekly paper at the castle, which was not printed, but written by the person who happened to be its editor; an office undertaken by the guests in turn. It was called "The Bugle," and was "published" every Saturday, on the morning of which day several copies were always laid on the breakfast-table. The editor had a letter-box for receiving contributions; and was, for the time, invested with all the usual "pomp and circumstance" of office. The owners of many great names were the occasional editors and contributors to "The Bugle;" among whom we may mention no less a personage than the present premier (Lord Melbourne), who, like Lewis, was a frequent visitor at Inverary Castle.

Through the kindness of one of this distinguished literary coterie, we are enabled to present our readers with the following poetical pieces, which Lewis wrote at various times for this somewhat "exclusive" periodical: their publication in which does not render it the less true, that they now appear for the first time "in print."

### THE CLERICAL MUSICIAN.\*

A SONG.

TUNE.—"The De'il cam fiddling."

The priest came fiddling through the town,  
 And to dancing set the ladies,  
 Though fiddling in a parson's gown  
 A most improper trade is.  
 Yet he fiddled away, he fiddled away,  
 While merily danced the ladies;  
 Oh, mon'y braw thanks to the mickle black priest  
 Who to dancing set the ladies!

Their hearts all jump'd with joy I swear,  
 When the fiddle he laid his paws on;  
 But he play'd so ill that "Non temar"  
 Wasn't known from "Nancy Dawson."  
 Still he fiddled away, he fiddled away, &c.

\* Most of Lewis's productions were illustrated by coloured sketches from his truly humorous pencil.

Of the ugliest airs this priest did know  
Right well a monstrous cargo ;  
He play'd whatever was *presto* slow,  
And quick whatever was *largo*.  
And he fiddled away, &c.

He play'd by ear, and his ear was false,  
And much his hearers grumbled ;  
For he strumm'd jig, minuet, reel, and valse,  
And altogether he jumbled.  
While he fiddled away, &c.

He practis'd morning, night, and noon,  
But though he well intended,  
He always too soon reach'd the midst of the tune,  
And began where he ought to have ended.  
Yet he fiddled away, &c.

But what you'll think extremely odd,  
Though at music he was but a spoon, sir,  
Sing Hey-diddle, at the sound of his fiddle,  
The cow jump'd over the moon, sir.  
And he fiddled away, he fiddled away,  
While merrily danc'd the ladies.  
Oh, mony braw thanks to the mickle black priest,  
Who to dancing set the ladies!

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN  
WHO FOUND A SILVER PENNY.

Some six years ago (or perhaps it was more),  
As a little old woman was sweeping her floor,  
She saw something glisten, when, lo ! on the ground,  
Adzookers ! a penny of silver she found.  
To market next morning she fail'd not to jig,  
And there by good chafering bought a fine pig ;  
For chronicles tell (and perhaps they tell true),  
That pigs then were plenty, and pennies were few.  
The pig it was stubborn, the pig it was strong ;  
It squeak'd and it struggled the whole way along,  
Till it came to a stile—then, good lack ! what a pother,  
For pig wouldn't go either one way or t'other !  
Sore distress'd was the dame, when a Dog came in sight ;  
So says she, “ Honest Tray, take the trouble to bite  
This pig, who won't cross yonder stile to the right,  
And I fear that I shan't reach my cottage to-night.”

“ I bite him ?” quoth Tray : “ sure you're running your  
riggs ;

I'll not injure a hair of his tail, please the pigs !  
And I'd have you to know too (he added with smiles),  
They are only *lame dogs* that I help over stiles.”

For a stick to avenge her, the dame now looked round ;  
And soon for her purpose a stout one she found.  
Which proving no *green* one, but rather a *dry* log,  
Said, “ Ma'am, I must tell you, that dog is a sly dog ;

And if I should *twig* him in fashion so queer,  
'Tis, doubtless, a *crab*-stick he'd think me, I fear.  
I've met many pigs and old women before,  
And always found *one* of the party a bore."

Then the little old woman—my stars ! how she bounc'd !  
Her nose and chin toss'd, and her petticoats flounc'd ;  
When just at the moment pass'd by an old flame,  
Whose acquaintance and aid she fail'd not to claim ;  
And says she, " My brave spark, do light on yon stick,  
Who refuses that rude mangy puppy to lick,  
Who vainly I ask piggy-wiggy to bite,  
Who won't cross the stile out of obstinate spite,  
And I fear I shan't get to my cottage to night."

Thus Goody petition'd ; but, 'twixt me and you,  
Her flame look'd and listen'd, and look'd rather blue ;  
And then, too, like many a wandering spark,  
He led her a dance, to be left in the dark.

The dame with vexation had dropt, but that near  
A sweet singing rivulet chancing to hear,  
That onwards was rambling all life and all light,  
With Heaven-lit bosom all things making bright ;  
Says she, " Pretty Brooklet, the courage now cool  
Of yon saucy spark, just to prove him a fool."  
Said the Brook, " Ma'am, excuse me, for should quarrels  
muddle

My life's tranquil way, I should prove a mere puddle."

So, murmuring on in her sweet woodland strain,  
The brook sought her own peaceful valley again.

Screams the Dame, " You're a ——," but by the way,  
Whate'er the old woman was going to say,  
For the sake of good breeding, 'twere best to forget,  
As folks seldom compliment when in a pet.  
However, she luckily then chanced to spy  
A Bull at his meals in the meadow hard by ;  
And she pray'd of the Brook he would take a good sup,  
And wash down his dinner by drinking it up.  
But the Bull in this instance behaved like a *bear*,  
And bellow'd and bounc'd like a debutante player.

" Be warned—keep your distance !" he roars, " my old  
Venus ;

Lest, deciding the odds, be a *toss up* between us !"   
At length the poor Dame met a spruce looking blade,  
(In fact, the young man was a butcher by trade) ;  
She told her sad story of passion and pig,—  
The fellow was arch, and answered in gig :  
" 'Twixt you and your pig, ma'am, should I interfere,  
Perhaps I might catch ' *the wrong sow by the ear* !' "

Our Dame was despairing, when with a new hope,  
Delighted she look'd on a tough sturdy rope.  
" Oh ! hang him," she cried, " yon saucy young man !"   
Says the rope, " Ma'am, for *you*, I'll do all that I can ;  
So as for the business, there'll soon be an end on't,  
My yarn is well spliced, ma'am, and *you may depend on't*."  
The dame felt the sneer ; but just then so pat,  
Her pathway of trouble was cross'd by a rat :



Says the little old woman, " Good even, my friend ;  
Oblige me by gnawing yon shabby rope's end !"  
" Take heed," he replied, " when you ask folks to gnaw,  
Pray bait with a pleasanter task for their jaw.  
'Tis awkward," adds he of the dwelling beneath,  
" To greet one by throwing rope's end in one's teeth."  
Ill-timed this advice, for a hungry cat  
Passing by, says the Dame, " Pussy, eat up that rat !"  
" Ah, ha ! Dame, you've hit it—your triumph's complete ;  
So home to your cottage, while I win the meat !"  
'Twas thus spoke Grimalkin, the liquorish Cat,  
Who sprang to devour the terrified Rat,  
Who lost not a moment the tough Rope to gnaw,  
Who hastened a noose round the Butcher to draw,  
Who quickly prepar'd the proud Bull to slaughter,  
Who had now no objection to swallow the Water,  
Who hastened as quickly the Fire to drown,  
Who hurried to burn the rough Bramble twig down,  
Who belabour'd the Dog with his strongest of might,  
Who snapped Piggy-wiggy—hurrah ! for his bite ;  
For, 'tis said, the old Woman got safe home that night.

*The Moral.*

No finger stirs, in vain you kneel and sue,  
The work brings benefit to none but you ;  
Must, to exert themselves, your friends be won,  
Make it their *interest*, and the work is done.

## THE VILLAGE CONJURER.

COME round me, good people, your fortunes to know,  
The present, the future, and past, can I show ;  
In the lines of your hands I can destiny read,  
For I know hocus-pocus as well as my creed.

I am called Aristophilas Habi Baboon,  
I am old as the stars, and was born in the moon ;  
I shall live to the year seven thousand and five,  
And mere hocus-pocus will keep me alive !

Stop, stop, pretty damsel, your hand let me see,  
You shall hear if you'll husbands have, one, two, or three ;  
If handsome or ugly, if brown or if fair,  
By dint of my art, I can tell to a hair.

If any fair maid should be anxious to send  
A few tender lines to some far-distant friend,  
If touch'd by my wand, (it can scarce be believ'd)  
In less than five minutes, her letter's receiv'd !

If any good dame should be anxious to learn  
Why the cows have the murrain—her butter won't churn ;  
Should imps in her kitchen, or bairns make a rout,  
Before she counts five, I can find the witch out.

Any spinster, who somewhat advanc'd is in life,  
And begins to despair to be ever a wife,  
May here buy six husbands, or should she choose more,  
An additional shilling will purchase a score !

But should some too simple and credulous maid,  
By the oaths of her lover seduc'd and betray'd,  
Endeavour by witchcraft to lighten her pain,  
And try hocus-pocus to bring back her swain,—

With a fee in her hand, and a tear in her eye,  
Should she come to my door, and complain with a sigh :  
“ False Robin is gone, and I'm ruin'd, alack !  
Oh ! dear Mr. Conjuror, make him come back !”

'Tis here, I confess the defect of my art,—  
My spells have no power to cure a false heart :  
The flame must for ever extinguish'd remain,  
For the devil himself could not light it again !

## THE ADIEU.

Yes ! dearest girl, the time is past  
When, rural pleasures flying,  
You seek the busy town, while here  
I stay, in absence sighing !  
But seated at some splendid show,  
When all with pleasure eye you,  
Oh ! then on me one thought bestow,  
And wish that I were nigh you.

Till summer brings thee back, my love,  
Of pomp and tumult weary,  
The heavy hours will slowly move,  
And all be chill and dreary.  
Fair spring in vain will boast her reign,  
And trees their leaves recover ;  
While, far from thee, it still must be  
December with thy lover.

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## THE BUTTERFLY.

Still free from thought, and free from sorrow,  
Wave, lovely fly, thy wings in play ;  
Though Time may clip those wings to-morrow,  
An age of bliss is thine to-day.

Would that thy life's short, happy measure  
Were mine,—but, ah ! that wish is vain ;  
Still must thou sport through days of pleasure,  
While I still sigh through years of pain !

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## SONG.

When last I saw this well-known bower,  
It seem'd most fresh and fair ;  
What brilliant tints adorn'd each flower !  
How balmy breathed the air !  
The linnet pour'd from yonder spray  
Notes sweet and clear ;  
And all was lovely, all was gay,  
For—*she* was here !

But now the flowers no sweets exhale,  
Lost is their vivid dye ;  
And, murmuring low, each passing gale  
Seems freighted with a sigh.  
The warbled notes untuneful sound,  
Each charm is fled ;  
And all seems dark and sad around,  
For—*she* is dead !

## LOVE AND TIME.

“ Why dost thou shun me ? ”—thus, with wrath inflamed,  
One day, accosting Cupid, Time exclaim’d.

“ Why must complaints for ever stun my ears,  
That Love still flies the moment Time appears ? ”

“ Yours is the fault,” said Love ; “ so swift your pace,  
Speed how I may, your wings still win the race :  
Morn, noon, and night, some nymph or shepherd sighs,  
‘ When Love is with us, oh ! how swift Time flies ! ’ ”

During the time Lewis was engaged in this literary trifling, he by no means neglected his other literary avocations ; but was fast obtaining celebrity as a dramatist, by the successive production of a series of plays, of which we shall give a brief detail in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“The Castle Spectre”—“The Minister”—“Rolla”—“The Twins”  
—“Adelmorn the Outlaw”—“Alfonso”—“The Captive”—  
“The Bravo of Venice,” &c. &c.

THE year following that in which “The Monk” was published, Lewis produced his celebrated musical drama, “The Castle Spectre.” This play was founded upon the romance of which such frequent mention is made in his early letters ; and its success with play-goers was nearly as great as that of his previous work had been with novel-readers. It *ran* about sixty nights, and continued popular, as an acting play, up to a very recent period. We have been informed—and it gives us pleasure to record it—that the author’s sister, Lady Lushington, with the delicate tact of a correct judgment, and a pure and pious mind, struck out, with her own hand, all the passages from the play which she imagined might be construed into offences

against religion, and it was not until she had performed this kindly office, that her brother submitted it to the public.

The "Castle Spectre" is far from possessing any great literary merit, and one would have imagined, from the many extravagances in its construction, that it would not have succeeded on the stage. Yet so pleasing is the dialogue, such the ingenuity of some scenes, and the interest which the author has managed to sustain throughout the whole, that the mind becomes almost sufficiently satisfied and excited, to tolerate the introduction of ghosts, "with white and flowing garments, spotted with blood"—"thunder-storms"—"blazes of light," and such terrible machinery as a prolific genius in horrors might have chosen to create.

Sheridan, who never had a high opinion of the drama, recommended Lewis to keep the spectre out of the last scene; a piece of advice which the author peremptorily rejected; and the applause of the audience showed that if not correct in taste, he was at least successful in his ideas of stage effect. He observes,\* "It had been said, that if Mr. Sheridan had not advised me to content

\* Vide Preface to "Castle Spectre."



myself with a single spectre, I meant to have exhibited a whole regiment of ghosts ;"—and after denying that such had ever been his intention, he proceeds to state, that "Never was any poor *soul* so ill used as Evelina's, previous to presenting herself before the audience. The friends to whom I read my drama, the managers to whom I presented it, and the actors who were to perform it, all combined to persecute my spectre, and requested me to confine my ghost to the green-room. Aware that, without her, my catastrophe would closely resemble that of "The Grecian Daughter," I resolved upon retaining her. The event justified my obstinacy. The spectre was as well treated before the curtain as she had been ill used behind it ; and as she continues to make her appearance nightly, with increased applause, I think myself under great obligations to her and her representative."

The terrors inspired by the spectre were not confined to Drury Lane ; but, as the following anecdote shows, on one occasion they even extended considerably beyond it. Mrs. Powell, who played Evelina—having become, from the number of representations, heartily tired and wearied with the character—one evening, on returning from the theatre, walked listlessly into a drawing-room,

and throwing herself into a seat, exclaimed, "Oh, this ghost! this ghost! Heavens! how the ghost torments me!"

"Ma'am!" uttered a tremulous voice, from the other side of the table.

Mrs. Powell looked up hastily. "Sir!" she reiterated in nearly the same tone, as she encountered the pale countenance of a very sober-looking gentleman opposite.

"What—what was it you said, madam?"

"Really, sir," replied the astonished actress, "I have not the pleasure of—Why, good heavens, what have they been about in the room?"

"Madam!" continued the gentleman, "the room is mine, and I will thank you to explain—"

"Yours!" screamed Mrs. Powell; "surely, sir, this is Number 1."

"No, indeed, madam," he replied: "this is Number 2; and, really, your language is so very extraordinary, that—"

Mrs. Powell, amidst her confusion, could scarcely refrain from laughter. "Ten thousand pardons!" she said. "The coachman must have mistaken the house. I am Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane, and have just come from performing the 'Castle Spectre.' Fatigue and absence of mind have made me an unconscious intruder. I lodge next

door, and I hope you will excuse the unintentional alarm I have occasioned you."

It is almost needless to add, that the gentleman was much relieved by this rational explanation, and participated in the mirth of his nocturnal visiter, as he politely escorted her to the street-door. "Good night," said the still laughing actress; "and I hope, sir, in future, I shall pay more attention to *number one*."

The business-like, matter-of-fact rehearsals of the play were particularly amusing to the young dramatist; and on returning from them he was in the habit of calling on his mother, to give her an account of what had been done, and how his piece was progressing. We are indebted for the following anecdote to a party who happened to be present on one of these occasions: "I was in the theatre this morning"—said he; "they were rehearsing the play, and you cannot think the amusement I had. Mrs. Jordan was not there, and the prompter, as I believe is usual in those cases, read the part. Well, there stood little Powell with his book—by-the-by, taking the opportunity of showing people that he knew something of acting—so on they went.

"Hem! let me see—Oh—I have it!—Man,

man!—(my dear sir, what *are* you about?)—drive me not mad!

“‘Sir, I am sure I beg your pardon,’ replied the tyrant Osmond, bowing very politely.

“And then it was so irresistibly comic, to hear that furious baron launch out, — ‘Yes! though Evelina’s bleeding ghost should flit before me, and thunder in mine ear,—(what a deuce of a noise these carpenters are making!)’”

Soon after the favourable reception of the “Castle Spectre,” Lewis published a translation from Schiller’s “Cabale und Liebe,” which he entitled “The Minister,” — the tragedy to which allusion is made in one of the preceding letters. It was not, however, brought upon the stage until some years afterwards, when it was played at Covent Garden, under the title of the “Harper’s Daughter;” but not meeting with much success, was soon after laid aside. In the same year (1797) he published another tragedy, called “Rolla,” a translation from the German of Kotzebue, which, we believe, was never played, but gave place to Sheridan’s “Pizarro,” another version of the same tragedy, and still popular as an acting play.

Soon afterwards, the farce which he speaks of in

one of his letters, as having been written for Bannister, was played for that actor's benefit, at Drury Lane. It was called "The Twins; or, Is it he, or his brother?" and taken from the French. But as it was never repeated after the first representation, we may presume that it was not very favourably received.

His next dramatic production, of any note from its success on the stage, after the "Castle Spectre," was the comedy of the "East Indian,"—so often mentioned in his early letters, as having been accepted by Mrs. Jordan. It was at length performed for her benefit, and afterwards repeated for Mrs. Powell's, in the latter end of the year 1799. The following year, it was adopted by Drury Lane, and played for a succession of nights with the greatest applause.

This comedy, as we have already observed, was written by Lewis, when only sixteen years of age;—a circumstance he mentions in his preface to the work; but the public, or rather a portion of the press, seemed inclined to treat this assertion rather as an excuse for the indifferent merit of the play, than as one to be implicitly relied on. The foregoing letters, however, amply corroborate the truth of the author's statement, and clearly show that the piece was written at the early age which

he affirmed. He appears, indeed, to have had a great favour and affection for this juvenile dramatic effort, and although it was not ushered into the world until nearly eight years after it was written, he made no further alteration in it, but merely contented himself with observing in the prologue, that—

“Ere sixteen years had wing’d their wanton flight,  
When yet his head was young, his heart was light,  
Our author plann’d these scenes ; and while he drew,  
How bright each colour seem’d, each line how true !  
Gods ! with what rapture every speech he spoke !  
Gods ! how he chuckled as he penned each joke !  
And when at length his ravish’d eyes survey  
That wondrous work complete—a five-act play,  
His youthful heart—how self-applauses swell !  
It isn’t perfect, but it’s vastly well !  
Since then with many a pang our bard has brought  
More just decision and less partial thought ;  
Kind vanity no longer blinds his sight,  
His fillet falls, and lets in odious light.  
Time bids the darling work its leaves expand,  
Each flower parnassian withers in his hand ;  
Stern judgment every latent fault detects,  
And all its fancied beauties prove defects.  
Yet, for she thinks some scenes possess an art  
To please the fancy and to melt the heart,  
Thalia bids his play to-night appear ;  
Thalia called in heaven, but Jordan here.

So frail his hope, so weak he thinks his cause,  
Our author says he dares not ask applause :  
He only begs that with indulgence new,  
You'll hear him patiently, and hear him through ;  
Then if his piece prove worthless, never sham it,  
But damn it, gentle friends, oh, damn it ! damn it !"

As the achievement of a boy of sixteen, the "East Indian" is certainly an extraordinary work ; but if its value is to be rested on its merits alone—as ought to be the case with all literary productions—its claims to popularity are small indeed. The construction of the play is by no means amiss ; the situations are generally good, and many of the characters are tolerably drawn ; but it abounds with absurdities, and is moreover greatly destitute of originality. The moral is also exceedingly questionable ; in one sense indeed it may be said to be abominable : for it turns on the happiness of a young lady who has eloped from India with a married man, and is made happy by his becoming a widower. The error consists in adopting such a situation, and not in the author's manner of treating it ; for in no other way does the play exhibit any thing calculated to have an immoral tendency. And even the happiness of the heroine is carefully limited : for in the con-

cluding passage, Zorayda is made to exclaim, "Ah! my father, 'tis a cloud which must never be removed, for 'tis the gloom of self-reproach.—I have erred and been forgiven; but am I less culpable? Your indulgence has been great; but is my fault therefore less enormous? Oh, no, no, no! The calm of innocence has for ever left me, the courage of conscious virtue must be mine no more. Still must the memory of errors past torment me, and imbitter every future joy. Still must I blush to read scorn in the world's eye, and suspicion in my husband's; and still must I feel this painful truth most keenly, that she who once deviated from the paths of virtue, though she may obtain the forgiveness of others, can never obtain her own!"

A portion of the plot of the "East Indian" is borrowed from the old novels of "Cecilia" and "Sidney Biddulph;" from the latter of which, a portion of that of the "School for Scandal" is also taken. Lewis attributes the failure of the comedy during its latter representations, to "Mr. Sheridan having blocked up my road, mounted on his great tragic war-horse "Pizarro," and trampled my humble pad-nag of a comedy under foot, without the least compunction." But this is by no means



a satisfactory reason for its want of ulterior success, which must he referred to the best of all possible causes—that it did not deserve it.

The same year he produced his first opera, “Adelmorn, the Outlaw.” It was played at Drury Lane, but its reception was one of a very ordinary nature. “Adelmorn,” notwithstanding, was a pretty, romantic affair; the music, by Michael Kelly, was sweet and appropriate; and the performers, particularly Mrs. Jordan and C. Kemble, were by no means sparing of their exertions. But the representation of a certain dream of the hero, where a spirit is represented ascending, amid choiring cherubims, procured for the ill-fated “Monk” his usual bad luck:—the scene was considered to be irreverent, and great offence was taken at its representation. A servant, too, who was made to use some ill-timed jests, was very badly received. On the next representation, however, the dream having been withdrawn, the witty servant made to hold his tongue, and some other change affected in the catastrophe, the “Outlaw” was better received; but it never, to use a theatrical term, “obtained a run.”

After “Adelmorn,” Lewis produced his tragedy of “Alfonso, King of Castile.” In a post-script to one of his letters to his mother—his

usual confessor on literary matters—he mentions, “I have begun a tragedy in blank verse; but I stick in the third act, at a reconciliation between a king and a princess—the two stupidest people I ever met with.”

Before “Alfonso” was brought upon the stage, a slight misunderstanding took place between Lewis and Sheridan, in regard to producing the plays of the former at Drury Lane; and he immediately transferred them to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who gave them a most flattering reception; showing that the two great rival houses acted towards each other in those days pretty much in the same spirit as they do at present. The following is an extract from another letter to his mother, a short time before the piece came out: “As to my melodrama, it is no *particular* secret, but still it is better not to talk more about it than can be helped. Harris is highly pleased with it, and means to bring it out the first piece in the season; probably in the month of October. The scenes and dresses are already preparing, and it is to be brought out with great splendour. I have also given him the spectacle which Sheridan stopped at Drury Lane for ‘Ali Baba,’ and which I then took away. Harris has accepted it with great joy, and praises it extremely.

But I rather wish its appearance to be deferred till another season."

The origin of "Alfonso" is curious enough. "Hearing one day," says the author, "my introduction of negroes into a feudal baron's castle (in the 'Castle Spectre') exclaimed against with as much vehemence as if a dramatic anachronism had been an offence undeserving of benefit of clergy; I said in a moment of petulance, that to prove of how little consequence I esteemed such errors, I would write a play upon the Gunpowder Plot, and make Guy Faux in love with the Emperor Charlemagne's daughter! By some chance or other, this idea fastened itself upon me, and by dint of turning it in my mind, I at length formed the plot of 'Alfonso.'"

In consequence of the numerous discrepancies between "Adelmorn," as it was printed, and the opera, as it was performed, Lewis resolved that "Alfonso" should not be subjected to similar treatment, and it was accordingly printed before representation. After alluding to this play, he adds, "In writing it, I have spared no pains—it has gone to the public not as a good play, but as the best I can produce. Very possibly, nobody could write a worse tragedy; but it is a melancholy truth, that I cannot write a better."

“Alfonso” was first played at Covent Garden on the 15th of January, 1802. The characters were admirably sustained: the celebrated George Frederick Cooke played the character of *Orsino*; Mrs. Litchfield that of *Uttilla*; Mrs. Henry Johnstone took the part of *Amelrosa*; and the author himself confessed that he could never even wish to see his tragedy better represented. But it was impossible for any acting, however superior, to compensate altogether for some of Lewis’s favourite extravagances, which are conspicuous in this piece. The catastrophe is brought about with so much stabbing, poisoning, and such general slaughter among his characters, that instead of being able, like Mr. Puff, to indulge a hope of their “going off kneeling,” he might reasonably have entertained doubts as to the possibility of their going off at all; and the humane audience, at the conclusion of the piece, began to evince some symptoms of disapprobation at the murder of so many respectable individuals. But, notwithstanding this, the spirited representation of the characters, combined with one or two of Lewis’s favourite *ruses dramatiques*—such as the blowing up of a subterranean vault, the sudden intervention of a “signal horn,” and other startling inci-

dents, procured for the piece, on the whole a good reception, and it was played with great applause for a succession of nights.

This tragedy, like most of Lewis's other dramatic works, has many good situations, and there are some fine passages in its dialogue. But at the same time, it cannot be denied that both in the language and construction of the play, there are numerous exhibitions of exceedingly bad taste. The introductory soliloquy of Otilia commences and ends in a style nearly approaching to bombast, and on many occasions we are presented with passages that strongly remind us of the language so admirably ridiculed by Sheridan, in the inimitable farce to which we have just alluded. The redeeming passages, on the other hand, are, for the most part, beautifully poetical, abounding in the finest pathos and imagery ; such for instance as the following :

" *Amelrosa*. There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in ocean,  
But lives to love ! For when the Great Unknown  
Parted the elements, and out of chaos  
Formed this fair world with one blest, blessing word,  
That word was Love ! Angels, with golden clarions,  
Prolonged in heavenly strain the heavenly sound ;—  
The mountain echoes caught it ; the four winds

Spread it, rejoicing, o'er the world of waters :  
 And, since that hour, in forest or by fountain,  
 On hill, or moor, whate'er be nature's song,  
 Love is her theme—Love ! universal Love !

\* \* \* \*

Four years are past since first Orsino's sorrows  
 Struck on my startled ear ; that sound once heard,  
 Ne'er left my ear again—but day and night,  
 Whether I walked or sat, awake or sleeping,  
 The captive, the poor captive still was there ;  
 The rain seemed but *his* tears ; his hopeless groans  
 Spoke in each hollow wind, his nights of anguish  
 Robbed mine of rest, or if I slept, my dreams  
 Showed his pale wasted form, his beamless eye  
 Fixed on the moon, his meager hands now folded  
 In dull despair, now rending his few locks,  
 Untimely gray ; and now again in frenzy  
 Dreadful he shrieked ; tore with his teeth his flesh,  
 'Gainst his dark prison-walls dashed out his brains,  
 And died despairing ! From my couch I started ;  
 I sunk upon my knees—I kissed this cross.  
 —'Captive !' I cried—'I'll die, or set thee free !' ”  
 “ *Alfonso*. And didst thou ? Bless thee !—didst thou ? ”  
 “ *Amelrosa*. Moved by my gold,  
 More by my prayers, most by his own heart's pity,  
 His gaoler yielded to release Orsino,  
 And spread his death's report. One night, when all  
 Was hushed, I sought his tower, unlocked his chains,  
 And bade him rise and fly ! With vacant stare,  
 Bewildered, wondering, doubting what he heard,  
 He followed to the gate. But when he viewed

The sky thick sown with stars, and drank heaven's air,  
And heard the nightingale, and saw the moon  
Shed o'er these groves a shower of silver light,  
Hope thawed his frozen heart, in livelier current  
Flowed his grief-thickened blood, his proud soul melted,  
And down his furrowed cheeks kind tears came stealing,  
Sad, sweet, and gentle as the dews which evening  
Sheds o'er expiring day. Words had he none,  
But with his looks he thanked me. At my feet  
He sank; he wrung my hand—his pale lips pressed it.  
He sighed—he rose—he fled. He lives!—my father!"

"Alfonso" is, indeed, a medley of beauty and extravagance. The play is replete with both; and it is hard to say which of the two forms its prevailing character. It has, however, the unquestionable advantage of being open in no degree to the charge of immorality; and forms an exception in that respect to many of the author's other writings.

On this subject Lewis was peculiarly sensitive. He had suffered much from the want of judgment—for we do not think it was want of principle—which he had so frequently displayed. The public continued to look on all his productions with a jealous eye, as regarded this particular, and there can be no doubt that the bad repute which his previous works had given his name, was frequently

the cause of affixing charges on his subsequent writings, which they were in many instances far from deserving. In reference to "Alfonso," he observed, "To the assertion that my play is stupid, I have nothing to object; if it be found so, even let it so be said. But if, as was most falsely asserted of 'Adelmorn,' any anonymous writer should advance that my tragedy is immoral, I expect him to prove his assertions, by quoting the objectionable passages. This I demand as an act of *justice*; as a matter of *favour*, perhaps, I might request my censurers to speak of my play as it is, and

' Nothing extenuate,  
Nor aught set down in malice.'

But this is a request which experience forbids my making; knowing perfectly well that it would not be complied with."

The following letter will show the manner in which Lewis speaks of the success of this tragedy. The first part relates to another matter; but as even that has some connexion with his rising fame as a dramatist, we have introduced the letter entire.



" Barnes, January 13, 1803.

" MY DEAR MOTHER,

" I return you Mrs. Sewell's letters and verses. I had a letter from her myself yesterday, stating that she meant to publish her poems by *subscription*: I wish you would put down my name; and when the book appears, I will trouble you (if you will let me know of its publication) to transmit 5*l.* to her, either for my copy, or for as many copies as will amount to that sum, whichever you think will appear the most civil to her; but I particularly wish my name *not* to be put down for *more than one* copy. I have had so much flattery and censure for the last eight years, that I am quite indifferent about both; and therefore cannot say, with truth, that I am very grateful. However, if you choose to take the *sin* of the falsehood upon your own shoulders, you are welcome to say that I am highly flattered by the verses, &c. As to the verses, they are neither good nor very bad. I hope she does not mean to publish them; but if she does, you should apprise her that she has got the names wrong: Angelina should be Angela—Oswald should be Orsino. If she does not correct this fault, people will suppose that she never read the plays in question, but was determined to praise me *à tort et à travers*;—"the beauteous

form" clearly belongs to the muse, not to me. But you are quite right that the title of her poem should be, "To the Muse, on reading the Tragedy of 'Alfonso,' by M. G. Lewis." When I read the lines, *I*, too, thought that she imagined the play to have failed; but, in her letter, she asks "Whether I wondered at its having succeeded?" I now believe that *it* relates to the *tower*; but this is so obscure, that every body would suppose that the play had been damned; which is the only possible supposition I am anxious to avoid. In fact, the two lines had better be left out; for the second is an arrant plagiarism—it having been said of old oaks or old walls (I forget which), that they were

" Graced by defect, and worshipp'd in decay ;"

which is nearly the same idea and words. But I hope these lines will not be printed. The more praise the more envy: and the first, in my opinion, does not balance the second in *value*, and certainly does not in *activity*.

" 'Alfonso' has been played with great applause; so great, indeed, that Mr. Harris (who was present from the rising of the curtain to its fall) ordered 'Richard the Third,' which had been announced for the next tragedy, to be postponed,

and 'Alfonso' to be repeated instead of it. For what reason I know not, but Mr. Harris has taken, all of a sudden, a fancy for every thing that I do. I sent to ask him whether he would let Mrs. Litchfield speak some lines which I have written, between the play and the farce. 'Any thing that you choose to be brought forward,' said he, 'shall be produced immediately.' He has got my afterpiece again (but which I like so little myself, that I do not think that I shall let it appear), and wants it lengthened into a *first* piece; for, just now, he seems to think he cannot have enough of my writing: nay, he carried his enthusiasm so far, that when 'Alfonso' was advertised this year, contrary to all custom, he put the author's name in the bills, as if nobody could resist that attraction. How this happens I am ignorant: but the fact is, that he is as full of civility, and compliments, and fine speeches, as he can cram. The lines which I mentioned to be spoken by Mrs. Litchfield, are called 'The Captive,' and are to be spoken with accompaniments of music. I believe, too, 'The Minister' will be played for Johnstone's benefit, under the title of 'The Harper's Daughter.' But do not mention *either* of the above circumstances, for particular reasons.

“ I do not know any thing about Mr. Sewell, not having been in town for some time. You quite mistook me about him; I alluded to his general behaviour, not to any particular circumstance which had occurred lately. Maria is quite well. I dine with her to-morrow, being my father’s birthday; for which I shall go to London. If I can give Miss Parsons orders for ‘Alfonso,’ I will; but as I have no *right* to give them this season, and only am upon *sufferance* in that respect, I am obliged to restrict myself to a certain number. Sophia is just returned to town, in good health and spirits, but rather in the dumps at her sister’s not having yet succeeded in getting an opera-box.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.

“ Pray let Mrs. Sewell know that I answered her letter, writing simply to Chertsey, for I burnt her letter before I examined the particular address.”

In the foregoing letter he speaks of some lines called “The Captive,” to be recited by Mrs. Litchfield. This was his celebrated monodrama of that name, which, on its representation, pro-

duced such an extraordinary effect upon the audience. In a letter to his mother a few days before "The Captive" was performed, he gives the following opinion of its probable fate: "The monodrama comes out on Tuesday. I have not yet been at a single rehearsal. It cannot possibly succeed:" and this opinion was amply verified by the subsequent fate of the piece. Perhaps its effect on the house might, in some measure, be considered as successful, although it was such as to banish it from the stage.

Mrs. Litchfield recited the monodrama in the most perfect manner; and gave to the performance all the effect of fine acting. Her character was that of a maniac, and her embodyment of the author's horrible imagings, combined with the scenic effect, and other startling appearances, which with his usual skill he introduced in the piece, threw a portion of the audience—whose nerves were unable to withstand the dreadful truth of the language and the scene—into hysterics, and the whole theatre into confusion and horror. To judge from the appearance of the house, it might have been imagined, that instead of the representation of a maniac, one of Lewis's "gibbering ghosts" had favoured the stage with a visit *in propria personâ*. Never did Covent Garden present such

a picture of agitation and dismay. Ladies bathed in tears—others fainting—and some shrieking with terror—while such of the audience as were able to avoid demonstrations like these, sat aghast, with pale horror painted on their countenances. It is said, that the very box-keepers took fright, less, perhaps, at the occurrences on the stage than at the state of the theatre; and such was the general confusion that not a few were ignorant that the piece had really been performed throughout—a statement to the contrary being erroneously made in some of the papers and magazines of the day. In the following letter Lewis acquaints his mother with the fate of the monodrama.

“ Wednesday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ The papers will have already informed you that the monodrama has failed. It proved much too terrible for representation, and two people went into hysterics during the performance, and two more after the curtain dropped. It was given out again with a mixture of applause and disapprobation; but I immediately withdrew the piece. In fact, the subject (which was merely a picture of madness) was so uniformly distressing to the feelings, that at last I felt my own a little

painful; and as to Mrs. Litchfield, she almost fainted away. I did not expect that it would succeed; and of course am not disappointed at its failure. The only chance was, whether pity would make the audience weep; but, instead of that, terror threw them into fits; and, of course, there was an end to my monodrama. I thought you would like to hear this account from myself, and therefore write these few lines. I hope Tunbridge continues to agree with you. Read 'Rosella,' if you have not done so already:—I am delighted with it.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

As this monodrama is little known—having, we believe, never been published by the author—we shall here present it to our readers in its original form, with all the stage directions, &c., as written by Lewis himself.

## THE CAPTIVE.

THE scene represents a dungeon, in which is a grated door, guarded by strong bars and chains. In the upper part is an open gallery, leading to the cells above.

Slow and melancholy music. The Captive is discovered in the attitude of hopeless grief :—she is in chains ;—her eyes are fixed, with a vacant stare, and her hands are folded.

After a pause, the Gaoler is seen passing through the upper gallery with a lamp : he appears at the grate, and opens the door. The noise of the bars falling rouses the Captive. She looks round eagerly ; but on seeing the Gaoler enter, she waves her hand mournfully, and relapses into her former stupor.

The Gaoler replenishes a jug with water, and places a loaf of bread by her side. He then prepares to leave the dungeon, when the Captive seems to resolve on making an attempt to excite his compassion : she rises from her bed of straw, clasps his hand, and sinks at his feet. The music ceases, and she speaks.

“ Stay, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe !

She is not mad who kneels to thee ;

For what I’m now too well I know,

And what I was, and what should be.

I’ll rave no more in proud despair ;

My language shall be calm, though sad ;

But yet I’ll firmly, truly swear

I am not mad ! [then kissing his hand] I am not mad !



[He offers to leave her ; she detains him, and continues, in a tone of eager persuasion,]

A tyrant husband forged the tale  
Which chains me in this dreary cell ;  
My fate, unknown, my friends bewail—  
Oh ! gaoler, haste, that fate to tell.  
Oh ! haste, my father's heart to cheer ;  
That heart, at once, 'twill grieve and glad  
To know, though kept a captive here,  
I am not mad ! not mad ! not mad !

[Harsh music, while the Gaoler, with a look of contempt and disbelief, forces his hand from her grasp, and leaves her. The bars are heard replacing.]

He smiles in scorn !—  
He turns the key !  
He quits the grate !—I knelt in vain !  
Still—still, his glimmering lamp I see.”

[Music expressing the light growing fainter, as the Gaoler retires through the gallery, and the Captive watches his departure with eager looks.]

’Tis lost !—and all is gloom again.

[She shivers, and wraps her garment more closely round her.]

Cold !—bitter cold !—no warmth !—no light !

Life ! all thy comforts once I had ;

Yet, here I’m chain’d this freezing night,

[Eagerly.] Although not mad ! no, no, no, no—not mad !

[A few bars of melancholy music, which she interrupts, by exclaiming suddenly,]

'Tis sure a dream?—some fancy vain !

[Proudly.] I—I, the child of rank and wealth !

Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,

Deprived of freedom, friends, and health ?

Oh ! while I count those blessings fled,

Which never more my hours must glad,

How aches my heart !—how burns my head !—

[Interrupting herself hastily, and pressing her hands forcibly against her forehead.]

But 'tis not mad !—no, 'tis not mad !

[She remains fixed in this attitude, with a look of fear, till the music, changing, expresses that some tender, melancholy reflection has passed her mind.]

My child !

Ah ! hast thou not forgot, by this,

Thy mother's face—thy mother's tongue ?

She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,

[With a smile.] Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;

Nor how you sued with her to stay ;

Nor how that suit your sire forbad !

[With agony.] Nor how— [With a look of terror.]

- I'll drive such thoughts away ;

[In a hollow hurried voice.]

They'll make me mad ! They'll make me mad !

[A pause—she then proceeds with a melancholy smile,]

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !

His mild blue eyes how bright they shone !

Was never born a lovelier child,

[With a sudden burst of passionate grief, approaching to frenzy.]

And art thou now for ever gone?

And must I never see thee more?

My pretty, pretty, pretty lad!

[With energy.] I will be free!

[Endeavouring to force the grate.] Unbar this door!

I am not mad! I am not mad!

[She falls, exhausted, against the grate, by the bars of which she supports herself. She is roused from her stupor by loud shrieks, rattling of chains, &c.]

Hark! hark!—What mean those yells—those cries?

[The noise grows louder.]

His chain some furious madman breaks!

[The madman is seen to rush along the gallery with a blazing firebrand in his hand.]

He comes! I see his glaring eyes!

[The madman appears at the grate, which he endeavours to force, while she shrinks in an agony of terror.]

Now! now! my dungeon bars he shakes

Help! help!

[Scared by her cries, the madman quits the grate.]

[The madman again appears above, is seized by his keepers, with torches; and after some resistance, is dragged away.]

He's gone !—

Oh ! fearful woe,

Such screams to hear—such sights to see !

My brain ! my brain !—I know, I know

I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes—soon ! for, lo ! yon—while I speak—

Mark yonder demon's eyeballs glare !

He sees me !—now, with dreadful shriek,

He whirls a scorpion high in air !

Horror !—the reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart, so crush'd and sad :

Ay !—laugh, ye fiends !—I feel the truth !

'Tis done ! 'tis done ! [With a loud shriek.]

I'm mad !—I'm mad !

[She dashes herself in frenzy upon the ground.]

The two Brothers cross the gallery, dragging the Gaoler ; then a servant appears with a torch, conducting the Father, who is supported by his youngest daughter. They are followed by servants with torches, part of whom remain in the gallery. The Brothers appear at the grate, which they force the Gaoler to open ; they enter, and on seeing the Captive, one is struck with sorrow, while the other expresses violent anger against the Gaoler, who endeavours to excuse himself ; the Father and Sister enter, and approach the Captive, offering to raise her, when she starts up suddenly, and eyes them with a look of terror ; they endeavour to make themselves known to her, but in vain ; she shuns them, with fear and aversion, and taking some straw, begins to twine it into a crown, when her eyes

falling on the Gaoler, she shrieks in terror, and hides her face; the Gaoler is ordered to retire, and obeys; the Father again endeavours to awaken her attention, but in vain. He covers his face with his handkerchief, which the Captive draws away with a look of surprise. Their hopes are excited, and they watch her with eagerness. She wipes the old man's eyes with her hair, which she afterwards touches, and finding it wet with tears, bursts into a delirious laugh, resumes her crown of straw, and after working at it eagerly for a moment, suddenly drops it, and remains motionless with a vacant stare. The Father, &c., express their despair of her recovery—the music ceases. An old servant enters, leading her child, who advances with a careless look; but on seeing his mother, breaks from the servant, runs to her, and clasps her hand. She looks at him with a vacant stare, then, with an expression of excessive joy, exclaims “My child!” sinks on her knees, and clasps him to her bosom. The Father, &c., raise their hands to heaven, in gratitude for the return of her reason, and the curtain falls slowly to solemn music.

Mrs. Litchfield was an actress of great celebrity at this period, and by Lewis, as well as many others, esteemed one of the ornaments of the British stage. Her mind was precisely of a character fitted to receive the quick impress of his dark imaginings, and to her excellent acting he attributed, in a great measure, the success of many of his dramatic productions at Covent Garden.

Besides the foregoing plays, Lewis, in 1799,

published a poem called "The Love of Gain," imitated from the thirteenth satire of Juvenal. It was dedicated to Mr. Fox, and although by no means deficient in poetical merit, was never very popular, and is now almost unknown. His friend the Honourable William Lambe—the present Lord Melbourne—wrote some part of this poem, and the lines attributed to him are far from being inferior to the rest of the work.

In 1804 he gave the public his more celebrated "Bravo of Venice," a translation from the German, upon which, in the following year, he framed his melodrama of "Rugantino." This little romance is one of the most perfect of its kind, and highly characteristic of the exquisite contrivance, bold colouring, and profound mystery of the German school. It was dedicated to his friend the Earl of Moira, and translated and altered at Inverary Castle.

## CHAPTER IX.

Ballads and melodies.

WE have already remarked that the versification of Lewis, though not perhaps of the highest order in poetry, possessed peculiar smoothness and grace. This is more exemplified in his ballads than in any of his other metrical compositions.

Poetry, the numbers of which fall melodiously upon the ear in reading, soon obtains a large share of admirers; for pleasing versification is more readily appreciated than lofty and refined imagery, or deep subtilties of thought. Nearly all Lewis's verses possessed the former advantage, and they consequently obtained a rapid and extensive popularity when once set to music. Our author's muse seldom soared to a very high flight, and was therefore the less liable to those sudden "sinkings" which Johnson pronounces to be bathos. If his effu-

sions are incapable of calling forth high admiration, or of affording the delight we experience from the works of greater poets, yet the simplicity of his compositions seldom plunges us into the abyss of commonplace. His ballads and songs can always be read with some pleasure; but those which are wedded to even tolerable melodies afford much more, when moderately well performed. Indeed, the words of most of Lewis's songs follow each other so prettily, and the rhymes fall with such aptitude and easiness, that his poetry is admirably fitted for the hands of the musical composer.

The fame our hero acquired by his early ballads soon brought him a host of applicants for others. These chiefly consisted of the authors of operas or dramas in which an introduced song or two was deemed essential; so that besides writing verses for his own pieces, he very frequently relieved the poetical distresses of his dramatic brethren. So great was Lewis's facility in composition, that he has been known to throw off a couple of stanzas while the applicant for them has been describing of what nature they were to be. The number which he composed must have been immense; for he wrote a very large portion of the most popular ballads of his own time. Many of these we have seen attributed to other poets, but



have recently had the opportunity of tracing them to Lewis's facile pen.

Nor were his talents confined to writing the words of songs ; the author not unfrequently became a composer, and many of his melodies met with very general applause. Indeed the graceful smoothness of Lewis's poetry does not require any evidence of musical talent to prove the correctness of his ear. The melodies he composed, though not the work of a scientific musician, made up in taste and fancy for what they may have wanted in harmonic skill ; and they rapidly passed from ear to ear, and from voice to voice, because they were so exactly expressive of the words to which they were set, as to be quickly felt and easily understood.

One principal secret of the success of Lewis's ballads is, that they were most of them written while his mind was under the full influence of some circumstance to which they owed existence. Many trifling occurrences produced such effects upon his sensitive mind, that he frequently sought the solace of his muse, either to subdue some painful feeling, or to record some trifling event. Thus the *sentiment* he entertained for Lady Charlotte Campbell gave rise to some of his most touching effusions ; while the sudden encounter with the poor maniac of Inverary was made the subject of a

ballad, the popularity of which has never been exceeded.

Lewis always had a very high opinion of his sister Sophia's vocal abilities, and for her he wrote the ballad of "He loves and he rides away." Both author and composer seem to have been happy in hitting the powers of the young songstress; for to her piquant and effective manner of singing it, the ballad owed the enthusiastic praise of the favoured few who were privileged to hear it—which, perhaps, gave the first impulse to the extensive popularity the song afterwards procured with the public.

A practical compliment to her success in "He loves and he rides away," was once paid to Miss Sophia Lewis, by a lady of high rank. At a large party, the supper-table was decked with a most elaborate specimen of the confectioner's art, which from its size and magnificence hardly deserved to be called a *trifle*. There was a castle of pound-cake, the battlements of which were mounted with the most harmless of guns, and adorned with a fair damsel who was waving a white pocket-handkerchief compounded of spun sugar, and who was supposed to be shedding sweet, certainly not bitter, tears. Then there was a courtyard, with the recreant knight, who was in the act of

spurring his horse over a landscape made picturesque by huge rocks of comfits, precipices of barley-sugar, lakes of candy, and meadows of citron.

It is to be regretted that we are unable to give the name of the artist who manufactured the sweet compliment. The fame of so talented a "Gunter" ought certainly to have been handed down.

This ballad was several years afterwards introduced on the stage by a popular vocalist, and published by Horn the composer, certainly much improved by that gentleman's judicious and tasteful alterations. It seems, however, that the lyricist, like many others in the world, was not pleased to be set right, and accordingly made what is termed "a piece of work" about it, which ended in Mr. Horn being obliged to give an explanation and apology for his alteration on the title-page of the ballad.

"The Banks of Allan Water," sang in the opera of "Rich and Poor," by that sweetest of plaintive ballad-singers, the late Mrs. Bland, will ever be a favourite in the concert and music-room.

"No, my Love, no!" sang with peculiar archness by Mrs. C. Kemble, as Maria, in the farce of "Of Age, To-morrow," and "What though fate forbids me offer," introduced into the drama of

“Deaf and Dumb,” were from the pen of Lewis. The words of the former, as he at first wrote them for a duet, we find among the manuscripts placed in our hands, and here present them in their primitive dress.

### THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

KATE.—The boatswain is calling, my heart aches with fear,  
While I think of those perils which threaten my  
dear!

But my heart would fear no perils, no sorrows  
should I know,

If you'd let me go with you—

JACK.

Oh! no, my love, no!

JACK.—Where honour now calls me my love must not be;  
To conquer or die must your Jack plough the sea:  
Yet one fear, I own, alarms me:—since far away  
I go,

Ah! won't you forget me?

KATE.

Oh! no, my love, no!

KATE.—For should my Jack fall on some far distant shore,

JACK.—And when I return, should my Kate be no more,

KATE.—This heart which once I gave him,

JACK.

This love which now I show,

BOTH.—Should it e'er be another's?—Oh! no, my love, no!

“The wind it blows cold,” sung by Mrs. Jordan in “Adelmorn,” both music and words by

Lewis, is a very graceful ballad, as is also the "Lullaby," in the "Castle Spectre." The Greek Girl's Song at the Fountain, presents him in the double capacity of author and composer. The melody is perhaps one of his happiest attempts.

#### THE GREEK GIRL'S SONG AT THE FOUNTAIN.

I've cross'd the steep mountain,  
I've cross'd the shady dell ;  
" Go, pretty maid,"  
My mother said,  
" Draw water from the well ;  
And soon reach the fountain,  
And soon return to me ;  
Nor stay to greet  
The youths you meet,  
Whatever youths they be."

Assist me, good stranger,  
Or else I shall be chid ;  
Ah ! roll away  
The stone, I pray,  
That forms the fountain's lid.  
Ah ! save me from anger,—  
The stone I can't remove ;  
And Venus bless  
With all success,  
Yourself, and her you love !

And now, steps of fleetness  
 My homeward path shall greet ;  
 The pitcher's weight,  
 Alas ! is great,—  
 The sand, too, burns my feet !  
 But soon smiles of sweetness  
 My troubles shall requite ;  
 A mother's kiss  
 Shall pain dismiss,  
 For love makes labour light.

ANDANTE  
 SEMPLIOE



I've cross'd the steep moun - tain, I've



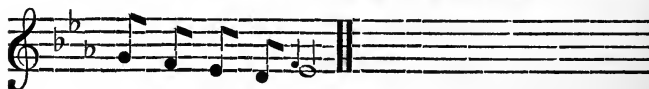
cross'd the shady dell. "Go, pret-ty maid," my mother said, "draw



wa-ter from the well ; And soon reach the fountain, and



soon re-turn to me, Nor stay to greet the youths you meet, what-



ev - er youths they be."

The concluding words of the following ballad present a kind of curiosity. The author, we conjecture, was in a splenetic mood when he wrote the lines. The manuscript is dated "Guildford, 1801."

## BALLAD.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

" Oh ! cold is the night, and the rain it beats hard ;  
Why com'st thou, fair damsel, to Guildford churchyard ?"  
" Nay, heed me not, stranger ; no terrors appal,  
For chill though the rain drops, my tears faster fall."

" But why is the rose from your cheek fled away ?  
And where is the soldier, so gallant and gay ?"  
" Oh ! sorrow has wither'd health's roses so sweet,  
And the gay, gallant soldier lies dead at my feet."

" Now tell me, fair damsel, then, what shall I do,  
To soothe the distress of thy bosom so true ?"  
" Oh ! return in the morning, and close where you see  
The grave of a soldier make there one for me."

His heart it was sad at thus hearing her rave ;  
He return'd in the morning, but dug not her grave :  
For his courtship soon making her sorrow discard,  
Now forgot lies the soldier in Guildford churchyard.

Many of Lewis's nautical ballads, in point of pathos, are not unworthy the pen of Dibdin. There is, however, a vast difference in the effect produced by the songs of the two authors. The first generally loved to paint the storm and the shipwreck, and to "sing the dangers of the sea;" while the spirit-stirring strains of the latter produced, it is said, a degree of enthusiasm among seamen of all grades, that did more towards manning the British fleet with gallant tars, than all the despotic exertions of the press-gang.

WILLIAM; OR, THE SAILOR BOY.

'Midst the shrouds the wind is sighing,  
Cold and chilly falls the dew;  
Swift the moonbeams onwards flying,  
Faintly tinge the waters blue.

Every sailor now is sleeping,  
With his daily toil oppress'd;  
I alone consume in weeping  
Hours, by nature meant for rest!

Wind, whose current briskly blowing,  
Swift its course to England bends,  
Would with thee I home were going  
To my country and my friends!



Tell, ah ! tell my sorrowing mother,  
How with her I long to be ;  
How in vain I strive to smother  
What I suffer here at sea !

Still the sailors mock my anguish,  
Strike me when they see my tears ;  
Still are angry that I languish,  
Till our vessel homeward steers.

Can I help it ? Here, to grieve me,  
Fears, and taunts, and blows I find ;  
There with kindness all receive me,  
All are gentle, all are kind !

In my mem'ry fresh as ever  
Lives the hour of parting still ;  
Sore my mother grieved to sever  
From her little darling Will.

All our friends in Wapping-alley  
Came a last farewell to take ;  
Brother Jack, and sister Sally,  
Sobb'd as if their hearts would break !

Then said I, No longer sorrow  
That your Will to sea is sent ;  
Gone to-day—I'm back to-morrow  
Ten times richer than I went.

Trees of jewels rare are growing  
In the climes beyond the main ;  
Soon with wealth my chest o'erflowing,  
You shall see me here again !

Then I told them, with what pleasure,  
When from India I came back,  
Sally's lap I'd fill with treasure,  
And would buy a horse for Jack.

Told them, how would I and brother  
Live as gay as little kings ;  
Told them how should Sal and mother  
Flaunt with caps, silk gowns, and rings.

Soon these dreams of gladness left me—  
Ah ! I still regret their loss ;  
Soon of every joy bereft me,  
My companions stern and cross !

While on shore they spoke me kindly,  
Gave me grog, and laugh'd and play'd ;  
Swore they loved me—I too blindly  
Still believed whate'er they said !

But, too late, I find their way is,  
Ill the young and weak to treat ;  
Find a powder-monkey's pay is  
Hearty kicks, and nought to eat !

Now the surly boatswain licks me—  
“ Curse the little sniv'ling dog !”  
Now the haughty captain kicks me,—  
“ Here, my lads, the rascal flog !”

Each the tyrant's justice praises,  
While the boatswain's sturdy arm  
High the cat-o'-nine-tails raises,  
And delights to work my harm !

Mother ! how you'd curse the hour  
When you sent your boy to sea,  
Could you view the faces sour,  
Smiling at the harsh decree !

How you'd grieve with eyes full streaming,  
Could you hear me grace implore,  
Struggling, writhing, sobbing, screaming,  
While the lash is dyed with gore !

But what makes this change of weather ?  
Wherefore mounts the sea so high ?  
Wherefore flock the clouds together ?  
Gracious Heaven ! a storm is nigh.

Fearful is the sea's commotion,  
How the winds the topsails tear !  
How with light'ning flames the ocean !  
Shield us ! what a flash was there !

Now his whistle shrilly blowing,  
Hark ! the boatswain wakes the crew !  
Louder still the wind is growing,  
Never wilder tempest blew.

Happy sister ! happy brother !  
Ye are safe on England's shore :  
England ! England ! Mother ! Mother !  
Must I never see ye more ?

Never ! 'tis decreed I perish !  
Death rolls on with yonder wave :  
Farewell ye, I love and cherish—  
These dark billows are my grave !

## THE ANCIENT MARINER'S FIRESIDE.

'Twas a sun-burnt sailor, weak and old, but still whose heart  
was gay ;  
The fire play'd kindly on his face, and gilt his locks so gray ;  
A roguish boy, his grandsire's joy, he danced upon his knee,  
And rock'd him to and fro, and sang, " Yo ho ! sweet boy,  
yo ye !"

My son, I've been in many a fight, and thought that death  
was nigh,  
But as I never lived in sin, I never fear'd to die :  
And storms have roar'd, and torrents pour'd, around my bark  
and me,  
But Conscience slept, and so did I: " Yo ho ! sweet boy,  
yo ye !"

I once was captured by the foe, and lost six pounds eleven ;  
But as the poor shared half my wealth, one half was safe in  
Heaven.  
Come what come will, come good, come ill—then, dying, cry  
like me,  
" God bless the king, and native land ! Yo ho ! sweet boy,  
yo ye !"

ANDANTE

'Twas a sun - burnt sail - weak and old, but  
 still whose heart was gay. The fire play'd kind - ly  
 on his face, and gilt his locks so gray. A  
 ro - guish boy, his grand-sire's joy, he danc'd up - on his  
 knee, And rock'd him to and fro; and sung yo ho, sweet boy, yo  
 yo, yo ho, yo ye.

## THE SAILOR-BOY'S DITTY.

The crew is at rest! but I, poor Sailor-boy,  
 In vain strive to slumber; I sleep not for joy;  
 For homewards I'm going, and soon shall once more  
 Be prest to the hearts of my friends upon shore.  
 Yo—ye! yo—ye! stormy winds are blowing;  
 Waves like mountains round the ship are flowing.

Blow on, ye winds! flow on, ye waves!  
No more from home ye tear me.  
Winds blow!  
Waves flow!  
And back to Britain bear me!

On board the Bill-ruffian we sail'd, and we soon  
Fell in with and captured a Spanish galleon.  
Now, light is my bosom—of gold I have store;  
That gold shall be yours, dear friends, upon shore.  
Yo—ye! yo—ye! stormy winds are blowing;  
Waves like mountains round the ship are flowing.  
Blow on, ye winds! flow on, ye waves!  
No more from home ye tear me.  
Winds blow!  
Waves flow!  
And back to Britain bear me!

While viewing my treasure with joy and surprise,  
My playfellow, Polly, will scarce trust her eyes;  
My gold in my kind mother's apron I'll pour,  
And glad the good hearts of my friends upon shore.  
Yo—ye! yo—ye! stormy winds are blowing;  
Waves, like mountains, round the ship are flowing.  
Blow on, ye winds! flow on, ye waves!  
No more from home ye tear me.  
Winds blow!  
Waves flow!  
And back to Britain bear me!

## JACK'S COMPLAINT.

The winds of night, with hollow sound,  
Across the waters sweep ;  
The careless crew in sleep are bound,  
While I the mid-watch keep :  
And as along the deck I rove,  
My burden still must be,  
'Tis sad to think, that she I love  
Ne'er bends one thought on me.

Though long with hope she fed my flame,  
And seem'd that flame to share ;  
A gayer, richer lover came,  
And won th' inconstant fair.  
Yet still to faithless Susan's charms  
My heart shall constant be ;  
Though, clasp'd within my rival's arms,  
She thinks no more on me.

I felt, when on the point to go,  
My breast with anguish swell ;  
While she, unmoved, beheld my woe,  
Nor once said " Friend, farewell !"—  
But from the pain it now endures  
Death soon my heart shall free ;  
That heart, false girl, which still is yours,  
Though you ne'er think on me.

Heav'n grant my doubts may be unjust !  
But, oh ! I strangely fear ;  
Your lover will betray his trust,  
And cost you many a tear.  
You then, perhaps, that scorn may hate  
Which drove me forth to sea ;  
And oft (but 'twill be then too late)  
May sigh, and think on me.

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#### THE DISABLED SEAMAN.

Aid a sailor, kind sirs, who once made it his glory,  
His country to fight for, his king to defend ;  
Oh ! tarry a moment to hear his sad story,  
And deign, when 'tis ended, his wants to befriend.  
I once had a sweetheart, her vows I shall never  
Forget, when she said how it grieved her to part ;  
And that, happen what might, she would love me, if never  
Time ere should have alter'd the truth of my heart.

From Plymouth we sailed, the foe gave us battle,  
And I was resolved, sirs, to conquer or die ;  
Undaunted around me I heard the balls rattle,  
And lost in the contest an arm and an eye.  
Yet I thought not the loss of a limb, in my duty,  
To me or to Nancy could sorrow impart ;  
One eye was still left me to gaze on her beauty,  
And I knew what she prized in me most, was my heart.



We fought and we conquer'd, and gain'd Plymouth harbour ;  
But, when Nancy beheld my unfortunate plight,  
Next morning she married Fred Frizzle the barber,  
And bade me no more enter into her sight.  
Now lame, poor, and helpless, through famed London city  
I wander, my hardships and woes to impart ;  
So list to a sailor, kind masters, in pity,  
Deprived of an eye, and an arm,—and a heart.

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#### THE MARS, CAPTAIN CONNOR.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,  
All lost, save my spirit and honour ;  
No choice being left but to handle the oar,  
I've embark'd in the Mars, Captain Connor.  
Yet ere the wind serves, some few words to say  
To Polly, these moments I'll borrow :  
For surely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,  
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow !

Oh weep not, though Fortune her smile now denies,  
Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure ;  
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,  
And send me back loaded with treasure.  
If so lucky, oh doubt not, without more delay,  
Home I'll hasten to banish your sorrow ;  
So cheerly ! let's hope that our parting to-day,  
Prove the eve of some happier morrow.

The following solo sung by Master Duruset, in the celebrated boat-glee of "Ply the oar, Brother," in "Venoni, or the Novice of St. Mark," was composed by Lewis expressly for the young vocalist; whose talents were held in very high estimation by the public and himself.

# PLY THE OAR, BROTHER.

A FISHERMAN'S TRIO.

*Solo, Master Duruset.*

ANDANTE.

Hark how the neigh-bour-ing con-vent's bell

Throws o'er the wave its ves-per swell! Sul-len it booms from

shore to shore, Blend-ing its chimes with the

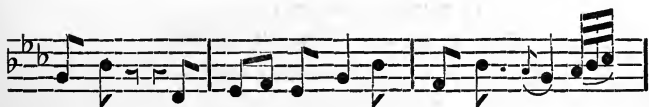
dash of the oar, the dash of the oar, the

dash of the oar.

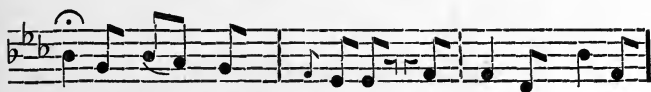
## POOR ANNE.



The heart of Anne young Hen-ry won, but love much sor-row



wrought her, for Hen - ry was a mo-narch's son, poor



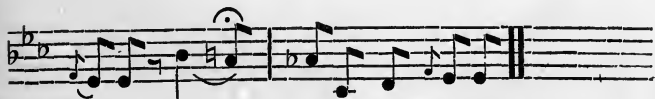
Anne a shep - herd's daugh-ter. He said "A queen must



be my bride," of Anne his last leave ta-king: she



kissed his hand, but nought re-plied; poor girl her heart was



break-ing, was break-ing, just break-ing.

## POOR ANNE.

The heart of Anne young Henry won,  
But love much sorrow wrought her!  
For Henry was a monarch's son,  
Poor Anne—a shepherd's daughter.  
He said "A queen must be my bride,"  
Of Anne his last leave taking:  
She kiss'd his hand, but nought replied,  
Poor girl!—her heart was breaking.

He who her simple heart had won,  
And love and sorrow taught her;  
Would he had been a shepherd's son,  
Or she some lordling's daughter.  
His parting step she fondly eyed,  
But not one word was spoken;  
Then down she laid her head and died:  
Poor girl!—her heart was broken.

We might enumerate many more instances of the fertility Lewis displayed as a lyrist and melodist, but we have done enough to prove him alike a favourite of Euterpe and Erato. We shall, therefore, close our chapter with the following Scotch ballad, selected from various manuscripts in our possession, which, we believe, will be new to the public.

## JEANNIE.

*A Song.*

Oh lady gay ! your arts forbear,  
Your charms are spread in vain ;  
Oh ! lady gay, demand nae mair  
What is nae mair mine ain !  
My heart is only Jeannie's,  
The flower of bra' Dundee ;  
Right weel I love that bonnie lass,  
And she as weel loves me !  
  
In vain your jewels brightly gleam,  
And canty lustre dart ;  
For Jeannie's een mair brightly beam,  
Mair precious is her heart ;  
And mine is only Jeannie's,  
The flower of bra' Dundee ;  
Right weel I love that bonnie lass,  
And she as weel loves me.

I will nae bear your daddy's frown,  
Wha'd glint and gloom at me ;  
Gin ye should wed wi' sic a clown,  
Possess'd of no bawbee.  
No ! I'll have nane but Jeannie,  
The flower of bra' Dundee ;  
Right weel I love that bonnie lass,  
And she as weel loves me.

I will nae bear your brother's scorn,  
Who sair would fume and fret,  
Gin wi' a swain sae basely born  
In wedlock's bands ye met.  
So I'll hae nane but Jeannie,  
The flower of bra' Dundee ;  
Right weel I love that bonnie lass,  
And she as weel loves me.

My Jeannie would nae grudge to leave  
The wealthiest laird for me ;  
And, oh ! her heart I would not grieve  
For a' the sun can see ;  
Then gang your gait now, Lady fair,  
And come nae mair to woo ;  
Nor think my Jeannie I'll forswear,  
De'il take me gin I do !

## CHAPTER X.

Domestic matters—An episode—Mrs. Lewis's writings—Female authorship—Disagreement with his father—Journey to Scotland—Correspondence—Reconciliation.

THE reader is already aware that Mrs. Lewis was living apart from her husband, and that, in an early period of this separation, her son had seen that a reconciliation, such as she at one time desired, amounted almost to an impossibility. Without losing any portion of his affection for her, or exhibiting the least desire to compromise her comfort, he showed, with a prudence beyond his years, that such an arrangement as she contemplated was not only hopeless, but, even if it could be effected, incompatible with the wellbeing of her family; and on that account, it was one to which he confessed himself to be opposed. We need not wonder at Mrs. Lewis's impatience under this correct, although, doubtless, to her, painful view of her true situation; and it appears

from the uniform kindness and affection of her son, that he treated any angry reproaches on her part, but as the natural effects of her distress of mind ; and, so far from these having called from him any angry feelings in return, they seem only, by exciting his pity, to have strengthened that “ filial bond ” which so strongly attached him to his parent.

Never, during her whole life, was there in effect any real estrangement between this lady and her son ; and, whatever may have been their several faults, these never intrude themselves on our minds, when we contemplate that delightful harmony of love which existed between them. His heart and his purse were always open to his mother ; her opinions were listened to with respect, and her advice with reverence ; he found a solace for his sorrows in her sympathy, and his triumphs were brightened by her smiles. In boyhood, and even in early youth, these feelings are less striking, than when, as in Lewis’s case, they are manifested in those later years which are supposed to weaken the ties of kindred, and even to chill the fervour of the heart. In him, we find this cherished affection growing, as it were, with his growth, and strengthening with his strength ; and, as will be seen from his letters up to their latest date, he still continued to address his mother with



all that relying love and ingenuous openness, which so distinguished the epistles of his more early years.

Although living in this state of estrangement from her family circle, Mrs. Lewis was possessed of more comforts and greater advantages than are usually attendant upon such a position in society. She enjoyed the affectionate intercourse of her son, and continued, as formerly, to be the sharer of his joys and sorrows. Her daughters also occasionally visited her. Barrington, as we have anticipated, was dead; but, up to his latest hour, she had been permitted to correspond with him. Her brothers, the Sewells, maintained a friendly intimacy with her; and she possessed a handsome allowance from her husband, besides being able at all times to command the ready assistance of Lewis. The history of her former errors was almost unknown, or at least fast becoming forgotten. Moreover, as she was naturally fond of retirement and seclusion, her situation in this respect must have lost much of its irksomeness; and, all things considered, it seems to have been one which ought rather to have been productive of gratitude than repining. Yet such is the restless nature of the human mind, that no combination of circumstances, prosperous or adverse, is able to subdue

it to contentment; and Mrs. Lewis, about this period, began to entertain the intention of appearing before the public in the character of an authoress.

It will be remembered that, in some of the foregoing letters, Lewis alludes to a novel which his mother was engaged in writing; and it appears from one of the following, that she had also written a tragedy. We have had no opportunity of forming any opinion of either of these productions; but we are informed by a party who read the latter, that, although it was not of a nature at all likely to succeed if published, and but little adapted for the stage, it nevertheless contained passages of feeling and beauty. The history of the intended publication will be found in three succeeding letters, for the further elucidation of which, we must first introduce a little episode in the life of Lewis, which proves that he was as enduring in his kindness, as he was ready in its first bestowal.

An incident—somewhat similar to one occurring in the “Castle Spectre”—in a previously-published novel, by an authoress of some celebrity, led—through the medium of a bookseller, mutually known to the parties—to their knowledge of each other. Ever alive to the admiration of talent,

Lewis, whose aversion to female authorship had not yet commenced, was no less inclined to think well of the novelist, when he discovered the secret spring that stimulated her mental exertions. She had been united, in early life, to the son of an officer of rank, whose death in India crushed the expectations of the young couple at the very outset of their matrimonial career. The husband—also an officer, and who had been educated in the lap of luxury—with a recklessness that cannot be too severely reprehended, instead of retrenching his expenses and accommodating his mode of life to his fallen fortunes, continued to pursue an idle and even dissipated course, and to mix in the highest society; leaving his highly-gifted, but ill-fated, partner, to struggle with the buffets of the world as best she might, for the support of herself and her infant children.

Highly-gifted! to what a melancholy reflection does that expression give rise! Alas! the majority of those who seem to have been born to make others happy, have themselves been destined to misery. What a catalogue of names, both ancient and modern, set down in Fame's calendar, might we not class among the wretched!

At this period the "wonder-working" author of the day became known to this sister spirit. Having

himself tasted of the bitter fountain whose waters are so unpalatable to the lip; possessing, too, a practical knowledge of that "hope deferred," which is so often the attendant of mental exertion when pursued for pecuniary means; a bond of friendship was soon formed between the parties. Some claims on the Treasury, which the fair novelist was led to believe she possessed, in right of her father—who had held an appointment at St. James's, during which time his arrears of half-pay, as a captain of marines, had accumulated and lain dormant—produced the following note from Lewis, who had undertaken to use his influence in the affair :

"7th August, 1802.

"MADAM,

"I have with much pleasure set your application before the proper authorities, and have great hopes that it will succeed.

"I remain, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"M. G. LEWIS."

A few days afterwards, the unsuccessful issue, and total overthrow of many a high-raised expectation, was thus communicated to the disappointed applicant :

" 11th August, 1802.

" MADAM,

" I grieve to tell you that after having obtained an order for you to receive the money, I learn, with real regret, that it had only one month before been paid into the office for unclaimed monies.

" I am, Madam,

" Your obedient servant,

" M. G. LEWIS."

Ere many hours, however, had passed over the crushed hopes of the almost desponding mother, and while the wounds of disappointment yet rankled in all their bitterness, the following letter, reached her humble abode.

" August 11, 1802.

" DEAR MADAM,

" Your disappointment must have been severe ; and I have been turning in my mind how I can possibly serve you. It appears to me that, as you have two young boys, to educate one of them, so as to enable him to become an useful and honourable member of society, will best benefit you ; I will therefore do so ; and, hereafter, I may have interest enough to place him in the War Office.

“I beg you to spare all thanks. When a person of your feelings and character accepts a kindness, you confer, not receive an obligation.

“I am, Madam,

“Your sincere friend,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The offer so delicately made was, of course, accepted; and from that period the whole charge of the education of William, the eldest boy, devolved upon his young patron. The extreme nobleness of this proposal on the part of Lewis, will appear in a brighter light, when we consider that he himself was far from being in affluent circumstances at the time. Indeed, he often found much difficulty in meeting the additional expenses this kind act had entailed upon him, and he expresses his deep regret on one occasion to his mother, at being unable, on the threatened withdrawal of his income, to pay for the boy's schooling beyond another year. Lewis, however, who felt the “luxury of doing good,” was spared this deprivation, and continued to maintain and provide for his *protégé*, in strict accordance with his promise.

On leaving school, young William was placed by the interest of his patron in the War Office,

introduced to the society of his friends, and treated in every respect with the kindness of a younger brother; but the youth, it would appear, was of an untamed, self-willed spirit, and probably had formed other views for himself than those which his kind patron had in prospect for him. However this may be, ere many years had passed, his untoward conduct heaped vexations and disappointments on the head of his best friend. But we forbear to anticipate events that will be recorded in their proper place: meanwhile we proceed with Lewis's correspondence.

“ March 15.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ To understand the letter which I enclose, I must inform you, that an advertisement appeared in the newspapers some time ago, stating, that Mrs. K——\* was writing a novel, in which I assisted her. I immediately wrote to her on the subject, stating that, in consequence, I declined ever reading her future works, previous to their publication. She assured me that neither she nor N—— had the least idea how the paragraph came to be inserted, and that she was very unhappy at its having appeared. I received the enclosed this morning,

\* The lady in whose behalf Lewis had so generously interfered.

when it struck me that as you told me you were writing a novel, and are acquainted with Mrs. Parsons, who knows a great many booksellers, it was possible that *you* had given rise to this mistake. Mrs. Parsons may have talked about ‘a lady being employed on a novel, who could depend on having my assistance, &c. &c. ;’ and, as I recommended Mrs. K—— to Bell, the booksellers may suppose that *she* was the lady meant.—But this circumstance induces me to say without delay what I meant to have reserved till we met, and indeed which I meant (if possible) to have persuaded Maria to have undertaken the task of saying to you. I do most earnestly and urgently supplicate you, whatever may be its merits, *not* to publish your novel. It would be useless to say that it should be published without your name. Every thing is known in time, and it would be the bookseller’s interest to have your name known, in order that people may read it from curiosity. He would not fail to insert in the newspapers that ‘it is whispered, that such a novel is written by Mrs. Lewis,’ and then would follow paragraph after paragraph, with all our family affairs ripped up, till every one of us would be ready to go mad with vexation. I cannot express to you in language sufficiently strong how disagreeable and painful



my sensations would be, were you to publish any work of any kind, and thus hold yourself out as an object of newspaper animadversion and impertinence. I am sure every such paragraph would be like the stab of a dagger to my father's heart. It would do a material injury to Sophia; and although Maria has found an asylum from the world's malevolence, her mother's turning novel-writer, would (I am convinced) not only severely hurt her feelings, but raise the greatest prejudice against her in her husband's family. As for myself, I really think I should go to the continent immediately upon your taking such a step. Pray write me a line immediately, to assure me that you have laid aside your intention of publishing, and that, even if you have already made a bargain for your novel, you will break it; for I will not suppose that after what I have said you will refuse my request.

“ You may tell me that my opinions were not always the same on this subject. But I was young then, and have now seen enough of the world to judge better of the opinions it is likely to form. Be assured, too, the trade of authoress is not an enviable one. In the last letter which I had from poor Mrs. K——, she said ‘ that if she could but procure for her children the common necessities of

life by hard labour, she would prefer it to the odious task of writing, which entailed upon its professors so much envy, slander, and malignity." You will probably know, by the *title* of the novel mentioned in the paragraph, whether it applies to your own.

" Your affectionate son,  
" M. G. LEWIS."

" Friday, March 18, 1804.

" My DEAR MOTHER,

" I will not lose a moment in expressing to you my sorrow at your late illness, and in thanking you for your compliance with my request. Our opinions, certainly on the subject of my last letter, seem to be very different; for I hold that a woman has no business to be a public character, and that in proportion as she acquires notoriety, she loses delicacy. I always consider a female author as a sort of half-man. But as this is a subject upon which it is not likely we should coincide, and as your ready acquiescence with my request makes it unnecessary to discuss it, I shall say no more on that head.

" I return you many thanks for your kind intentions in writing the letter to "The Morning

Herald ;" but am full as well pleased with its not having been inserted. I had rather not be mentioned at all without necessity ; but otherwise the newspapers may insert what paragraphs they please, and I had just as soon be called *Mr. Monk Lewis* as any thing else. This is a subject of all others on which I profess the most total indifference. It was not merely on account of the advertisements that I declined seeing any of Mrs. K——'s manuscripts, but into the bargain she had just published a novel in which there was a most flaming eulogium upon the author of "The Monk ;" and the advertisement might have induced people to suppose that I had written my own praises ! Now though I have no objection to other people's trying to make me appear *wicked or foolish*, I do not choose to have it supposed that I have made myself appear *ridiculous* ; and, therefore, I immediately informed Mrs. K—— that I never could give any public patronage to a person who had published an eulogium upon me, and that though I would continue to take care of her child for another year, I would have nothing to do with her writings. She wanted, too, to dedicate to me ; but *that* I stopped, as I should have<sup>d</sup> done her eulogium, had I been aware of it. I gave Mrs. K—— the plan of a novel, but she did not

adopt it in the "——"; at least I believe not; for I only read the two first volumes. I gave no poems for it, and mean to give none for any future work of hers. The paragraphs only appeared within these two months, and the "——" was published last May, I believe. The paragraphs, therefore, could not apply to that work. Her last was called "——"; the one she is now about (of which I have not seen a line), is "——"; and the title of the supposed novel is "The Father and Mother."

I never before heard of *your* being *accused* of having written "The Monk." This goes nearer to put me out of humour with the book than all the fury of the "Pursuits of Literature, &c." What the world knows I care not, provided *I* do not know it; but I cannot remain ignorant if I find "The Morning Post" or "The Morning Herald" filled with offensive paragraphs, which I have read, and see lying upon every breakfast-table.—Lady Buckinghamshire's expression was, "that she was related to the Sewell family;" but this subject is equally painful and unnecessary to discuss. Let me hope that it will drop here, and not be resumed. I am quite of your opinion when you say that it would be better for you as a woman to write dull sermons than 'The Monk;' not merely

on the score of delicacy, but because a dull work will prevent its author being much talked of: a point (in my opinion) of all others the most desirable for a woman to attain. But surely, it is not worth while to take the trouble of composing a work, when "to avoid the dangers of authorship your only safety, perhaps, would be in the want of genius in its composition." You will equally avoid those dangers by *not* publishing your work, and, at the same time, have the advantage of keeping your want of genius a secret. *Au reste*, I should much doubt there being a single soul at present existing who thinks 'The Monk' was written by any body but myself; and as I said before, till now I never heard of such a suspicion. Again I thank you for your acquiescence, and rejoice in your finding such good effects from the air of Tunbridge.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

The view of female authorship which Lewis has taken in the first part of this letter is, in our opinion, far from being a correct one; and we do not imagine it was expressed so much from his own real notions on the subject, as to form a more acceptable reason to his mother, for his aversion to her

appearing as an authoress. The true reason no doubt was, his dread that her position in society might be made a subject of public animadversion.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I have just received your letter, and open mine to say a few words in answer; but I am in haste, and shall be as brief as possible. You did *not* give me the ‘least pain by what you said about the Monk;’ I meant the word *accusation* to be understood in its literal sense; and on this point perfectly agree with you, that it would not do credit to a *female* pen. So different, however, are our opinions, and ways of seeing the same thing, that I confess that they meet upon no other point of your whole letter. In my opinion, the acuteness of *pleasure* in this world bears no proportion to the acuteness of *pain*. I requested you to sacrifice the *chance* of receiving pleasurable sensations from your work being well received by the public, to the consideration that your publishing at all would *certainly* give me very *painful* ones, whether your work succeeded or failed. Though *you* may think it unnecessary to consider the feelings of one who (you say) has stabbed you to the heart, you will allow that *I* ought to con-

sider them, and be doubly anxious that they should not be wounded by *you* more than by any other person. I did not expect you to consider the feelings of the Lushington family, but Maria's interest; which certainly is that she should be loved and respected by her husband's relations; and from what I know of them, I am persuaded she would not be thought the better of by them for having an authoress for her mother. Observe, at the same time, that Lady Lushington was consulted before Maria visited you, and not only approved of it, but (I believe) offered, if there was any occasion for it, to accompany Maria herself; an offer which Lushington thought it unnecessary to accept. Observe, I am not positive about this last circumstance. Of course, it is not that Lady Lushington thinks unworthily of you in your present character; but, if you dashed forward as an authoress, from her ideas I am sure that she would be displeased; and, being a woman of strong passions, Maria would most probably feel the effects of her displeasure. I have *not* met with any paragraphs concerning you; I wrote from the fear that I might hereafter: from the pain which I felt even at the *idea*, judge what I should feel at the *reality*. The very paragraph which you have

copied out, would have been enough to have made me miserable for a week. But I observe in it, that the compliment of 'a rational and inoffensive life,' is annexed to a 'life of retirement' and a 'tragedy *not* intended for publication.' I doubt not you will be always loved and respected by those who live with you and are sufficiently intimate to know the good qualities of your heart; but those who alone know you by report, can only know that you formerly took a step in defiance of the declared principles of society (in taking which step, the more genius you prove yourself to possess, the less excusable will they think you), and that now you take another very bold step for *any* person, but especially for a *woman*, in declaring yourself a candidate for public applause. The reason why I should have employed Maria to speak to you on the subject of writing, was because I thought you would take it more kindly from *her* than from *me*. You say that I have grown haughty in my manner, and I hoped you would find Maria more delicate. As it is, I fear, from the style of your letter, that mine offended you. I can only solemnly assure you, that it never was, and never will be, my design to give the least pain to your feelings when I can avoid it. Again



I thank you for your acquiescence, and trust that you will not withdraw it.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

Mrs. Lewis never did withdraw her acquiescence; and the matter proceeded no further. But, scarcely had this been arranged to Lewis's satisfaction, than he became beset with troubles from another quarter; and from the parent, too, whose feelings in the preceding letters he had so studiously endeavoured to prevent from being violated.

Some time prior to the period here alluded to, the elder Mr. Lewis had formed an acquaintance and maintained an intimacy with a lady—Mrs. R—— (the name we think right to suppress), who, it was evident, exercised no small influence over him. She was a person highly connected; and, whatever was the nature of the intercourse which subsisted between the parties, it does not seem to have been such as to have compromised the lady in the eyes of the world, although it did not fail to render her extremely odious to Mr. Lewis's family, particularly to Matthew, among whose other grounds of dislike were certain expressions which she had used against his mother.

It is truly painful to observe the melancholy situation into which this already severed family were placed, by the intervention of this person. Wounds, partially healed by time, were made to bleed afresh. The daughters, especially, were plunged into fresh inquietudes. They were now both married—one of them very recently;—and this new disturbance must have occasioned their mother's position in society to be again canvassed, by the members of the respective families to which they were allied. The conduct of young Lewis, throughout the whole of this trying period, does him the highest honour; and it will be seen that, from his firm and right-minded resolution to avoid “cordiality” with this person, or to permit himself, by any construction, to be supposed to sanction either his father's conduct or her own, he was exposed to a series of sufferings, amounting almost to persecution.

Without, perhaps, approving of every expression, or even in its strictest sense, of every sentiment, which appears in the following letters, their general spirit, the motives by which he seems to have been actuated, and the course that he pursued, are certainly deserving of the highest praise. They evince an innate integrity of purpose—a correct view of the circumstances in which he was

placed, and of his own duty under them — a patience under the most trying afflictions—an unbroken resolution under every temptation; and there were blended throughout with a spirit of filial reverence and affection that renders yet more conspicuous the virtues it adorns.

“Tuesday.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“Surely I wrote you a few lines acknowledging the receipt of the 5*l.*; at least I persuaded myself that I had done so. You will be sorry to hear that all the disputes are beginning again, or rather *ending*. Some time ago my father, through Lushington, inquired whether ‘*not out of duty*, but out of affection to him I would be on the same terms with Mrs. R—— as with any other acquaintance;’ previous to which he had also sent me word ‘that though he was satisfied with my behaviour towards himself, he should never restore his affection to me till I had been to visit Mrs. R——.’ My answer to this question was, ‘that I had never declined acknowledging her as an acquaintance, when I met her; that whenever she came to his house it was my duty to receive her, if he chose to order me to do so, and also to take care to

do nothing which could make his house disagreeable to her while she was in it ; but that I could not be on the same terms with *her* as with any other acquaintance, because I had no other acquaintance towards whom I had the same feelings, and of whom I entertained the same opinion. I therefore declined being on any other terms than the above-mentioned, and concluded by expressing every thing 'the most kind and affectionate towards himself personally.' Since this he has treated me in the coldest manner possible. He wrote to Sophia that he should endeavour to become totally indifferent to me (which I firmly believe was a work that could cost him little trouble) ; and when he went to Portsmouth, he did not inform me that he was going out of town, and made Frederick R—— his *compagnon de voyage*, though I should have been very glad to have accompanied him, and probably my aunt Whitelock would have been more pleased to see me than the boy. Yesterday, however, I received a note from him, telling me that he had ceased to consider me as part of his domestic establishment—that after what had passed it was disagreeable to him that I should remain an inmate of his house—and desiring me to leave before his return. \* \* \*

You see how little good has arisen from humbling yourself to solicit Mrs. R——'s interference.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

It is easy to see that his father's house was now an unhappy home to Lewis. The preference given to Frederick R—— (the lady's son), and the cold note informing him that he was no longer considered as a member of the domestic establishment, indicate the kind of feeling manifested towards him, and clearly show that at this period, he must have been placed in as painful a situation as is possible to exist, between a father and son.

But the most remarkable part of this letter is the generous sacrifice which is recorded of his mother. It would appear that she had “humbled herself,” as Lewis expresses it, to solicit the interference of the woman who exercised such an influence over her husband's mind. Of all people in the world this person must have been most odious in the eyes of Mrs. Lewis; and it is impossible to conceive a more painful violation to her feelings, both as a wife and as a woman, than she thus voluntarily submitted to for the welfare of her son. The fact shows how devotedly she must have returned his

affection—how perfect had been their union of hearts—and how feeble was the glow of every other feeling, compared to the sacred fervour of a mother's love.

“ Tuesday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ Mr. Martin's cottage will not do, on account of the 300*l.* required for the lease, and which it would cost me near 900*l.* to raise. Otherwise it would do very well. The cottage in Middlesex must be too large a concern for me; there are *seven* bedrooms. I should like to know the rent of that at Hanwell. As soon as you can get an answer, pray send it to me. Perhaps it might do for a year, though ‘the very small portion of garden-ground’ sounds as if it were not very retired. I begin quite to despair of success. I shall go to Scotland next week, and what is to become of me when I return, I know not. However, I can remain at Barnes till the end of the year. During my absence, perhaps you or Mrs. Ingall may hear of something such as I wish, and I have no fear of your neglecting or forgetting my commissions. Continue to send your letters to Devonshire-place. Nothing that you can write to Mrs. R—— at present could be of any service; nor,

until my father has *actually* withdrawn his protection from me, would I participate in any thing that could possibly offend him. If you think you can do any good, you are the best judge, nor can I prevent your doing it; but for my own part, I am persuaded of the contrary. Nothing but absolute submission to Mrs. R—— would be of the least use towards making my father *endure* me. She wants to separate him from me, and will succeed, by hook or by crook. I came up to-day to dine with Mrs. Whitelocke in Devonshire-place, and found an order from my father, ‘that as Mrs. R—— was to dine there, I must not offend *him* by my appearance either at dinner or in the evening.’ I do not wish you to write what I mentioned to you till I have *actually* left my father’s house.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

Although no longer a “member of his father’s domestic establishment,” Matthew still occasionally visited his house, where he was subjected to a continuation of mortifications; and to judge from his manner of expressing himself, he must have felt them severely.

The intention of going to Scotland, which he announces in this letter, he afterwards fulfilled;

and accompanied his friend, the Duke of Argyle, to Inverary Castle, from which place some of the most amusing of his letters are dated.

“ Inverary Castle, August 14th.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ As I know that your affection will make you anxious to hear that I am once more in harbour, I lose no time in announcing to you that I arrived here this evening, without having met with any accident, or, indeed, any inconvenience, bating one of my old companions—the headach—which paid me a visit two days ago, and has but just quitted me. Nothing could succeed better than the journey. We travelled in the Duke of Argyle’s landau, which formed a very pleasant open carriage when it was fair, and shut up very close when it rained ; not to mention the advantage of being able to stand up, whenever we pleased, with as much ease and security as if we had been walking ; which could not be done in a phaeton ; and thus we were never subjected to the irksomeness of remaining in the same posture. I never travelled in a landau before, and was quite delighted with it. We coasted the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which, though I had been there twice before, are so beautiful, that I always see them with fresh



pleasure. Then we took the opportunity of a fine day, to visit the falls of the river Clyde, near Lanark; and on Tuesday reached Ardincapel, an estate belonging to Lord John Campbell. We passed a night at Glasgow, where the duke went to hear Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Bellamy, in 'Love in a Village;' but we had travelled all night, and I was too sleepy to accompany him. I found afterwards, that he had himself occasionally fallen asleep during the performance, and, as he says, should have taken a very sound nap, had it not been for the construction of the theatre. All the audience part of it is described as being built with curved backs and ceilings; the consequence of which is, that the slightest whisper runs audibly round the whole house; the letting down a seat sounds like thunder, and if a person calls the box-keeper to open the door—'Box-keeper! box-keeper! box-keeper!' is reverberated from every part of the theatre, for the space of several minutes. In short, they say that nothing, except the temple of the winds, was ever known to be so noisy as this temple of the dramatic muse, where every thing can be heard distinctly, *except* the performers.

"From Ardincapel, we crossed the Clyde to Rosencata, a seat of the Duke of Argyle's, where he is building a most magnificent mansion, which

(without the furniture) will cost him 60,000*l.*— And here we heard a little anecdote, so pretty and so much in your taste, that I would not, upon any account, omit relating it to you :—‘ About ten days ago, one of the farm-keeper’s wives was going home-wards through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed ; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood by quietly, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together.’

“ Now, this is really a matter of fact, and if all matters of fact were as pretty, I should think it quite superfluous to read romances, and much more to write them.

“At Ardincapel we found Tom Sheridan and General Bligh, whom the duke had engaged to accompany him to the western (Well, upon my honour, that is the very best ale that I ever tasted! —for you are to know that all this is written while I am at supper) islands, on a fishing and shooting expedition; but as I neither fish nor shoot, and am always sea-sick, previous to my leaving London I stipulated with the duke, that when he went to the islands, I should take possession of Inverary Castle, where, accordingly, I arrived this evening, and would not suffer a single post to pass without giving you some news of me, and requesting to hear some of you in return; but I desire that that news may be *good*.

“During my journey I abstained from books so completely, that, during the seven days that it lasted, about ten stanzas of Ariosto formed the utmost extent of my reading; and I fancy that my eyes are already greatly benefited. I mean, therefore, to read as little as possible.

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“I enclose a letter from Mrs. B. which has been a great traveller; for it has come five hundred miles to reach *me*, and will go back five hundred more to reach *you*; independent of which,

it not only travelled from Felpham to London, but General Brownrigg's head being full of the expeditions, he made a little mistake, and forwarded it to me *at the Battu*; from whence it is but just returned, I hope much improved by its travels. Pray let me hear from you soon.

As soon as they can eat, the puppies are to be sent, one to Lady C. Lamb, at Melbourne House, and the other to George-street, for Mrs. B.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

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“Inverary Castle, August 18.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“Whenever I mean not to be annoyed for any time, I always order my letters to be detained; the consequence of which is, that through this fear of getting disagreeable news, yours of the 13th and 22d did not reach me till this day; when a large packet was put into my hands, of which your epistles formed a constituent part, and they are the first which I sit down to answer. With regard to my father and Mrs. R——, things are worse than ever. I will not repeat to you the various modes in which he showed his resentment,

and I must say his hatred, of me ; for that he does *hate* me now, I am quite convinced. I will only mention that the ninth of July being my birthday, he met me on the stairs, said, ‘So, you are here, sir!’ and passed on ; nor did I see him any more, though I dined at home with nobody but Mrs. Whitelock. But though it was my birthday, he preferred taking an early dinner by himself, and then going—to a cricket-match! If you wish to know the kind manner in which he expressed himself about me, you will see it in the following extract from one of his letters to Maria. ‘Your brother is still in my house, pursuing the same *steady* conduct as before. His indifference as to the pain he has occasioned me, and continues to give, is brutal, and must operate to convince me that he wants not only the proper feelings of a son, but the generosity of a man.’ Would not any body think that I had committed some great crime? or, at least, that I had disobeyed some command of his? On the contrary, I have never disobeyed him. I am ready to do any thing but *lie*. The whole extent of my offence is, that I think ill of a woman to whom he is attached, with whom I ought to have nothing to do, and whom I look upon as my most bitter enemy. As to what you said about ‘leaving my card,’ with all my

heart. I am not only ready to do this, but any thing else which can be included in the proposal I have already made to him, and which follows. 'I am ready to do any thing that my father chooses, provided it can be done consistent *with truth*.' I think *you* will not wish me to make a more ample declaration. I have made it to him through my aunt Whitelock. I have desired Maria to make it again, accompanied with a *denial* of my *indifference* as to his renunciation of me, and an assurance of my having felt equal *pain* with himself. I now offer you, for your own satisfaction, to cause the same proposal to be made to my father through your brother William. Find out through him to what extent of friendship towards Mrs. R—— my father wishes my conduct to be carried; then ask yourself (but remember, you are upon your *honour* with me, and that you must not make an *heroic sacrifice* of truth to bring about a reconciliation) how much of what is required you can ask your son to submit to; and what you say shall have *much* weight with me. One thing you must bear in mind: from my own knowledge of it, and from positive facts, I never can entertain any other real sentiments of Mrs. R——'s character than the most profound contempt and aversion. I therefore am content to endure

her ; but I never can with sincerity be cordial with a person of whom I think so ill. I can forgive injuries so far as never to *revenge* ; but I cannot, however I may wish it, *forget facts*. Now weigh all this well, then apply to your brother William, and say to him what you may think fitting.

“ A thought has just suggested itself to me, which, if you think any good can arise from it, you are at liberty to adopt. Let her be informed by my uncle William (who is her friend, and therefore from whom it will come most palatable), of the true state of things. She hates me—that is certain : I despise her—that is equally sure : my father wishes us to be reconciled—and that is, in *fact*, quite impossible. But if she is once positively informed that I will never *willingly* be on any other terms with her than those which exist at present, and if she really has that regard for my father’s tranquillity to wish to make him easy on the subject, the business may be easy to manage. I shall have no objection to call on her, provided she will have the goodness to order that I shall never be let in. Whenever she dines in D—— place, she can easily let me know, and I will always dine somewhere else. But she must, upon no account, expect me to behave *cordially* to her ; because, with the opinion which I entertain of her, and

after the pain which she has been the means of causing me, it is *impossible* that I should feel the least cordiality towards her.

“If any compact of this nature could contribute to my father’s happiness, I am ready to enter into it. I can reserve my sentiments to myself, but I cannot feign those which I do not feel. Do *you* wish that I should? Talk over this business with Wm. Sewell, and let me know the result.

“I rejoice to hear that my uncle Robert is attentive to you. I have been very unwell of late, my headachs having returned with increased violence, and almost without interruption.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The blunt, honest manner in which Lewis speaks of the proposed armistice between this lady and himself, is highly amusing. It shows the downright sincerity with which he acted; for had his scruples merely regarded appearances—to have his card exhibited in her drawing-room, would have been just as offensive to him as to have been found there himself. Moreover, when we bear in mind, that by acting as he did, he incurred the risk, through his father’s displeasure, of being deprived



of a princely inheritance, there appears not a little magnanimity in this firm adherence to that line of conduct which he felt it to be his duty to pursue.

“ Inverary, Sept. 28, 1804.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I wrote a few lines to you the other day, being afraid from your silence that my first letter had not reached you, and I was unwilling to have it fall into the hands of a stranger. Your answer reached me this morning, and I lose no time in apprizing you of a mistake which you seem to me to have made, probably from having mislaid my letter. The first step, in my opinion, should have been to ascertain what my father wished to be done, not what Mrs. R—— would consent to do. If what would content him proved to be no more than leaving a card at her door, or some such trifles, then it would be worth while to enter into a negotiation with her, in order that my obliging him might not be misinterpreted, and that we might satisfy him without being ourselves compelled to submit to society which we hate (for I am certain she hates me as heartily as I do her; and indeed, when I have told my father so, he has never contradicted it, but only assured me she was willing to

be reconciled). If, on the other hand, he will not be satisfied without my being on *friendly* and *intimate* terms with her—having a formal *reconciliation*, and giving her my hand, with a promise of future *amity*—you must be sensible that it is impossible for me to submit to lie so grossly ; for such conduct must be a lie, as long as I entertain my present opinion of her and of her conduct. It would therefore in this case be superfluous to make any application to Mrs. R——; and therefore I could wish you (before you have any sort of intercourse with her, either through William Sewell or any body else), to ascertain the utmost extent of my father's demands ; and to do this there cannot be a more proper person than Wm. Sewell. You need not tell him what I am determined not to do ; but desire him to ascertain with how much compliance my father would be satisfied, ‘in order that *you* may persuade me (if it appears to you possible) to consent to my father's demands.’ I must, however, acknowledge to you that I wish to ascertain this point for other reasons, than from the hope of bringing about a reconciliation ; for since I wrote to you I have made again an offer, through Maria, ‘of doing any thing he chooses, which is not inconsistent with truth.’

His answer was, ‘ that I had lost the moment for regaining his affection, and that now no compliance of any kind would be of any use.’ He has said nearly all the same thing to Sophia, and therefore I have finally given up all hopes of a reconciliation. But still you will oblige me much by finding out, through Wm. Sewell, exactly what it is that my father requires of me. I do not believe my uncle Robert knows her ; I know that she does not visit Mrs. Blake. You may as well look for a white crow as an individual of our family who does not view Mrs. R—— in the most contemptible light, or who would accept of ‘ her partiality,’ Wm. Sewell excepted ; therefore I still think, that if any thing were to be done, it would be through *him*. But my father’s speech to Maria seems to me to put an end to the business. Pray ascertain my father’s demands as soon as you can, and let me know them without delay.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

At this time Lewis must have had his own share of troubles. Besides the vexation of his domestic affairs, he was continually kept before the public, by the rancour of a great portion of

the press, by whom the name of "Monk Lewis" was connected with all manner of impiety and licentiousness.

The following letter is the last which he wrote from Inverary at this period, and is merely subjoined, as forming a connecting link in the correspondence.

" Inverary.

" MY DEAR MOTHER,

\* \* \* \*

" It is about a year and a half ago that Corri called on me, and wanted me to write the dialogue of the opera in question.\* I thought him mad, from his manner and conversation, and also from the extreme absurdity of the plan which he described to me. It appeared quite impracticable; but that was only one of the objections to it. The first act (according to his account of it to me) was to be in Holland, not China. I should doubt much Cherry's having promised to write the dialogue, at least upon Corri's plan; and, even if he has, the merits of "The Soldier's Daughter" do not induce me to expect very good dialogue; nor does such of Corri's music as I have heard

\* "The Travellers; or, Music's Fascination."

(with the exception of Storace's song in the "Cabinet") lead one to expect very good music. It seems to me very unlikely that the proprietors should have accepted an opera before it is written; for as to their accepting it on account of the merits of the *music*, I doubt much there being any among them very capable of judging of music in score. Another reason I have for thinking Corri mad, was having heard a good many anecdotes of him from the Buccleugh family, who patronised him in Edinburgh, and were very highly amused with his oddities. I rather believe he taught some of the ladies Montague. When I go to Bothwell, I will try to find out what sort of a teacher he is; for I can say nothing as to that. Miss Mortimer, of Covent Garden, was his pupil, and I have heard that she complains of him; but I am not certain of this, and rather believe that her complaint regards money, not skill.

"I must give you a caution about Miss L. She will find the theatre a very dangerous place for a young person. Many of the women with whom she must associate are of the worst principles and conduct; and many of the men are insolent and depraved to an excess. You ought also to be made aware that not only Sheridan is

the most abandoned libertine that probably ever existed, but that Graham (though a very good-natured, worthy man, in other respects, as far as I know) passes for having very few scruples when women are in the case. If, therefore, she is to have any thing to do with the theatre, you ought to take care of providing some elderly and discreet woman, to accompany her there and protect her. Otherwise, however good may be her own principles, and regular her conduct, she will be continually exposed to a thousand insults. A theatre is, in fact, a place in which no woman of delicacy ought to set her foot (behind the scenes, I mean), unless protected by the presence of a husband. I hope you will find this kind of life answer for Miss L.; but I fear the contrary, much. For a man, the case is very different.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

Immediately on his return home, we find, by the following letter, that his persecutions were not only renewed, but cruelly augmented.

“Tuesday.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I shall write a few lines to thank you for your

very kind letter; but my spirits are too much sunk with disappointment, and my thoughts too much occupied with disagreeable subjects, to permit my writing more than a few lines at present. I meant to have communicated to you this fresh instance of my father's *paternal affection* for me, when I came to town; for I thought there was no need to write what was so disagreeable; and I knew well that you would feel no less mortification than myself. When I left his house, he wrote to me in the most positive terms:—‘Your income from this moment is 1000*l.* a year.’ Could any engagement be more express? Yet he breaks it without thinking it necessary to use one word of regret for being obliged to inflict on me so severe, and so unmerited a mortification. Nay more, I have since written to him a most humble letter, acquiescing, without a murmur, in his arrangements; thanking him for a hope held out of restoring my income at some future period; assuring him that I would cheerfully submit to every privation, rather than exceed the sum which he said it was convenient for him to allow me, and professing for him undiminished affection. Of this letter he has not deigned to take the slightest notice! I have been obliged to tell poor Mrs. K—— that, after this year, I cannot pay for her

little boy's schooling. She has written me a very kind answer (rather too enthusiastic, indeed); but the step has given me very great pain. With regard to yourself, my dear mother, many thanks for your kind schemes, but be assured that I am only anxious that you should be able to make your income serve for your own expenses, as, I fear; from the narrowness of my present prospects, it will not be in my power to afford you assistance. I had flattered myself with the contrary persuasion, and this is one of my airy castles, the destruction of which gives me the most pain and disappointment. I assure you it is a great source of satisfaction to me to think, that, at least, you have a comfortable house, where you are secure from vulgar intrusion and vulgar occurrences; and I cannot but think it cheaper for you to have taken your house, than to be eternally changing your lodgings, and to be exposed to the impositions and various disagreeables of ill-bred landladies, &c. For my own part, I must say that I would rather dine with you upon bread and water in Gerrard-street, than upon the best possible dinner in a lodging. I know it will also give you satisfaction in your house to be told, that it is really a great comfort to me to be *certain* of a place where I can find a kind reception and sympathy for my



vexations, whenever complete solitude becomes insupportable to me. I can always now come up to town, and take my dinner with you in Gerrard-street ; which I shall do very often, *provided* you give me *absolutely* the same dinner that was provided for yourself, though it should consist of bread and cheese. To my other friends, I am very frequently too melancholy, or too ill-tempered, to have recourse. But I am sure with *you* that I shall be welcome, with all my sorrows, and all my faults. Pray let me know when you hear that my uncle Robert is going out of town.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

It was currently reported among Lewis's friends, and has since been elsewhere asserted, that the reduction of income mentioned in the preceding letter, was occasioned by the repeated assistance which he bestowed upon his mother, this being nearly to the amount of 500*l.* a year ; and that his father observed in a note addressed to him, “As I find you can live upon 500*l.* a year—the half of what I have hitherto allowed you—I do not see why I should furnish you with more.” If this was the case, Lewis displays both feeling and delicacy in not mentioning the circumstance to his mother,

whom it must have inevitably pained in the greatest degree. But we do not think that such had really been the reason assigned, although it is possible that his father may have alluded to the subject when he made the reduction. However this may have been, the letter displays a chastened sorrow and calmness under a succession of afflictions, which few perhaps of his years, in a similar situation, would have borne with so little repining. The turn too, which his heart always takes towards his mother is here pleasingly exemplified ; nor must we forget that one of his greatest sorrows is created by his inability to continue the performance of a charitable action. We have spoken in another place of the lady whose son is here alluded to.

“ Barnes, Wednesday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ All that you require me to do in this business I have done already ; but you are not aware of what is required of me. It is not merely to alter my conduct to Mrs. R — ; but my sentiments respecting her and her proceedings, on which that conduct was grounded. Now a man’s sentiments are not in his own power. I cannot think that right, which I know (or at least think I know) to

be wrong ; and if I were to say that my sentiments are altered, when in fact they remain the same, I should tell a lie. It is also expected of me that I should say (observe this and frame the answer), the whole of my conduct has been *wrong* in this business. As I shall answer it before God, I declare that I believe my conduct in this business has been perfectly right. Can I then make the acknowledgment requested of me? Would it not be telling a most absolute and wilful falsehood? Can you really ask me to become a *liar*? for that would be my proper appellation.

“Now hear what I have done, and you will allow that it is not an *apology* to my father that is expected of me, nor is it *pride* that prevents me from effecting a reconciliation. I have given up every point regarding *conduct*. I have promised to sacrifice my own feelings so far, as to consent to meet this odious person at my father’s house, and have engaged to meet her with a fixed determination not to say or do any thing that can possibly offend her. I have made a declaration to my father that ‘I am ready to obey him in every thing in which I can and ought to obey him.’ I was told that some passages in my letters had offended him. I made the humblest apology ; assured him over and over again that they were

not *meant* to offend him : that since they had had that effect I wished they had not been written, and I begged his pardon. I have also told him (with regard to my “owning the *whole* of my conduct to have been insulting to him and improper”), that I was ready to acknowledge that if I had either said or done any thing which appeared to him insulting, and gave him the least pain when I could *possibly* avoid it—in so far my conduct had been extremely improper, and that I was extremely sorry for it, assuring him at the same time that nothing which I had said or done was intended to produce that effect. Could I say more? Would you really wish me to say, ‘I declare that I have been entirely wrong,’ when in truth I feel that I have been entirely right? Yet, even this I have professed myself ready to do ; I have told him that it is not in my power to think myself wrong, but that if he chooses to degrade me so far as to insist on my telling a falsehood, and saying that I think what I do *not* think, I will do so if it will contribute to his satisfaction. Now have the goodness to let me know what more you would wish me in conscience to do.

“The business about Mrs. W—— is quite given up. She acquiesces in the propriety of the observation of my sister’s, that it would be best to

be introduced to them only as an *acquaintance*. With regard to myself, I assure you I am quite easy on the subject. All that I wish, is to spare my father the unpleasant sensations which he may hereafter feel, should he sacrifice me to the wish of gratifying Mrs. R——. I have long perceived that he loves me no longer. Sophia, too, has just sent me a letter of his, in which he says plainly that he has no longer any affection for me, and does not think (even should he be reconciled to me) that he shall ever feel any again. I cannot, therefore, expect much *pleasure* from his society, even when I can have it without Mrs. R——; and I suppose *you* will not *expect* me to feel *very* happy in *her* society, when I know (and my father has justified the speech to Sophia) that she has said ‘my father was only waiting for my mother’s death, to give her the greatest proof of his regard.’ And after this, considering the light in which she is at present looked upon, can any one doubt that the news of your death is expected by her with impatience, and will be received by her with delight? And *ought* a son to be on friendly terms with a person who he *knows* is waiting with impatience for the death of his mother, and who has had the imprudence to avow that she is doing so? If I ever *am* obliged to

submit to her society, certainly I shall be miserable while I am in it, my father's society will not be at all a consolation, since I know that he has no affection for me, and firmly believe that he had rather that my throat should be cut, than that Frederick R—— should lose a joint of his little finger. On the terms on which we shall be together, I can never ask any of my own friends to his table. In his resentment he has assigned me an income less than my expenditure has been for several years; and of course I shall not ask him to increase it. He has even refused to keep saddle-horses for me (though he knows that riding is the only exercise which I like, and which has ever been prescribed for me as necessary for my health), and turned away the groom, telling me that if I chose to have them now, I must pay for them myself. What, then, am I to gain by a reconciliation? Nothing, for myself; but I would willingly spare *him* the painful reflections which may hereafter come across him, should he now turn me off so totally without cause. Pray answer this soon; and tell me what *more* you think I can do than what I *have* done. Was not your letter written in consequence of one from Maria? I *suspect* it. Observe, that no apology to Mrs. R—— has been asked of me. I have never said or

done any thing to herself; I am only charged with treating her with *coldness* and *distance*, and I am required to receive her with *warmth* and *pleasure*. Is that possible? ‘*Manner*’ is the chief thing complained of.

“Your affectionate son,  
“M. G. LEWIS.”

This letter seems to have been written under considerable excitement, and exhibits a distress of mind approaching to wretchedness. But even here Lewis does not lose his respect or tender consideration for the feelings of that father who was treating him with so much severity.

“Friday, Barnes.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I must *in justice* lose no time in setting you right in *one* particular. Mrs. R—— did not say bluntly that she *wished* you dead, but she said (what in my opinion is equivalent), ‘that my father was only waiting for your death to give her the strongest proof of his regard;’ and, after this, considering her situation, and the light in which she is looked upon, can there be a doubt, that your death would be the most welcome news that she could possibly receive? And knowing this, ought I

to seem happy to see a person whose bosom is filled with such wishes, and to be gay and pleased in her society? In fact, this is the whole point; for I have offered to come into her society, if my father insists upon it: but what he wishes is, that I should come into it voluntarily, and as if it was of my own seeking. However, you will be pleased to hear, that my last letter has had some effect, and that I have had a tolerably kind answer from my father, in which he luckily mentioned a circumstance which had displeased him, and which it was in my power to make an apology for. He expresses an inclination to forgive what is past, but waits for my next letter. I have sent one as humble and as conciliatory as I could, allowing his right to ask whom he pleased to the house; and that when I met them there, I ought to do nothing that could possibly offend his guests; allowing also his right to make *me* receive them, if he thought proper. Observe, that all along I have said that if he chooses to *command* me to stay in Mrs. R——'s society, I should obey him. As to Mrs. R—— (by name), and her speech, I passed them over in silence, as well as my sentiments of her. He must know them, and I think *she* cannot mistake them, and therefore there was no use in repeating them. As soon as I hear from



him again, I will inform you. If Maria did not tell you any thing of this business, surely my uncle William did? What I told you was not sufficient to have informed you of all that you knew when you wrote to me. I cannot 'set out anew,' with Mrs. R——. I know too much of her ever to be at my ease in her society: she has been the cause of almost every quarrel that has happened in our family ever since I can remember. While they were unmarried, she made the lives of my sisters miserable. She did all in her power to prevent Maria's marriage. Every one of my relations, except Wm. Sewell, sees her in the same light as I do. Many years ago my sister refused to go into public with her; and, in consequence, the opera-box (which before they had jointly) was divided into alternate weeks. As to myself, she has professed the most decided hatred against me frequently; and how then can I 'set out anew with her?' All this I can *forgive*, so far as not to wish her any injury; but I cannot *forget* it, and thus by putting myself in her power, give her an opportunity of injuring *me*.

"What you have sent me to transcribe is a hundred times *weaker* than many things which I have said. If I were to send it, instead of being pleased, my father would call it an *insult*. In-

deed, he wrote me word that ‘*any* compromise was an insult.’ Do not think me *vindictive* when I say I cannot forget injuries : to *forgive* them is in one’s power ; but we can no more *forget* them at pleasure, than we can cease to love at pleasure. Memory is not quite so obedient as to retain all the pleasant things because we wish to retain them, and wipe out all the disagreeable ones the moment we wish to lose them. As to myself, I am so constituted, that I believe I never felt a painful sensation which I could afterwards efface from my memory, however strongly I may have wished to do so. To forgive injuries means a determination not to retaliate upon the person who has injured us. That is in a man’s power ; but to forget them is in no man’s choice ; and if it ever happens, it must be entirely the work of time. You know Macduff, in Shakspeare, says (speaking of the murder of his wife and children),

‘ I *cannot* but remember such things were,  
And were most dear to me !’

“ I have tried ‘not to associate at all with Mrs. R——,’ but that is not to be permitted. I told my father, ‘that if I had wished to insult her, I should have sought her society instead of shunning it ; but while I kept out of her way, it was *impossible*

to offend her.' However, this had no effect. How can I 'bury *every thing* in oblivion respecting Mrs. R——,' when I entertain such an opinion of her character in general? If she does at all wish for my society, I am sure it can only be for the purpose of tormenting and mortifying me; conscious that, in my father's presence, my hands must be bound. I wish her no ill; but I heartily wish I may never see her again.

"Believe me, my dear Mother,

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"You will be gratified to know that, in consequence of his attention to you, I have endeavoured to show as much as I can to your brother Robert. When I went to Portsmouth, I sent for one of the boys from the academy, made him dine at General Whitelocke's, and gave him some money. I believe they were well pleased."

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"In reading your letter again, I find one expression which requires an observation. That Mrs. R—— is my *foe*, and hates me, is true enough; but I deny that *I* am her *foe*, or any body's *foe*. I think it wrong to hate any one; but I heartily

despise Mrs. R——, and would not do her any service; but, on the other hand, I would not do her any injury. This is the expression which I have used to my father:—‘As Mrs. R—— is your friend, I will not be her enemy; but as she wishes the death of my mother, I will not be her friend.’ Surely that is moderate. After reading ‘what is required of me by my father,’ I wish you to frame such an apology as can be at all *consistent with truth*; and, if it is possible, I will transcribe it, and send it to him. Can you ask more?

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

There is much beauty in this short letter, and it is sufficient of itself to create the most favourable impression of the character of the writer. Lewis was, at this time, a young man flattered and courted in the world, principally on account of his qualities of mind; and yet in this letter he manifests all the relying simplicity of a child. He boasts no mental superiority over his mother, nor does he arrogate to himself any superior knowledge of mankind, but unhesitatingly places his dearest interests in her hands.

" Sunday, February 24th.

" MY DEAR MOTHER,

" As to there ever being any *real* harmony between my father and myself, you know, I look upon that as being quite out of the question, because I am convinced that he has not the least affection for me. As he is conscious (he told Mrs. Blake so) that this dissension is detrimental to Mrs. R——, perhaps, for *her* sake, he may choose to be on apparently good terms with me ; but he will not for mine, be assured. I premise this in order that you may understand that my proceedings are not grounded on the vain hope of recovering his affection. In the first place, I must say that I agree *perfectly* with you in every word of your last letter, respecting my father's note, and shall act according to it, if he will permit me ; but I shall not be surprised if he *first* obtains as much for Mrs. R—— from me as he can ; endeavours to make it *appear* as if I was reconciled to her, in order that she may be no longer accused of being the cause of his anger ; and, *then*, by demanding that I should profess my *principles* to have been wrong (which, thinking them right, I cannot do without telling a lie), to make *that* refusal the pretence of his continued displeasure, and thus have an excuse for

saying that Mrs. R—— has nothing to do with the quarrel.

“Pray keep this letter, in order that, if this scheme should be put into action, I may prove that I previously protested against it. Only observe whether I do not receive a declaration from my father, ‘that whenever I come to such a proper sense of the respect that is due to him, as to allow myself to have been wrong, and to repent of the conduct which has displeased him, as well as to assure him that it never shall be repeated, he will then *forgive* me and receive me as his son; *but not till then.*’ This I shall not be able to do; and then Mrs. R—— will swear that *she* is not the cause of quarrel; for that I have called upon her, and every thing is made up between us. Now you are to know, that upon receiving my father’s note, I was in doubt whether I *should* call in Baker-street or not; however, Mrs. Blake pressed me so seriously, that I went and left my card last Sunday. I then wrote to my father that I had called. I assured him of my undiminished affection and respect. I told him I was very sorry if I had caused him any affliction, not only during the last twelvemonth, but during the whole course of my life; but I denied ever having been the *voluntary* cause of affliction to him even for a moment. I finished

by saying, that if there was any thing else I could do to gratify him, I should consider his telling me what I was to do as laying an obligation on myself. To this he has not condescended to answer a line himself; but instead of doing that, or sending me word through Mrs. Blake (as I think he *ought* to have done), yesterday came a letter from Lushington, saying, 'He was authorized to tell me it was my father's *wish* that I should call on Mrs. R——, ask for and see her if she was at home, and that no explanation would be expected. In answer to this I have sent my father word, 'that a wish so expressed was the same as a *command*, and I should *obey*.' You know to call upon her *by my father's desire*, without any wish expressed of my own, or any apology for having cut her for three long years, is no breach of sincerity; and I have said, for the last eight months 'that I was ready to do any thing that was not inconsistent with sincerity.' Besides this you must know (but do not mention this *to any human being*)—to put the thing past doubt, before I left my card, I wrote to her and told her, in respectful, but *positive* terms, that I should call on her *merely* because my father wished it; that when I last met her in Devonshire place, I did not mean to be *rude* to her; but I

certainly *did* mean to be *cold* and distant ;' that ' I knew she hated me and that she had told my sister so ;' that ' the speech (which she owned having made), *comprised* in it a wish for my mother's death ; and that her making it had placed a barrier between her and the son of that mother ;' that '*she* was the cause of the existing dissensions ;' that ' I was not her enemy, but neither was I her friend ;' and that ' as she had sent me word by W. Sewell that she was ready to do any thing I would point out, I begged her to try to persuade my father that it would be better for her and me never to meet again.' All this was said in the most *civil* manner possible, but the devil is in it if it was not plain speaking ; and after reading it I wonder how she can *submit* to receive me. But this is her affair and my father's. I shall call upon her the first time I go to town.

"Lushington's letter (whether intentionally or not) was exactly calculated to make me *refuse* to do what was desired of me. He talked of my 'having gained a great victory over myself;' that 'I had only to make more struggles;' that 'I ought not to mind humiliating myself before Mrs. R—— (if it was an humiliation); that it was a sacrifice of feeling, not of principle,' &c. &c. I have requested



my father in future not to convey his orders through Mr. Lushington. I send you a letter from Mrs. G. Sewell, as it contains many things about you.

“Your affectionate son,  
“M. G. LEWIS.”

Here is a continued and sturdy adherence to the principles of conduct originally adopted; and, if this letter does not place Lewis in a more amiable point of view as a son, it is, at least, highly creditable to him as a man. It also clearly shows the perfect superiority of the position he maintained, to that assumed by the party with whom he was at variance.

It is a singular fact, that matters afterwards turned out exactly as he predicted in the foregoing letter.

“Barnes, Wednesday.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“The enclosed is a copy of a letter from my father to me, written upon my informing him that Lushington had declared himself “authorized to say that my father *wished* me to call on Mrs. R—— and see her, if she was at home.” Upon receiving this answer, I considered things to be

worse than ever, and quite gave up the point in despair. But, in order that my father should no longer have it in his power to assert 'that I had insulted a woman in his house,' I determined to address to her, what I had said to him repeatedly: 'that I had not intended to treat her with *rudeness* in Devonshire-place, and that, if my treatment had worn that appearance, I was very sorry for it.' I added that, 'if we should ever be placed *in a similar situation*, I would studiously endeavour to convince her that it had not been my intention to insult her.' You are to observe that I had already written her word, 'that I had not meant my manner to be *rude*, though I *did* mean it to be *cold* and distant.' This letter I submitted to my uncle Robert's opinion, and he very kindly consented to show it to my father; and ask him whether he thought such an apology sufficient for *that particular* occasion. He acknowledged it to be so, but asked what security Mrs. R—— had for my not behaving rudely to her in a third place? To this my uncle answered, 'that it was not my intention to treat her with incivility meet her where I would.' But he gave him not the slightest reason to suppose that I would show her the *least civility* or *attention*. On the contrary, he said it was *not* my intention to visit her. This interview finished

by my father's saying, 'that he should not forbid my writing to him.'

"Accordingly, after sending this letter to Mrs. R—— (every syllable of which by the by she had already read in my letter to her, though perhaps my father did not know it, as he did not desire her to show him my letter), I wrote to him as kindly as I could, saying, that my uncle assured me that the letter which had been communicated to him, had given him some degree of pleasure, and that I hoped to obtain similar assurances on future occasions ; that 'nothing had prevented my seeking his society since my return from Scotland, except thinking that my presence would be disagreeable to him ;' and that the slightest intimation 'that my visits would no longer produce such an effect, would make me renew them. Mrs. —— was not mentioned, nor a syllable relating to their disputes. Half an hour ago I received a very gracious letter from him, in which he says, that he is satisfied with what I said, and with my manner in saying it ; that he *relinquishes* all displeasure at the past (not *forgives*, observe), in hopes that in future he shall not experience similar displeasure. He even apologizes for not offering me to live in his house again ; hoping that I will not consider it as unkind, but that he acts from motives *totally unconnected*

with the subject of our disagreement. He does not mention one word about 'change of principles, change of sentiments, nor of the *claims which persons dear to him* have upon *my* friendship.' On the contrary, he says that he only expects kind and respectful attention from me, and that he as little wishes for servility on my part as systematic opposition. There is a contrast for you, with the note which I enclose! Even to my uncle Robert he allowed that he insisted on my changing my sentiments. Now, not a word is said on the subject. He finishes by telling me that I shall be welcome if I will meet Sophia in Devonshire-place, on Friday, and of course I mean to go. Unfortunately I am persuaded that this reconciliation is only apparent, and that every spark of real affection for me is extinguished in his bosom. However, I shall endeavour to make the best of it. As I knew the pleasure which this news would give you, I lose no time in conveying it to you. Mr. Lushington is now Mrs. R——'s professed supporter. Not contented with asking her to his own house, he came to Sheddon the other day, to persuade him to suffer Sophia to meet Mrs. R—— at dinner in Bedford-square, where he had kindly assembled a *family* party to meet her. In short he has been currying favour with my father as much as possible,

and trying to make his treatment of Mrs. R—— a glaring contrast to mine and Sheddon's, who will not suffer Sophia to accept Mrs. R——'s invitations.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.

“Pray return the enclosed note. Nothing can be kinder than Mrs. Blake and my uncle Robert have been on this occasion, and it is entirely owing to them that matters are adjusted.”

Thus we see that Lewis, by a steady adherence to that line of conduct which he rightly judged to be the only one that a regard to his own and his mother's honour permitted him to pursue, at length gained the victory; and although he was correct in believing that the reconciliation which took place was only a temporary one, it was still a triumph; and being in no small degree the triumph of virtue, it must have afforded, not only Matthew, but his mother, no small satisfaction.

It is impossible to withhold our admiration of the manner in which Lewis acted throughout the whole of these proceedings. From the first out-breaking of the disagreement between his father and himself, he seems to have clearly seen the only course which it was proper for him to pursue;

and, notwithstanding an accumulation of vexatious consequences to himself, that course he steadily maintained. In his most imbittered moments he never uses a word against his father which, as a son, he has cause to blush for; is never betrayed into disrespect in sentiment or expression; and the unhappy influence of the person who is the cause of all his sufferings, is ever viewed apart from the parent over whom it was exercised. The bursts of affection for his mother which his afflictions called forth—his reliance on her opinion—his dread lest his own sentiments should be mistaken, or the expressions of his adversaries misrepresented—the evident purity of his intentions—his studied regard for the feelings of others, and the temperate, though firm manner, in which he acted throughout; all these points place his character in the fairest light; and, whatever may have been thererors of his judgment in other matters, here at least, it is pleasing to pause, and taking a retrospect of his conduct, to find, that so far from being depraved in principle or in feeling, he was eminently endowed with qualities of heart and character fitted to adorn society and add a lustre to genius.

## CHAPTER XI.

Cottage at Barnes—Fête champêtre—Character of Lewis's friends  
—Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore—Duke of Clarence  
—Princess of Wales—Affair of honour.

THE cottage at Barnes, from which many of the foregoing and succeeding letters are dated, was a pretty romantic retreat, where Lewis spent the greater part of his time, and which, notwithstanding the intention he so frequently expresses of leaving, he afterwards greatly embellished and improved, and continued to retain possession of until his death. It was here that the greater portion of his works were written; and even when he came into possession of a large fortune, on his father's death, he still continued to find the same pleasure in the retirement of this rural abode,

which he had done in his earlier years ; preferring, with a taste worthy of genius, its quiet seclusion to the pomp and parade of more splendid establishments, which a handsome income placed at his command. He spared no pains or expense in rendering it suited for a poet's home ; and it was adorned in a style in every way indicative of its sensitive occupant.

His little drawing-room was beautifully ornamented, and contained many paintings from the first masters, as well as several highly-finished sketches taken from his own works. Over the mantelpiece hung the small miniature portrait of a lady—a scion of the house of Argyle—which, on account of the homage he had seemed to pay it, during one of his visits to Inverary Castle, was good-naturedly presented to him by the duke, and highly prized by Lewis, on account of some real or fancied resemblance it bore to a later beauty of that noble house, whose early influence over his heart we have already spoken of.

He had also an admirably-selected library, containing, among other acquisitions, a valuable collection of German works, and scarce old English and Scottish ballads. He had almost a passion for mirrors ; and Barnes, as well as the apartments



which he afterwards occupied in the Albany, had a profuse though tasteful display of these, as well as an unusual quantity of exquisitely-finished *bijouterie*, and of the most unique and classical representations. For seals, also, his *penchant* was peculiar: he was continually inventing new mottos and devices, until at last he possessed a stock that might have furnished the windows of a jeweller's shop.

His miniature grounds were laid out with the greatest taste and beauty. On the lawn before the cottage were two finely-finished statues of bronze; one was a Cupid, in the act of flying from a pedestal, on which was engraved the following lines, from his pen:

“ Though Age intrude, with frown repelling,  
Love, while I live, shall share my dwelling :  
‘ Begone, vain boy !’ should stoics cry,  
Just *spread* your wings—but *never fly*.”

The other, a figure representing Fortune, was grasping a purse, and standing upon a globe; on the pedestal of which was written,

“ Lo ! in my hand a purse of gold,  
And at my feet the world behold ;  
For they whom fortune’s favours greet,  
Still find the world is at their feet.”

In this cottage, Lewis's bachelor hours were often gladdened by the society of a few of his favoured friends, in whom, as we have already observed, no man was ever more fortunate. Here it was that he once gave a *déjeuner à la fourchette* to his illustrious acquaintance the Duchess of York, and her suite, with a numerous party of the young nobility. The duchess had frequently expressed her intention of one day storming his pretty hermitage ; and having repeated it in a less sportive mood, he rightly construed it into a command, and made fitting preparations for the reception of his august visiter. The table was spread under tents on the lawn, and of course all the beauties of his fairy cottage were exhibited to the best advantage on the occasion.

Her Royal Highness declared herself highly pleased ; the rest of the party were, of course, delighted ; and the poet and his guests parted, mutually charmed with the entertainment and with each other.

An account of this fête will be found in the following letter, written by a friend who was present to one of Lewis's female relations :

“ MY DEAR MRS. B——,

“ As you have laid your commands on me for a ‘ full, true, and particular account ’ of friend Mat's,

or, as S—— would call it, 'The Poet's' fête champêtre,' I sit down to my task : premising, however (as in gallantry bound), that your absence cast a gloom over the scene that almost amounted to a 'Scotch mist.' But, seriously, the thought of your indisposition *did* cast an evident gloom over the spirits of our host. During the day I scribbled sundry little *mems*, all on purpose for you ; and, upon my word, what with allowing that most frequently slighted fair one—sweet simple Truth—a little appropriate robing on so justifiable an occasion, there are hopes that I may one day brew a romance in some witch's cauldron, of potency sufficient to stagger the great Monk himself. And now to begin, as you say, at the beginning.

" On the privilege of an intimate, I started from town at an early hour, and arrived at Barnes long before the guests had assembled ; very glad, somewhat tired, and very dusty ; my well imbrowned apparel causing Cartier to look monstrous blue, as I signified my intention of tasking his services in setting it to rights. 'Bustle, bustle, toil and bustle !' So, as the half-worried domestics seemed unanimously agreed to lay no restraint upon my inclinations, and I found I was permitted the honour of conducting myself 'fancy free,' I soon accepted the invitation of a little half-open gate,

stepped lightly across the little lawn, and turning round (by the by, what a *little* place Mat's cottage is) entered a winding path among all sorts of waving blooming things. How lucky the day happened to be fine! Well, there I came upon the 'Monk' himself, so suddenly, that I started back before there was time to say, 'Lord bless me! how d'ye do?' And just then, something about the devil coming into my head, I couldn't help casting a look over my shoulder: there was a donkey munching in the lane behind the hedge. 'Come,' thought I, 'matters might have been worse.' Our friend was bending over some flowers, with a melancholy abstracted air.

" 'Holla! Mat,' said I, 'here I am—time enough I hope?'

" 'You are a strange fellow, Fred,' said he, holding out his hand kindly.

" He paused, and again became absorbed in thought. Just then a gust of wind swept a blossom to his feet. He regarded it for a moment, then taking it up, 'See,' said he, 'it is still in the pride of its bloom: the hues are yet fresh, the dews on it are yet bright, and thus, for a time, it will remain. Still it is broken! still it is broken!'

" His large black eyes filled with tears, and his

voice had that sort of choking sound that I *so hate*, and I accordingly got into a sort of pet, and said,

“ ‘Why the devil! Mat, are you such a fool as to—to—*walk about this fresh morning without your hat.*’

“I think our ‘Monk’ took what I said in good part, for he shook me again by the hand, and presently, in a more cheerful voice said, ‘Come, won’t you like to see my preparations?’

“I followed him into the principal room, among all sorts of flowers and fragrance, books and pictures, with here and there little elegant devices and poetic fancies, just in his way you know. There was your old friend too, the little bronze Cupid you had used to admire, with his outstretched wings and bended bow, and Mat’s pretty lines on the pedestal. He followed the direction of my eyes.

“ ‘Cupid exhibits so much bronze,’ said he, ‘because his votary owns so little marble, I suppose.’ Poor fellow! he tried to look arch as he made this remark; but it wouldn’t do, and as he turned to the window, I heard him sigh.

“ ‘Curse Cupid!’ I was just beginning to mutter; however I called his attention to the other pretty ornament, the statue of Fortune—in a remarkably

graceful attitude, by the by—upon a globe, and which, if you remember, has also awakened his poetic inspiration.

“‘Come,’ said I, ‘here’s one who tells us a better tale. Faith it’s a pity the jade should be blind, with so much ballast.’

‘Her favoured ones prove often more blind than herself,’ observed Lewis; ‘hands may grasp yon all-coveted purse, and its enjoyment still slip through the fingers.’

“I thought that moment of the eyes *his* had so often dried, and the hearts it had contributed to lighten; and instead of the terrible, the proscribed ‘Monk,’ by heavens! I seemed better to recognise a character by no means so popular, though occasionally *spoken* of as the *Good Samaritan*.

“We passed into another room; it did not take much time to arrive there, certainly; yet, after all, it *is* a pretty *bijou* of a place; and, on this occasion, of course, neither pains nor expense had been spared to add to its *agrémens*. I continued to glide on amid all sorts of pretty knick-nackery; more than once finding reason to congratulate my blundering shins, and some rare vase or elegant flower-stand, on their mutual escape. And I am expected to describe all these fine things;—but no, remember one of your own favourite observations,

that in *some* society, we may be aware of the influence of surrounding objects, without being able to note one of them ; and thus, in fact, it was with me ;—for Lewis was beginning to be in cue—you know well what he can do at such times ;—indeed, I was rejoiced to perceive his dejection wearing off, as circumstances compelled him to exertion.

“He was turning over a *port-feuille*—in so doing, a paper fell to the ground ; as it lay, I could perceive “Stanzas” :—‘Am I one of the privileged, Mat ?’ said I. He turned, perceived the object of my inquiry, and merely smiled. I repeated my question. ‘Pooh, nonsense !’ he at last replied, ‘’tis nothing —something I was scribbling last night.’

“‘Well, well, am I privileged, I repeat ?’

“‘Do as you like, I shall never publish *that*.’ He was leaving the room as he spoke, apparently to give some directions ; so availing myself of his brief permission, I perused these discarded lines, of which I conclude you will not dislike the following copy I have since obtained.

## THE SCYTHER OF TIME.

Blest was their way, Youth hail'd the hours,  
In warbling numbers, over flowers,

Like bird of summer sky ;  
While as a dew-drop that's still bright,  
Lingers in violet bell, the light  
Beam'd from Love's bashful eye ;

Hand press'd in hand, they pass'd along,  
Youth with Love still blending song ;

And oh ! he vow'd in truth,  
All changeful skies he would deride,  
If with him Love would still abide.

Such was thy theme, fond Youth !

Now both, it seems, had heard or read  
Of *Time*, but how could either dread

A bugbear neither knew ?  
Besides Love boasted spells, whose power  
Full well could guard *his* fairy bower ;  
Be sure Youth thought so too.

Indeed the elves did frankly own,  
That oft as by them Time had flown,  
To banish every care  
His glass Love stole, while Youth combined  
To cheat their foe, who oft did find  
Much mischief planning there.



Then, too, Youth told how by Love's hand  
Time's scythe was wreath'd like fairy wand,  
    So gay with bud and flower ;  
As life's enchantments meant to aid, \\  
Instead of warning how they fade  
    With Time's untarrying hour.

How long 'twas thus their lot to rove,  
Could neither tell, gay Youth or Love,  
    Or how the bright hours flew ;  
(And who *could* ever tell the hours  
If Love intwined Time's scythe with flowers ?  
    Ah ! none that Youth e'er knew.)

But as we know life's fairest day,  
Like all fair things, will pass away,  
    And best of friends must part ;  
So when his last those flowers to view,  
And o'er departed youth to strew,  
    Love wept with all his heart.

Reflection, who in tranquil cell  
Oft welcom'd Time, and prized him well,  
    Love to console, drew nigh,  
To hear him call old Time his friend,  
Who much had taught him to amend—  
    'Twere well had Youth been by.

“ Henceforth,” he said, “ at Honour's shrine  
*Esteem* must rear, and *Friendship* twine,  
    The hues of Youth's bright way.  
So shall Time spare Love's fairy bowers,  
And his rough scythe be wreathed with flowers,  
    E'en in life's winter day.”

“I found that he had retired to dress, so thought it time to follow his example. When I again saw him the guests had assembled, and he was conducting her royal highness. I am so glad that you have been in the society of this charming princess: for how could I ever describe the fascination of her presence, or how the diadem of royalty is eclipsed on a brow beaming so much gentle beneficence? As her delicate little figure passed on, I could not help thinking of those lines of Mat’s, regarding her, in an epilogue to one of his dramatic *wonderments*—I think it is ‘Adelmorn;’ but as I cannot now quote them correctly, you must read them for yourself.

“I looked towards the seat appropriated to the duchess, who was conversing with the beautiful Lady Charlotte Campbell. Meantime the general *enjouement* of the scene proceeded with corresponding effect. Bon-mots began to be gaily bandied, among certain of the Blues and Butterflies present, and floated upon the flower-breathing air as light, refreshing, and, generally speaking, as evanescent. Music, was also in progress, while I could perceive Mat beginning inwardly to fume, at the non-appearance of a fashionable minstrel. However, as I wish to render my task a pleasant one, I would rather that the usual proportion of ‘rubs,’ should be rubbed out of my recollection.

“I believe I had just named music—ah! and there *was* music, since *she* was prevailed upon to sing; and the highborn and fairest of Caledonia’s daughters breathed the simple melodies of her native hills to many a spell-bound heart.\*

“I dared not look at our poor ‘Monk’ while she sang, and was in truth, for his sake, rejoiced at a proposal to change the scene.

\* \* \* \*

“The serenity of the atmosphere without became inviting, and I found her royal highness environed by fragrance and bloom, and attended by a little coterie, allured by attractions of another description, as listening with delighted attention to sundry little anecdotes, illustrative of some of woman’s best feelings, detailed with woman’s most bewitching graces;—gentleness and modesty losing nothing of their charms by the condescension of royal lips.

“There were still a few loiterers round the piano, playing and singing among themselves, while some (lovers, probably,) were strolling upon the lawn. I, however, preferred making one of the little court about the duchess. ‘Nay, but

\* The vocal talent of Lady C. Campbell, and Scotch *music*, will long be spoken of together.

you shall not take her away now,' said she as I approached, and at the same moment perceived Mat's favourite, Minnette, the petted tortoiseshell cat, quietly seated on a portion of her royal highness's drapery, and as though listening with grave approbation to her sentiments. The shawl was soft and luxurious, a fact which Minny had not failed to discover to her heart's content; being, moreover, like many about the person of royalty, perfectly aware of the *value of her place*, and she appeared resolved not to *resign* without some struggles. I could discover all this plainly enough the moment I saw her, with her gooseberry eyes, blinking so familiarly at the duchess, deliberately and unceremoniously stretching herself, as she curled her tail round her recumbent fat form, and recomposed herself to her dozing slumbers;—altogether, I never witnessed any thing more cool in my life!

“ ‘No, no! you shall not disturb her now. Poor little ting! I do tink she love me; and,’ added the princess expressively, ‘do not take from me any ting dat love me.’

“ ‘Your royal highness is partial to all animals, I believe,’ observed a lady near her.

“ ‘Ah! mien Got! yes, matam, dey are so dependent on us for kindness and protection; and

when dey make dere appeal in dere innocent language, I tink we ought love dem, if only for awaken the better part of our nature. Besides, dey are grateful for kindness, dey are sincere, dey are honest.'

" 'Nay, nay, pardon me, madam,' interposed Mat, laughing; 'since, with regard to the latter quality, I am sorry to say, I could not feel justified in being answerable for Minnette, if she chanced to spy that custard.'

"The duchess laughed. 'Poor ting, poor little ting!' said she, playing with the velvet ear of the favourite, 'dat is but dere nature. De dog, de cat, dey will snap and dey will bite; but how could I punish de poor ignorant ting, dat av no liberty of choice? I av many dog, as you know, but though I vos delight in de attachment and de faith of my dog, I could not say de dog is *virtuous*—still, I welcome de *sweet spirit of affection*—dat it is win my regard. Ah! Master Lewise, me know dat de poor animal follow but dere nature; and would Got dat man so truly follow his; for *his* nature is *divine*!'

"It would have been impossible not to have been interested with the grace and touching earnestness with which the duchess spoke. A short time afterwards some one mentioned the slave trade

and Mr. Wilberforce, which immediately called forth fresh sentiments of philanthropy and benevolence from her royal highness; and these were warmly responded to by Mat. But to tell you the truth, what with dogs, cats, animals, and instincts, and then the old story of Wilberforce and the slaves, I was fast becoming ennuied, and I was heartily glad when they changed the subject to other matters. However, every body was pleased and delighted, and none more so than the royal guest, who, on parting, made many flattering acknowledgments to Mat, of the pleasure she had experienced on her visit to his 'sweet cottage;' and that she had spent 'much happy times in listening to his sentiment, vat do honour to de heart,' &c. &c. The rest of the guests remained, wandering about the grounds, until twilight. Your humble servant, however, continued a few hours longer; and before leaving, Mat extorted a promise that I would spend a few days with him at Barnes, before I returned to R—shire.

"Now, I think I have pretty well performed my promise; at all events, I have been scribbling for two mortal hours; but as Mat himself proposes to visit you soon, you will perhaps hear more of the

things that were said and done at his *fête champêtre*.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours ever sincerely,

“ FREDERICK ———.”

Lewis was on very intimate terms with the Duchess of York, for whom he entertained the highest regard, and was well qualified to appreciate many of the amiable qualities of heart with which this excellent princess was so eminently endowed. At Oatlands he was a frequent and favoured visiter; and on one occasion, her royal highness presented him with a beautiful little spaniel, called “ Folly,” of which the reader will find mention in several of the succeeding letters. The following almost impromptu lines were written by Lewis, on one occasion, when the duchess was lamenting to him her vain efforts to reclaim an unworthy object of her bounty.

“ The wretch to guilt and misery flies,

And royal Frederica sighs,

O'er gracious plans defeated;

Yet deem not, Princess, for yourself,

Tho' lost by that unworthy elf,

Your object not completed :

For long ere this, to heavenly climes,  
Your *wish* to save his soul from crimes,  
Has made its blest ascension ;  
And in the book that angels read,  
The page that should have held your deed  
Is fill'd with your *intention* !”

But neither in retirement, nor when thus moving in the gay routine of such exalted circles, was Lewis inattentive to his mother's wants ; and, although his circumstances must have now required a constant supply of money, we find him as ready to share his purse with her as ever, and that she still found him what his father termed an “easy exchequer.” The following letter will show the willing promptitude with which he answered her demands of this nature.

“ Wednesday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I will not let a day pass without relieving you from any anxiety which you may be under respecting the loan which you wish to make—165*l.* ; shall be ready for you as soon *after* January as you please ; but as I *give* no interest for the money, of course I can take none. Having said this, suffer me to remind you of my peculiar situation,



which will not always admit of my lending large sums with as much facility as I can grant you present request. I have no fixed allowance; my money is not paid into my own hands, but is paid by drafts upon my father; which drafts are open to his inspection, and liable to his inquiries as to the occasion which I had for particular sum. If, in addition to the sums which I draw for my own use, there should be a large sum lent to another person, it might naturally lead him to ask to what use I had applied it, and, on hearing the answer, he might *as* naturally inquire what right I had to lend *his* money, without previously asking whether he *chose* to lend it. I cannot, therefore, but own that it would not merely be *inconvenient* to me to lend large sums out of *his* money, but, in my opinion, absolutely wrong. Whatever is my own I shall be always happy to accommodate you with, but I have no right to make the same use of what is my father's. The little sums which I have been able to assist you with, from time to time, have been my own property, either taken from the produce of my writings, or what I thought I had a right (from having been moderate in my expenditure for a month or two), to bestow on my own pleasures, than which I could have none greater

than contributing to yours. It is from the former of these sources that I am now able to promise you the loan which you request. Bell, the bookseller, owes me about 300*l.*, most of which I shall receive by the end of January, and with the use of part of which I shall readily accommodate you, and you may replace it at your own convenience during any period of the ensuing year ; but if I had not luckily had this fund to resort to, I own I should have found considerable inconvenience in managing the business, since I must either have done what I have absolutely no right to do (*viz.* : lent you my father's money unknown to him), or else have asked of him the loan of it for you as a favour, which would have been extremely distressing to me, as at present it would give me great pain to be obliged to ask a favour of him. However, as it is, I can accommodate you without either of the above inconveniences, and whenever you let me know *after* January, that you want the money, I will send it to you.

“I intended to have gone to Lord R. Spencer's ; but various things have detained me in London, or rather at Barnes, for I stay in London as little as possible. I did not, however, think it necessary to answer your last letter on that point, as you

desired me not, unless I should be free from engagements, instead of which my time is so wholly occupied by different things.

\* \* \* \*

“Mrs. Whitelocke presses me very much to go down to Portsmouth, and perhaps my going would be at this period really a gratification to her. As soon as the marriage is over (which will be sometime in January), I shall probably join Lord Henry Petty at Bath, and remain there till the end of the month. Sophia, on her marriage, goes to Twyford Lodge; and I believe it is her intention to request you to pay her a visit there, in which case I shall if possible meet you. ♦

“An additional reason for my being unwilling to make more use of my father’s money than I can avoid, is that he really has not ready money himself; a proof of which is, that he only pays Sophia the *interest* of her fortune, and she is not to receive the *capital* till his death; though, on Maria’s marriage, he paid the whole of her fortune down. Maria is quite well. I have no opera coming out, or any thing but ‘Alphonso.’

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The following letter written to him by his aunt Mrs. Blake, which he encloses in the succeeding letter to his mother, is illustrative of the continuance of that lively regard, of which his previous letters have already afforded the reader so many pleasing instances.

“ Saturday.

“ MY DEAR MATTHEW,

“ As the pretty novelists say, ‘impute my silence to any thing but neglect.’ I am much obliged to you for your letter. I did not care much about the orders, and as you will soon have an opportunity of obliging me in this respect, I don’t mind it *at all*. Caroline, as you imagine, is delighted, and declares, in *good* time, ‘that she *can’t bear* going to *Covent Garden*.’ I went to ‘The Castle Spectre,’ because both your uncle and I had nearly forgotten it. We were very much pleased with it; and very glad that we went. I am much grieved to find your mother has had a relapse. She has seen Dr. Baillie, at which I rejoice; but I regret to find that on Baillie’s calling again, she *declined* seeing him.

“ I know Baillie’s time to be so very much engaged, that he is obliged to decline seeing many new patients, when he will call on those he has

once seen, and he would not have called on your mother had he not thought it necessary to make some further alteration or observation necessary for her *certain* recovery. *He told* her ‘her recovery would *not be speedy*.’ Yet, because she felt *relieved* in the course of *two* days, who would imagine that she could do without seeing him *any more*? Had he done her no good, I could have reconciled it; but I am, as it is, quite concerned at her standing so in the way of her own good. I have known Dr. Baillie many years, and had a great deal to do with him, and I do declare I know not a more disinterested man any where, or one more humane and considerate in not putting himself *in the way* of taking one guinea unnecessary from the *patient*. Your uncle has seen her, and says, he does not like her appearance, and thinks there is cause to be alarmed at the state of her cough, if it is not soon cured. I paid her the twenty pounds you desired me to give her.

“ Believe me,

“ Your most affectionate aunt,

“ A. B.

“ Pray tell me the first words of the glee you desired Caroline to learn.”

“ Sunday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I send a letter from Mrs. Blake to me, being certain that the kindness of what she says, will make you take it in good part, and I shall only say *for myself*, that I agree with her *entirely*—I *depended* on a line from you this morning (written yesterday), to say that you had seen Dr. Baillie a second time, and was quite disappointed at your silence. Pray do not omit a *single* day, the letters can have a *single* line at least, I shall not be in town till Thursday.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

The following is the next letter which Lewis writes to his mother after her illness. The spectacle to which he alludes was never, we believe, produced at any theatre, and no copy of it seems to have been preserved.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I am very glad to find that you are more comfortably situated than you were, and that your mind is relieved from your former anxieties. It will always give me the greatest pleasure to find, that any endeavours of mine to produce that relief,

have in some degree been attended with success. I thank you for the offer of your apartments; but you forgot that I am in possession of my uncle Robert's house during his absence. When you write to him, inquire after William Robertson. The poor boy cut his hand dreadfully at Eton with a penknife, and it was feared he would be obliged to lose his finger; but he came to town to have it looked at, got nearly well, and is gone down to Tilfham. As to my melodrame, it is no *particular* secret. But still it is better not to talk more about it than can be helped. Harris is highly pleased with it, and means to bring it out the first piece in the season, probably in the middle of October. The scenes and dresses are already preparing, and it is to be brought out with great splendour; I have also given him the spectacle which Sheridan stopped at Drury Lane, for 'Ali Baba,' and which I then took away. Harris has accepted it with great joy, and praises it extremely. But I rather wish its appearance to be deferred till another season.

“ Your affectionate son,

“ M. G. LEWIS.”

“ Wednesday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I cannot tell you how much surprised and disappointed I am, at finding by a note from Mrs. H——,\* that you have relinquished the idea of being her inmate. When William told me of the plan, I thought that it would be the very thing for you. He described the cottage as being most beautiful, and I thought that I heard you speak in praise of Cornwall Cottage. The being so near town seemed to me also an advantage; while its *not* being actually in town was likely to be beneficial to your health. You hate housekeeping, which thus would have been taken off you by Mrs. H——; and you have always seemed to like her society. I promised myself the pleasure of seeing you often, and *at length* comfortably, for in truth I have never yet been able to do that, except perhaps when you lived at Leatherhead. But Brompton being in the way to Barnes, and so near London, during the spring and summer I should often have taken a walk to ask you for a mutton-chop. Above all, it would have been the greatest relief and consolation to me to be certain that you were not at the mercy of vulgar landlords and landladies,

\* The lady before frequently mentioned as Mrs. K——, a second marriage having changed the initial of her surname to “H.”



but with a family who must necessarily be anxious to do every thing to please you. I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you have not adopted this plan. Certainly, you know your own views and wishes best ; but let me at least beg you to reconsider this matter, before you reject it finally.

“I am still in town. You have run the risk of losing me. Captain Percy, Lord Beverly’s son, being drunk at a masquerade (at least every one says that he was drunk), was personally rude to me, and I was obliged to call him to an account. Luckily, he was well advised ; and the business was at length settled by his sending a very full apology in writing, with permission to make it public. Let me hear from you.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

“Monday.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I send you Mrs. H.—’s note, respecting your declining to become her inmate. William certainly told me, that his mother had declined a house near the river, because you had objected to it ; but that now she had taken Cornwall Cottage, and had written to offer you an apartment in it. I have written to Mrs. H.— on the subject. As to her taking a house at Hampstead, that is

now quite out of the question, as the Brompton house is already engaged, and I believe she is actually moving into it. I am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation to Hampstead, which is much too far for me to walk and return. I believe I have lately overdone the walking business. Besides this, I have my rehearsals to attend, which last till four o'clock. I am also now going to pass some days with Lord Holland, who, on Monday last, lost his uncle, General Fox, and can only see few people. After that, I have some thoughts of accepting young Lambton's offer of conveying me down in his barouche to the Brighton Races, and thence to Worthing, to see Lady C. Campbell, and then to bring me back again with his horses. After this expedition, I shall probably go to Oak-end, and stay some time there, and at Lord Carrington's: then to my sister's, if she can receive me, and thence probably to Lord Melbourne's.

"I believe the Arabian afterpiece, which I once read to you, will be brought out next season at Covent Garden; but this is not certain, and I do not expect it to have much success.

"My duel is completely at an end. The apology was made in writing; some expressions, to which I objected, were immediately altered; and it was given me, with full permission to make it as public as I pleased, except that it was not to be

inserted in the newspapers. It was nearly as follows:—‘Sir: understanding from Mr. Lamb, that some observations of mine at Lady Cork’s, on Thursday, were considered by you as an incivility, I have no hesitation in assuring you, that I did not mean to give you the slightest offence: and I must feel sorry, that any thing escaped me, that could be deemed improper.’

“I think, this was full enough in all conscience.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

Mrs. Lewis, with the morbid jealousy of a person in her position in society, imputed his objection to her contemplated removal to Old Brompton, to the proximity of the situation to the residence of a Mr. C——g, with whom she imagined her son was on terms of intimacy. Lewis was naturally somewhat irritated at this, and considering the dutiful manner in which he had invariably acted, and the attentive notice which in public as well as in private he had always paid her, it was certainly a charge as unfounded as uncalled for. He accordingly replies to it somewhat indignantly in the following letter:

“ Thursday.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ It is quite evident that you have not yet learned the nature of my feelings, my sentiments, and my opinions, nor in what my *pride* consists : but I really think when I had once told you, that I had quite forgotten Mr. C——g’s neighbourhood to Brompton, and did not care about it a straw, I ought to have been believed. I now *repeat*, that C—— had nothing to do with my objections to your cottage ; that I do *not* visit him, nor have seen him above twice in the course of the last four years ; and to put the matter beyond all doubt, I shall add, that if instead of being a very good woman (which I believe you), you were the exact reverse, you would still be *too* good to associate with Mr. C——g’s own mother, whose character has been notoriously profligate ; who has long ago married a man of the lowest description, and who has been a public actress at *Portsmouth*, and other blackguard theatres. Permit me to say, that the plan which I approved of, was your residing in Mrs. H——’s house. This might have been a very bad plan for you to adopt ; I do not say that it would have been a good one, though it appeared so to me ; I only say that your *present* plan is not *mine*, nor was it *ever* approved of by me. I only

held my tongue, thinking that you must know your own affairs best, nor did I avow my disapprobation till I heard from Mr. Ingall, not merely the danger of thieves, &c., but the character of Mrs. B——n. This *last* circumstance was that which decided me: especially since young K—— told me, that Mrs. B——n was the mistress of either Lord B——d, or Lord H——n, and that it was understood that she still received the visits of one of these noblemen (both of whom I am well acquainted with), that her society is composed of women of her own description, that she is so riotous that once Mrs. H—— sent her a threat of indicting her for a nuisance, and that she had declared her object in letting her house to be *society*, not profit.

“Now it would be impossible for me to visit my mother at a house where I might find Lord B——d visiting his mistress; and therefore I must plainly say, that if you take the cottage I cannot possibly come to see you there. What I said respecting my stopping to *dine* with you occasionally, in my way to Barnes, was merely a *façon de parler*. I meant that I should then be likely to see you oftener without inconvenience. Whether I dined or not, was perfectly immaterial; and as to Mrs. H——’s keeping a school, still, when I wrote to

you, I thought she had given it up. As to what you say about Mrs. H——'s acquaintance and your own, with all that I have nothing to do : I care nothing about rank in life, nothing about what other people may think or may say ; and have always, both in my public writings and private life, shown (what Mr. Pitt was pleased to call) a pleasure in spitting in the face of public opinion. I live as much with actors, and musicians, and painters, as with princes and politicians, and am as well satisfied, and better indeed, with the society of the first, as with that of the latter. But I absolutely require that people should possess some quality or other to amuse me or interest me, or I had rather be by myself. People may be very good sort of people, and have nothing in them for me to object to ; but if they have nothing more, they would bore me, and being bored is to me positive torture. In short, I will either live with people of my own choice, and who can manage to engage my affections or amuse my mind (be they princes or be they fiddlers and fluters), or I will live alone. I return you many thanks for offering to consult my feelings respecting the cottage ; but I request you only to consult your own prudence and your own convenience. You are perfect mistress of *your own*

actions without my having either right or intention to find fault with them. I only beg to be allowed to remain master of mine.

“I am sorry that I can promise you no orders. I have asked for them twice, and as none have been sent, I cannot ask for them a third time.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The remark which Lewis here makes regarding the necessary qualifications of those in whose society he could find pleasure, was amply corroborated by his practice. His intimate friends were all such as he here describes them: they were all distinguished for “some quality to amuse or interest.” Among these was the amiable but eccentric Lady C——k, who in this respect was of a disposition something like his own. Nothing delighted her ladyship so much as to be surrounded by odd people of every description, no matter in what line of absurdity they excelled; the very grave—the very gay—the very clever—the very dull—all had charms in the eyes of Lady C——k. Yet, she was a person of a highly-cultivated mind, and found great pleasure in the society of men of letters, and many of the leading literary men of the day were frequent and welcome visitors

at her house. Her ladyship took a great fancy to Mr. Thomas M—e, then in the zenith of popularity and the darling of the day ; and one evening took it into her head to gratify her guests with some passages of dramatic reading. Mr. M—e was the fascinating medium selected for this “flow of soul,” upon which it seemed the lady had set her heart, but against which it proved the gentleman had set his face : he was exceedingly sorry—was particularly engaged—had besides a very bad cold—a terribly obstinate hoarseness ; and declared all this with an exceedingly “good evening” expression of countenance. Her ladyship was puzzled how to act, until Lewis came to her relief ; and in a short time she made her appearance with a large Burgundy pitch plaster, with which she followed the wandering melodist about the room, who in his endeavours to evade his well-meaning pursuer and her formidable recipe, was at length fairly hemmed into a corner. Whether he there exerted his eloquence in protestations of gratitude, or in prayers for assistance we never heard, but as they say of the heroes of romance, ‘he at length effected his escape.’

“ Having one day taken into her head to have a ‘raffle,’ or lottery, for a charitable purpose, she mentioned her idea to Lewis, who entered into the



project with great willingness, and under his direction the whole affair was managed. As it was arranged that every body was to *win something* Lewis took care that the prizes should be of a nature that would create the most ludicrous perplexity to their owners. Accordingly, on the evening appointed (for the raffle took place at a *soirée*), the assembled guests were parading the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, burdened with the most out-of-the-way articles the eccentric hostess could procure; while the inventor of this novel kind of *plaisanterie* was silently enjoying the joke their distress. Gentlemen were seen in every direction, running about with teapots in their hands, or trays under their arms, endeavouring to find some sly corner, in which to deposit their prizes; while young ladies were sinking beneath the weight, or the shame, of carrying a coal-scuttle or a flat-iron. Guinea-pigs, birds in cages, punch-bowls, watchmen's rattles, and Dutch-ovens, were perplexing their fortunate, or, as perhaps they considered themselves, unfortunate proprietors; and Lady C——'s raffle was long remembered by those who were present as a scene of laughter and confusion.

The desultory character of the letters which Lewis wrote about this period, affords a good in-

dication of his habits, and of the life he continued to lead.

“ London, August 1.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I remained perfectly without motion at Barnes for ten whole days; and was no better for it: then I began to endeavour to walk, and I do not find that I am any worse: though *walking* is too noble a name for it; it is nothing better than something between a hobble, and a shuffle, and a jump with the *well* leg, partaking of the nature of all those, but by no means as good as any of them.

“ I passed three days last week at Lord Besborough's; to-day I am come to town to see Colonel Cadogan, who has lately returned from Portugal; and on Friday, my uncle Robert is to send his horses to convey me to Oak-end, where I mean to pass three or four days, or (if I have time), perhaps a week. I have also some thoughts of going for a few days to Lord Mahon, who lives at High Wycombe, not above ten miles from Oak-end.

“ What are your plans? I shall certainly go to Scotland on the first of September, Sophia is gone to the Isle of Wight for six weeks. Of Maria, I

have heard nothing since her departure, but am going to write to her. You did quite right about Lord Henry Petty's letter. I thought the two-penny post had been a remarkably safe conveyance; but have found it the contrary, to my great annoyance: for Macdonald put a parcel for me into it on the day of his leaving town, and it has never reached me, though every possible inquiry has been made; and what makes this particularly vexatious is, that as he is gone to Scotland, I cannot for some time hear what the parcel contained, and whether it was of consequence or not. This frightened me so much, that I would not let Lord Henry's letter be sent to Barnes, and therefore only received it to-day. It contained a very pretty seal. Macdonald too has sent one quite beautiful; and I hear that Lady Cowper and William Lamb have two more in hand for me. I scolded Lady Cowper the other day, for not having got her seal ready; she assured me that she had been to ask for it, but that the jeweller told her that it could not be done, there was so great a number wanted; and she says, that she is certain, that *I* have occasioned the demand.

“Mr. Dimond has brought out a very interesting play, called ‘The Foundling of the Forest;’ but there are so many incidents resembling those

in various pieces of mine, that it is quite singular. He told me so himself, before the play came out, and said, that he had tried to guard against it; but that it *always* happened so, and that if he were to write a thousand plays, he was sure that they would, in some way or other, be like some of mine.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The next letter is the first which is dated from the Albany, in Piccadilly, where Lewis now possessed apartments, and is written on his return from a visit to the present Earl Grey at Howick, where he wrote the ballad of “Sir Guy the Seeker,” which afterwards appeared in his “Romantic Tales.”

“The Albany, October 10.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“Frederick will have told you that I am here and well. I came from Lord Grey’s by sea, but I thought it as well not to tell you of my intention to do so, as it might have made you anxious for my safety; seeing that the project was really not without its dangers. A voyage by sea can never be quite a safe thing, while there are storms, privateers, drunken pilots, and careless captains; and,

moreover, I found that the navigation of the coast is very dangerous, from the numerous quicksands which border almost its whole length. My crew happened to be remarkably careful and well experienced; but still they frequently preferred dropping anchor, to running the risk of passing particular places in the dark. Besides this, for the first three days we were involved in so thick a fog, that we were obliged to keep a horn sounding, day and night, to prevent other ships coming upon us unexpectedly. We passed a vessel like our own, which had been run down in this manner, and was lying with only her mast-head above water. Besides this, the passage up the river, from Greenwich to Wapping, was the most nervous hour that I ever passed, owing to the multitude of shipping which we were obliged to thread like a labyrinth. However, our people were very careful, and I reached London much pleased that I had undertaken the voyage; for, besides that I had seen much that was new to me, I had arrived by sea at the expense of three guineas, which by land would have been thirty.

“ I saw Frederick, and am glad to hear from you so good an account of him. I certainly would readily serve him, having known him so long; and

as I look upon Mr. Ingall as having *really* been a very serviceable friend to you, and to have your interest very much at heart, I consider him as having a claim upon me, if I had any power ; but that is exactly what I have not. As to General Brownrigg, he has now no more influence in military matters than *you* have. While the Duke was in office, and while Brownrigg was his secretary, he could easily be of use ; but now he can only get a commission by asking it as a favour done to himself, and this is more than any one has a right to require of another. Besides, I have already asked and obtained so many favours of him in the military line, that I cannot, with any decency, ask more ; and, lastly, he has not only a great many of his own separate relations in the army, but there are also of mine, R. Sewell, M. Blake, and two of his own sons, for whom all his military interest must be required. As to the present commander-in-chief, I do not know him even to speak to.

“ I certainly *could* introduce Frederick to Brownrigg, but I cannot see of what use it would be ; and merely taking a person to show him to the general, could only be considered by the latter as a superfluous intrusion, and he would ask me (and with justice), ‘ What the devil I brought the lad to him for ? ’

“The Princess Amelia cannot last long; that is certain. As I had rather be out of town during the fortnight when the theatres will be closed, I am waiting for this event in order to go to Oak-end, and am, at present, most *uncommonly* well, but I have a pain in my wounded leg, which I verily believe to be gout.

“Maria is in town, and in very good health. When I was going to embark, it occurred to me that I might be drowned by the way, and that I might as well have disposed of what little plate, furniture, &c., I possess, by will. I have now repaired that omission, and I now tell it you, in order that if, at any time, I make a sudden exit (which I do not just now intend), you may take care to inquire for my will, by which means you may find yourself heiress to half-a-dozen teaspoons.

“Three broken chairs, and a copper skillet,  
That runs as fast as you can fill it.

\* \* \* \*

“Believe me, my dear Mother,

“Your most affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

“ April 24th.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ Probably I shall be in Gerrard-street myself on the 1st of May ; and certainly either Betty or Cartier will be here, and I shall give directions about receiving the money, and paying the note. As to letters, it really does very often happen that they are several days without reaching me. Not a month ago, Mrs. Blake sent me one, requesting me to forward it instantly. It was a fortnight at least in reaching its destination ; and I wished to guard you against any such accident. I sometimes go into the country for a day, order no letters to be sent to me, and then stay on from day to day for a month ; and also, when I am going to any very pleasant place, I order my letters to be kept till my return, in order that I may not receive such as would put me out of humour. Once I returned from Scotland, and by this means found the accumulated letters of ten weeks.

“ I mention the fact, merely to show you that this is no mere whim of mine, but a system. I receive so many more unpleasant letters than pleasant ones, that sometimes I like to put my contentment out of the power of the post.

“ What I said about Cartier's carrying your letters, had no reference whatever to your last letter to — ; but I wished you to know, that I



would not answer for his being able to leave them. I have so much for him to do which will not admit of delay, that I cannot find time to send him out of his beat. If your commissions are in his way, he shall do them readily ; or if, by accident, he should be unemployed ; but there is scarcely a day that he has not to go as far as Paddington, besides other messages.

“ I am sorry for Lady J—s’s ill-humour ; but I cannot believe it to proceed from any of the reasons you give ; unless, perhaps, being ill, she might rather wish to be quite alone. It is a pity that your visit was not made earlier ; but you could not foresee her caprice.

“ I continue to lead the same life, and really begin to long to be a little by myself again. I have only dined at home once since you went, and am engaged till Sunday next ; and I never get to bed till three or four o’clock. Hitherto I have had very good health, but I begin to feel bilious.

“ Here has another great lady taken it into her head to shower down her civilities upon me. On Friday, the Princess of Wales (who, *sans rime ou raison*, has not spoken to me for these five years) chose to send for me into her box at the Argyle Rooms, made me sup with her, asked me to dinner yesterday, and kept me till three o’clock in

the morning, and was extremely good-humoured and attentive. To-day I dine at York House, and then sup with the Princess of Wales at the Admiralty: so that, for these two days, I shall have a dose of royalty.

“Pray write to Mrs. Mitz. Tell her that, in consequence of her long friendship for you, I *immediately*, on receipt of her letter, wrote to Lord J. Campbell; but the agency was already given to Mr. Donaldson.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

“Wednesday.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“When there are *two* constructions to be put upon my conduct, I confess I am surprised that you prefer putting the most unfavourable one, especially as in the present instance you put the wrong one. It was not out of *hauteur* that I did not write to Mrs. Mitz, myself, but, in the first place, because I only asked the favour for her out of consideration of her being *your* friend, and I was willing that *you* should have the merit with her of my having asked it; for as to her being the ‘daughter of my old schoolmaster, whom I did not care for, and scarcely remember,’ it would not have weighed a straw with me: and ‘long acquaintance,’ without the least intimacy being produced by it,

would weigh with me just as little. In the second place, if I had written to her myself, I must have expressed a great deal of pleasure if I had succeeded, and ‘sorrow at having failed;’ of neither of which I felt a grain, and this I wished to avoid, and, into the bargain, *I* hate writing, and *you* are fond of it. But as to your charge of ‘thinking it beneath me to answer her,’ you could not well have hit upon one more totally unfounded.

“I dined with both my sisters yesterday, who are quite well, and Maria dines with me to-morrow, at Barnes, to meet Mr. Scott, the poet. Cartier is a little better, and flatters himself that he shall be able to keep his place. I fear not, but shall go on with him as long as I possibly can. \* \* \*

“I believe the queen took away the poem, more from curiosity to see what was in it about the duchess, &c., than for the purpose of admiring the penmanship; so that I fear Mr. Ingall must not look for preferment from Windsor on that account.

“Tierney abused ministers in the House of Commons about my Monody (I think I told you this before); so I am printing it, and will send you a copy soon. It is dedicated to the Princess of Wales, who accepted it very graciously.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”

The poem here alluded to as having been taken away by the queen, was one which Lewis wrote on the occasion of the Duchess of York's visit to Barnes, of which no copy remains extant. It was in the handwriting of the gentleman just mentioned, Mr. Ingall, whose name occurs frequently in Lewis's letters, as that of a person for whom he had a sincere regard. The monody he mentions was on the death of Sir John Moore, and was spoken by Mrs. Powell at Drury Lane, but prohibited on the third night, by the Lord Chamberlain.

The following is the passage in Mr. Tierney's speech to which Lewis alludes.

“Mr. Tierney observed, that he would not have believed that there had been such a want of co-operation among ministers. But such was the fact, and there could be no doubt that the disasters of the campaign were in a considerable degree to be ascribed to Mr. Frere's interference. Mr. Tierney then adverted to the distressing situation in which Sir John Moore had been placed, owing to the negligence of ministers, and dwelt upon the admirable manner in which he had conducted himself. He could not, however, help saying, that there appeared among ministers something like a disposition to keep the merits of Sir John Moore from the public view. He would ask

whether an order had not been sent to the Drury Lane Company by the Lord Chamberlain, not to continue the recitation of a Monody to the memory of Sir J. Moore, composed by a member of that house? The gentlemen at Lloyd's, too, proposed at one time to expend something to honour the memory of Sir J. Moore, but they had afterwards discovered that they were not sufficiently rich for it. This was very extraordinary. Though they were too poor to honour the memory of Sir J. Moore, they were rich enough to honour the memory of Sir H. Popham. (A loud laugh.) He concluded by observing, that from the evidence now before the house, it was manifest that the noble lord opposite (Lord Castlereagh), was not to be trusted with the management even of a corporal's guard. Unless parliament consented to pass a vote of censure upon the conduct of this campaign, the house would be responsible for whatever mismanagement might in future take place by the noble lord's means."

The monody, although published by Lewis, is now quite out of print (fifty copies only having been printed), and we shall therefore subjoin it as copied from his own MS.

## MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

*Recited by Mrs. Powell, at Drury-lane Theatre.*

From sad Iberia's coast, while Gallic fires  
Pursued his bark, and shook Corunna's spires,  
A British chief, as, plunged in grief, he eyed  
The shores where Moore had fought, where Moore had died,  
Dash'd from his cheek the manly tear, and paid  
This parting tribute to the hero's shade :

“ When first, O Moore ! that truncheon of command,  
Thou sway'dst so ably, graced thy martial hand,  
Who that had seen thee, had forborne to say,  
‘ Favour'd of God and mortals, speed thy way !’  
If man there breathes to whom, by lavish heaven,  
Unbalanced bliss and cloudless skies are given,  
Whom Nature's eyes and Fortune's seem to see  
Alike with partial love, sure thou art he !  
For who with Moore in Nature's gifts could vie ?  
Or when did Fortune richer streams supply ?  
His person formed the coldest maid to move,  
His hand for friendship, and his heart for love.  
Frank in his language, polish'd in his mind,  
Was none so firm or gen'rous, true or kind ;  
Exalted courage shone o'er all his face,  
And manly beauty lent that courage grace ;  
Health his brown cheek with glowing roses drest,  
Strength knit his limbs, and life was at its best.  
E'en Fortune's self his merits seem'd to feel,—  
For him unveil'd her eyes, and fix'd her wheel.

No chilling clouds obscured his morn, and bade  
His youthful talents languish in the shade :  
To clear his passport to the shrine of Fame,  
All own'd at once the justice of his claim ;  
Nor dared e'en Envy's self deny, through spite,  
That Moore had merit, or the sun had light.  
He mourn'd no sland'rous tales, no piteous hate,  
Nor paid that common task for being great ;  
With steps so firm, he trod his even road,  
So pure from soil his vital current flow'd,  
That Slander quite despair'd his life to stain,  
Nor wasted efforts on a task so vain !  
His earliest youth was gilt by glory's rays,  
Year follow'd year, and praise was heap'd on praise.  
How bright the scenes which round his manhood rise !  
Still brighter prospects beck'ning Time supplies ;  
All thought desires, all men of Heav'n implore,  
All these are his—alas ! are his no more !  
Health, virtues, glory, talents, rank, and power,  
The wealth of years is spent in one short hour.  
Fate guides the ball to strike the hero low,  
And England's bleeding bosom shares the blow.  
And couldst thou, Moore ! ere fled thy soul away,  
Doubt Britain to thy worth would honours pay ?  
And could he value trophies raised by art,  
Whose fame must live, stamp'd on his country's heart ?  
Oh ! in yon martial bands, with gashes seam'd,  
Saved by thy prudence, with thy blood redeem'd,  
Behold a monument of prouder praise  
Than head can fancy, or than hand can raise !  
Each anxious mother, and each tender wife,  
Who trembled for a sire's or husband's life,

Shall bless thy name, while to her breast she strains  
Her warrior rescued from yon dang'rous plains ;  
Rescued from death, or, worse than death—from chains !  
'Twas thine to bid the mourners cease to mourn,  
Thine was the balm which heal'd their bosoms torn !  
In grateful tears thy noblest triumphs know,  
'Tis more than kings or senates can bestow.  
Yet, ere Corunna's walls in distance fade  
(Those fatal walls, where Moore at rest is laid),  
Brothers in arms ! with me your voices join,  
Bend o'er your swords, as now I bend o'er mine ;  
And swear—by that pure blood, whose glorious tide  
The lap of weeping Conquest richly dyed—  
A day shall come at length (a day of dread),  
When France shall wish the hero's blood unshed :  
Grief for his loss, and more than mortal ire  
Nerving our arms, and doubling all our fire,  
Shall make th' oppressors think, in turn oppress'd,  
The soul of Moore inspires each Briton's breast.  
That sword which triumphed in Vimeira's field,  
His brother hero soon again shall wield ;  
Wrath, gen'rous wrath, shall make his vict'ry sure,—  
And WELLESLEY's life assuage the death of MOORE !

The above was a mere ephemera of the day, infinitely below the standard of Lewis's general poetical compositions, and quite unworthy of his pen. We should, therefore, not have deemed it worth introducing into our pages, but for the circumstance of its having been made a matter of observation in the House of Commons.



The Monody on the Death of Fox, also copied from Lewis's original MSS., is as far above as the foregoing is below mediocrity. We place it before our readers for the sake of its intrinsic merits, and also for a passage which Lewis, fancying it might be considered improper (having, we suppose, the lesson of the cherubim scene, in his drama of Adelmorn, before his eyes), cut out with his own hand, before it went to press. This passage we have marked with italics.

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LINES,

*Written on returning from the Funeral of the Right Honourable  
C. J. Fox, Friday, October 10, 1806.*

ADDRESSED TO LORD HOLLAND.

“Pianger ben merti ognor, s’ ora non piangi.”—TASSO.

And is this all?—that vast and vigorous mind,  
Whose views embraced the good of all mankind;  
That reasoning eloquence, whose rapid course  
Bore down the opposer with resistless force;  
That genius, from all trick and tinsel free,  
Bright as the sun, and boundless as the sea;  
That heart, with friendship, love, and feeling fraught;  
That world of knowledge, and that depth of thought;  
That truth, taste, sense, simplicity, and worth,—  
Oh! and are all these hid in that small heap of earth?

Weep, Albion, weep ! thou wilt not weep alone,  
 The globe's four quarters shall repeat thy moan :  
 For where's the clime which hath not felt the care  
 Of him, whose liberal love all nature seem'd to share ?  
 INDIA,\* whose cause he labour'd to uphold,  
 Whose rights he pleaded, and whose wrongs he told,  
 Shall feel her breast with fond remembrance swell,  
 And mourn his loss, who mourn'd her woes so well.

AMERICA† shall grateful weep the sage  
 Who stemm'd the torrent of oppression's rage ;  
 Cherish'd her gen'rous zeal, and joy'd to see  
 Her injured offspring's efforts to be free !  
 On AFRIC's‡ burning plains her sable sons,  
 While down their cheeks the stream of sorrow runs,  
 Shall bless the man, who bade them dread no more  
 The servile chain, and scourge which streams with gore.  
 And (nearer home) embattled powers, who sigh  
 To sheath the sword, and hoped that rest was nigh,  
 Shall feel with Fox's death those hopes decrease,  
 And bleeding EUROPE mourn the friend of peace !

In forms of fire, stamp'd on my heart and brain,  
 This day's funereal pomp shall still remain ;  
 Still I'll repeat, " Fate ! gave me once to see  
 Malice herself to Virtue bend the knee !"  
 Yes ! Fox was mourn'd as Fox deserved to be !  
 The sovereign's power enjoin'd no publics how—  
 The *pomp* was public, for the *grief* was so !

\* Hastings's trial.

† The American wa

‡ His efforts to abolish the Slave Trade.

No courtier here display'd his gilded wand,  
And mourn'd obsequious at his king's command ;  
No pension'd hireling show'd his careless face,  
To please his patron, and preserve his place.  
Here throng'd, with swelling hearts, and streaming eyes,  
The good, the great, the learned, and the wise ;  
Here met to grieve, firm faith and love sincere,  
And patriot worth sustain'd the kindred bier :  
Here Britain sigh'd o'er many a ruin'd plan,  
Friends o'er the friend, and Nature o'er the man.  
Nor did the nobler ranks all tears engross,—  
A general anguish spoke a general loss ;  
As moved with measured pace the pomp along,  
How reverent grief to statues turn'd the throng !  
No smile of vacant pleasure shock'd the eye ;  
No sound the ear, unless a stifled sigh.  
The mourners past, alone mark'd out to view  
By weeds of black,—the crowd were mourners too ;  
And tho' nor flowing scarfs nor sable dress  
Declared by outward signs the mind's distress,  
They wore (what grief of heart more surely speaks),  
Swoll'n eyes, dejected looks, and bloodless cheeks.  
It seem'd, as slowly swung the passing bell,  
On each full heart the solemn chimings fell.  
Methought on ev'ry lip a blessing hung,  
But pious awe restrain'd the obedient tongue.  
Each limb shook aguish, scarce a cheek was dry ;  
And, blinded by the gush of tears, each eye  
Spoke in the native tongue of genuine woe,  
“ We come to weep the friend, not to admire the show !”

Hail, hallow'd towers! \*—Oh! spread your portals wide,  
Guest more illustrious never swelled your pride!  
To meet his corpse, ye kindred shades arise,  
Shades of the good, the glorious, and the wise.  
For he was glorious, wise, and good like you:  
Give place, ye kings, and pay him reverence due!  
Nor plead superior power, nor loftier birth,—  
His deeds are greatness, and he ranks from worth.

Oh! sad, strange moment! when that awful word,  
Soul-felt, soul-rending, “dust to dust,” was heard,  
How stood the blood congeal'd in ev'ry vein!  
How memory wrung the heart, and fired the brain!  
Oft as these walls have heard the solemn sound,  
And oft as tears have dew'd that hallow'd ground,  
From nobler eyes a tribute more sincere  
Ne'er flow'd, O Fox, than flow'd to bathe thy bier!  
There princely DEVON labour'd to restrain  
His bursting grief, but labour'd still in vain;  
In sorrow dignified, there MOIRA stood,—  
MOIRA the brave, the gen'rous, and the good.  
There Howick's heart was torn by many a sigh,  
And soft affection dimm'd his beaming eye;  
When to the grave he saw for aye descend  
His mind's best model, and his soul's best friend.  
He, too, the just, the true, the pure, the kind,  
The mild in manners, and the firm in mind;  
Whose heart might bleed, but not whose virtue bend,  
Who left the statesman, yet still kept the friend;

\* Westminster Abbey.

And courting Fox's love his proudest boast,  
 Who e'en when most they differ'd, prized him most,\*—  
 FITZWILLIAM there, as swell'd the requiem strain,  
 Wept o'er his earliest friendship's broken chain ;  
 And there, too, thou—heir to the patriot's flame,  
 Heir to his worth, his talents, and his name ;  
 Allied by virtue as allied by blood,  
 Like Fox, sincere, warm, candid, kind, and good—  
 Thou HOLLAND—No, let others fill the line,  
 'Twould pain *my* heart too much to speak the pains of thine!

Nor those alone whom earthly grief excites,  
 Here hang the head. To grace the funeral rites,  
 Lo! where a band of bright ethereal powers  
 Sigh o'er his corpse, and deck his grave with flowers.  
 There stand the PATRIOT-VIRTUES, loath to part  
 For ever from their favourite home—his heart.  
 There HISTORY droops, absorb'd in speechless grief,  
 Blotting with idle tears the unfinish'd leaf;  
 And trampling in the dust those useless boughs  
 Of bays, she gather'd to adorn his brows;†  
 Mourning her sons disfranchised, while her eyes  
 Pursue the Patriot's shade to opening skies :  
 RELIGION there, in sable garments, stands,  
 And clasps, in meek despair, her shackled hands.‡  
 And there, too, PEACE her olive loves to wave,  
 And strews its wither'd leaves on Fox's grave :

\* Alluding to the difference of opinion between Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Fox, respecting the French Revolution.

† His unfinished "History of James the Second."

‡ His efforts to procure the repeal of the "Test Act."

For well she knows, e'en at that last sad hour,  
 When Nature yielded to Disease's power,  
 Compell'd from fame, from life, from love, to part,  
 HER absence still weigh'd heaviest on his heart.  
 And FREEDOM there, distracted and forlorn,  
 With heart all bleeding, and with locks all torn,  
 Weeps for his loss, nor weeps his loss alone—  
 She feels that Fox's fate involves her own.\*  
 E'en now, from AFRIC's shores, she hears again  
 The moan of sorrow, and the shriek of pain ;  
 And sees round sable limbs that chains are wound,  
 Limbs, had he lived, which never had been bound !

*Illustrious shade ! when at the throne of heaven  
 Suppliant thou kneel'st, and sue'st to be forgiven ;  
 While by thy side a dreadful angel stands,  
 And grasps the volume in his burning hands  
 Which holds thy faults, (for who from fault is free ?)  
 With dauntless eye that stern accuser see ;  
 His voice be thunder—lightning be his look—  
 Whisper " The Slave-trade,"—and he'll close the book !*

Oh ! thou, my friend (a name I give to few—  
 A name which forms my pride, when given to you),  
 I will not tell thee, HOLLAND, " Seek relief  
 From sport or study, and forget thy grief ;"  
 No ! still preserve it—still before thy view  
 Keep thou that great good man—his plans pursue ;  
 Recall his thoughts, words, looks, and what he *was*—  
 be  
 you !

\* Great fears were entertained that Mr. Fox's death would retard the abolition of the Slave Trade, but these apprehensions happily proved unfounded.

Though great by talents, virtue, birth, and fame,  
"THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND," was sure his proudest name.  
Still in his race that gracious name should run,  
From patriot sire to still more patriot son :  
Still should his line its public virtue prove,  
Till Britain's gratitude, and Britain's love,  
The epithet and name so well shall blend,  
That who says "Fox," has said "The People's Friend !"

So burn'd in Vesta's shrine the sacred fire,  
Oft tho' it saw the guardian-maid expire ;  
From age to age, still blazed the immortal flame, —  
The priestess alter'd, but the fire the same !

"Stoke Farm, August 29.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I was unexpectedly summoned to Oatlands on Saturday last, where I remained till the end of this week ; and during my absence my letters were all kept for me at Stoke Farm, consequently I could not obey your wishes of writing to you by return of post.

"I am very glad to be relieved from my fright respecting the things in Gerrard-street. I assure you I gave them up for gone. It certainly was *not* very *easy* for you to tell me what you did not know yourself ; and therefore you are most satisfactorily exculpated from the charge of having unnecessarily kept me in hot water. However,

on any future occasion, pray remember (when other circumstances do not make an immediate communication necessary), that I prefer knowing the whole, or nothing; for I have an admirable talent at tormenting myself, and the truth can never be worse than what I imagine when left to myself.

“The party at Oatlands was very large, and very gay: we had excellent music every night, and the Egham races every morning; but unluckily I was so extremely ill during the whole time, with headachs and a vile stomach complaint, that I could enjoy nothing.

“The Duke of Clarence (to whom I had never been presented, nor had even dined in his company in my life) came up to me on the race-course, called me ‘Lewis,’ *tout court*, talked to me as familiarly as if he had known me all his life, and before we parted, he told me ‘that he meant to ask the Spanish Deputies to dinner, and that as I was a man of romance and sentiment, he should invite me to meet them at Bushy Park.’ I dare say, though, that he will forget the invitation. He dined, however, at Oatlands the next day, and was extremely civil to me. Dinner is on table, so I must go and dress.

“Your affectionate son,

“M. G. LEWIS.”



“Stoke Farm, Sept. 11.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I wrote to you lately, but cannot recollect the particular day;—my letter mentioned my having been at Oatlands: if it has not reached you, pray take measures for getting it from the Post-office, Lewes, to which place it was directed, as I have a great dislike to having my correspondence read by the clerks of the Post-office.

“As to Miss L——’s situation, every thing has its good and its bad side; and having now gone so far that it would be difficult to retire, it would surely be most prudent to look only upon the first. You know I never advised her going upon the stage, nor, indeed, have much hopes of her success; but *now* what can be done? It seems by your account, that in the country she has been very successful;—and supposing that she were to give up this profession, and any thing were to happen to you, what would she have to depend upon? As to a school, do you think such an employment would have suited her, and that she would have been contented with it? As it is, the profession in which she is engaged has many drawbacks; but it certainly has two advantages which are the most essential to *her*, and which surely must be the most consolatory to you: it makes

her happy and satisfied at the present, and ensures her a livelihood for the future. I cannot but think that, in this point of view, she is better situated than if she were engaged in an employment uncongenial to her wishes and disposition, and in which she would consequently have been discontented. Try a *temporary separation*. Certainly I did not mean your 'giving her up entirely : ' you may remember, when we found it so difficult to procure her an engagement, and when you said ' that it weighed upon her spirits to think that your friends must consider her as a dead weight upon you, ' that I answered, ' she ought to be assured, that your friends were quite ready to allow, that her attention to you, and the pleasure which you derived from her society, were a sufficient compensation for any expense which she might be to you, and that as far as regarded *their* feelings, they would rather wish her not to go upon the stage, because it would in some measure deprive you of that pleasure. ' But your interest and Miss L——'s are, on this occasion, a little at variance ; and, in consideration of her future subsistence, I think that you ought *occasionally* to submit to sacrificing the pleasure of her society. This would only be for the summer months : while she is at Drury Lane, and living in your house, there is nothing

to be objected to : and the separation in question is in fact nothing more than is required from *every* person who is not fortunately situated enough to be able to do without a profession. We cannot have things exactly as we would wish them ; we can only make the best of what we have. Of course, you will understand that in saying all this, I am only pointing out what appears to me to be the *reason* of the thing : as to what you or Miss L—— do, of that you must be yourself the only proper person to decide.

“ I am still at Lady Charlotte Campbell’s, and shall remain here for some days longer. I was unjust to my *new friend* when I suspected him of forgetting his promise to invite me to meet the Spanish deputies ; for yesterday morning I received a command from the Duke of Clarence to dine with him at Bushy, on Sunday next. Twelve miles to go, and twelve miles to return, is rather a heavy penalty to pay for a dinner : luckily, it is a penalty which is not exacted often, and the *honour* of the thing must console me for the trouble ; I am sure the *pleasure* will not. The rest of my motions are so very uncertain, and depend so much upon those of other people, that I cannot at present give you any account of them. However, I am glad that you are removing into the neigh-

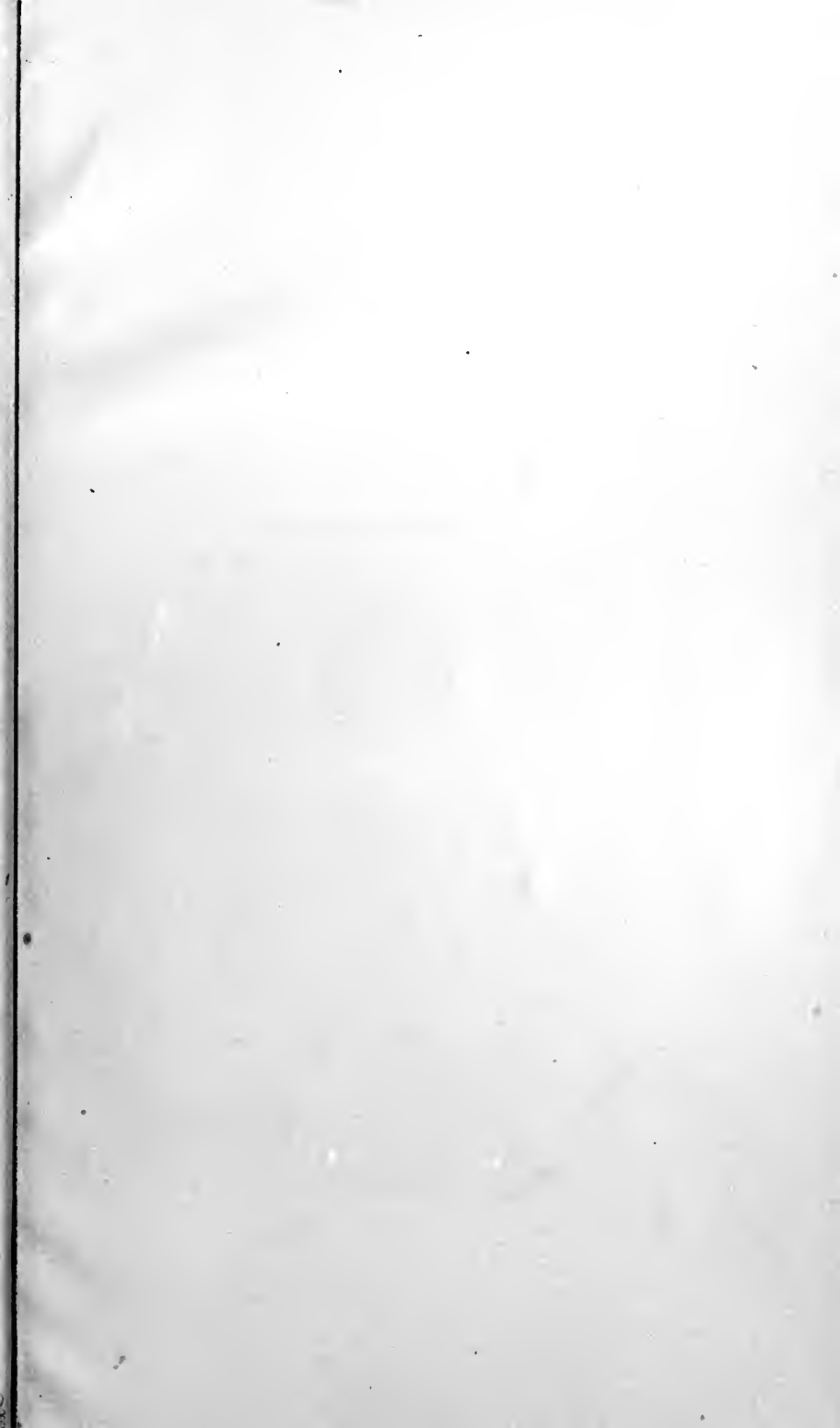
bourhood of London, as it is probable that I may shortly come there for a day or two. I have not yet been to my uncle Robert's. William wrote to me again the other day, and in *all* his letters he desires to be remembered to you with affection.

Tom Sheridan was at Oatlands, and assured me, *positively*, that my piece should come out before Christmas.

“Your affectionate son,

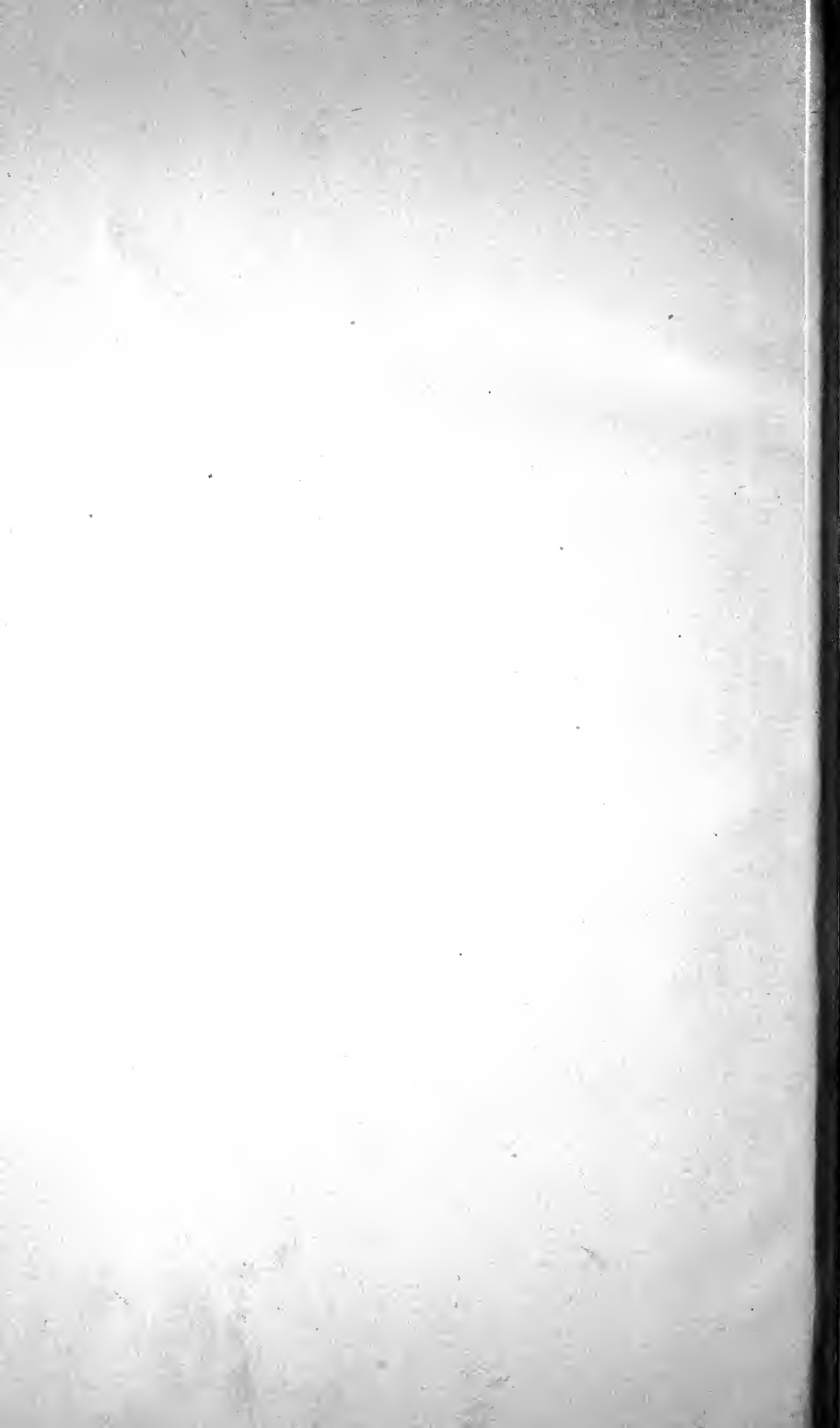
“M. G. LEWIS.”

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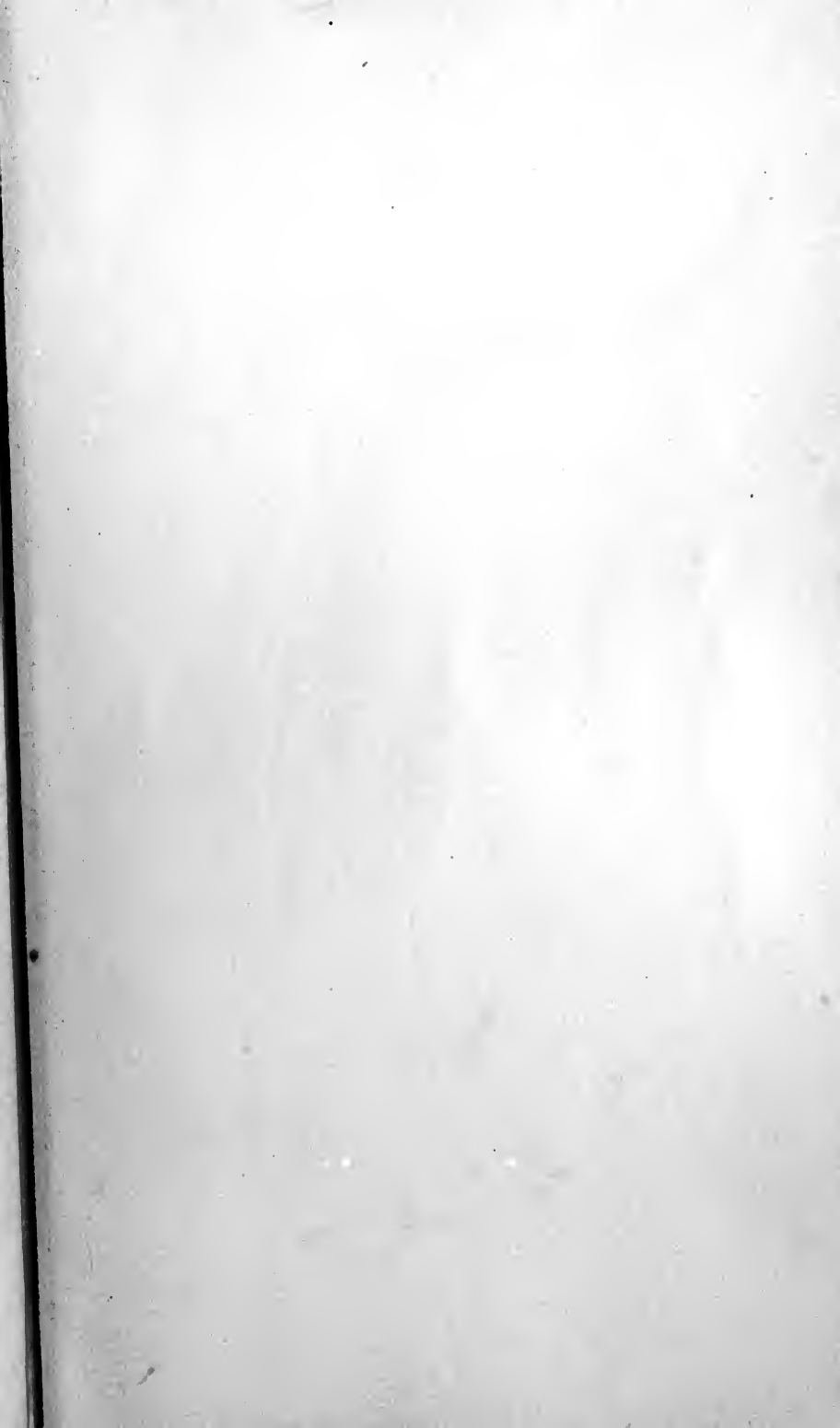


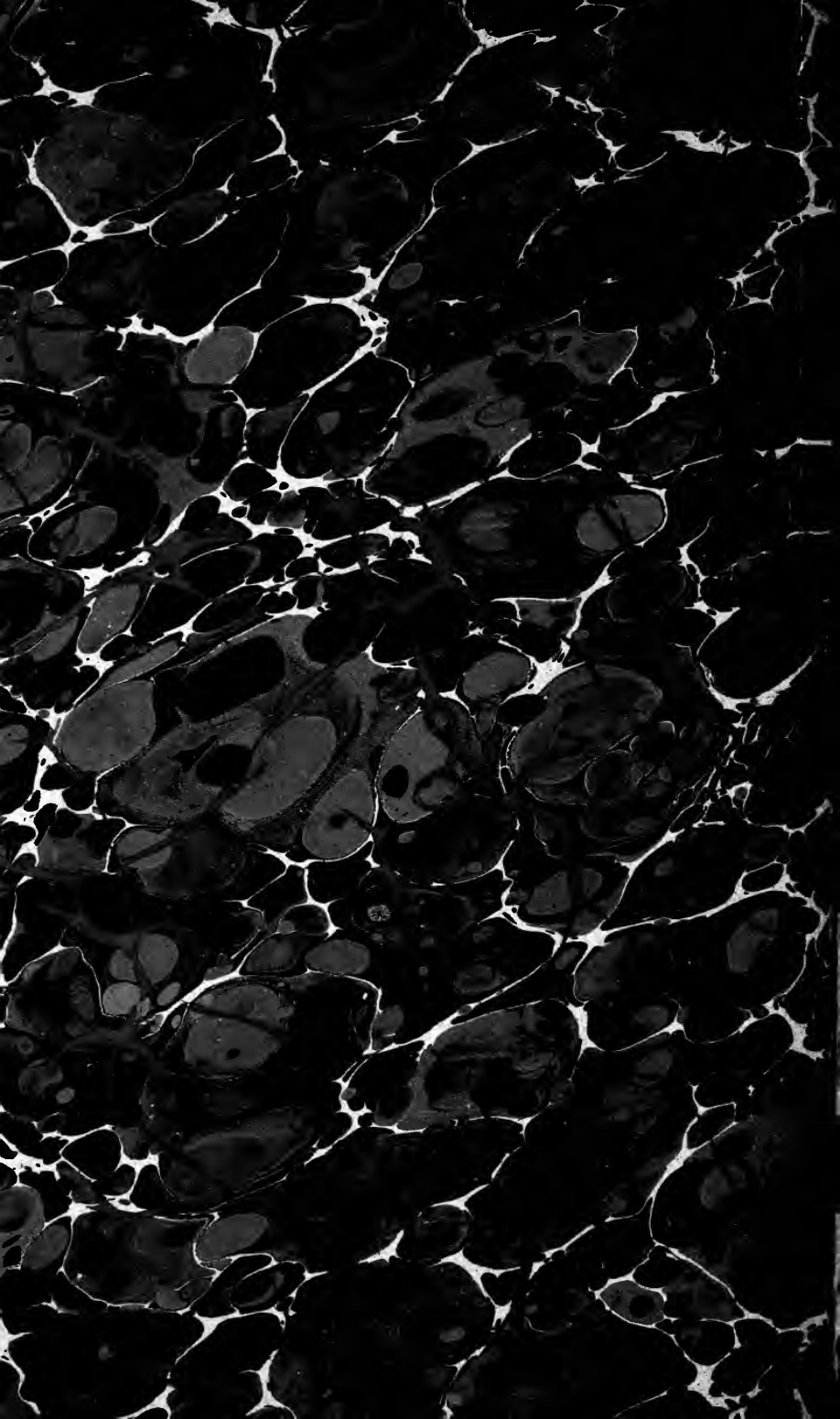












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